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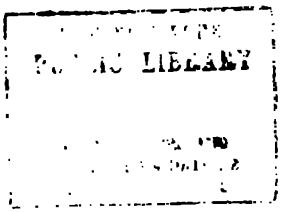

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Drawn from the Life.

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IN THE

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Collected and re-collected, from the most authentic Sources,

BY

G. H. WILSON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR JAMES CUNDEE,

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1806.

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PREFACE.

IT has been justly observed by the prince of British poets, that

"The proper study of mankind is MAN."

It is with a view to promote and facilitate this important study, that the Editor of these volumes presents to the public a series of lives of such individuals of either sex, as have been distinguished by any extraordinary circumstances from the mass of society. They embrace authentic biographical accounts of persons remarkable for longevity, unusual size, strength, singular habits and manners, adventures, virtues and vices; in short, of all such as have gained celebrity or notoriety, by deviating in a remarkable degree from the ordinary course of human existence.

As the mind is naturally drawn in preference to the contemplation of uncommon objects, this work cannot fail to afford its curiosity an abundant source of gratification. The reader who delights in the fictions of romance will find in many of the narratives which it embraces, incidents equally astonishing with those which have been wont to charm; while the lover of truth may rest assured that nothing but what is strictly consonant to his principles is recorded in its pages—that this faithful Mirror represents

without distortion, only such characters as have really existed, and such events as have actually happened. It reflects the image of the most surprizing human phenomena, of the greatest prodigies, in every age and in every country, that have commanded the particular notice of their contemporaries; and exhibits a delineation not only of characters that have quitted this mortal stage, but of many whose living eminence entitles them to a place in this Collection.

It will be perceived that the researches of the Editor have not been confined to the works of the most interesting writers of this country, but that he has likewise had recourse to many valuable and expensive foreign publications. In addition to the subjects for which he is indebted to them, his own industry and perseverance have enabled him to obtain a large portion of curious original matter, the value of which the intelligent reader will duly appreciate.

The embellishments of these volumes are in a style at once novel and pleasing; and the mere inspection of them will be sufficient to produce conviction, that he does not exceed the truth in asserting, that in the eneral execution neither labor nor expence has been spared to give the work such a degree of elegance as may claim for it a place in any library.

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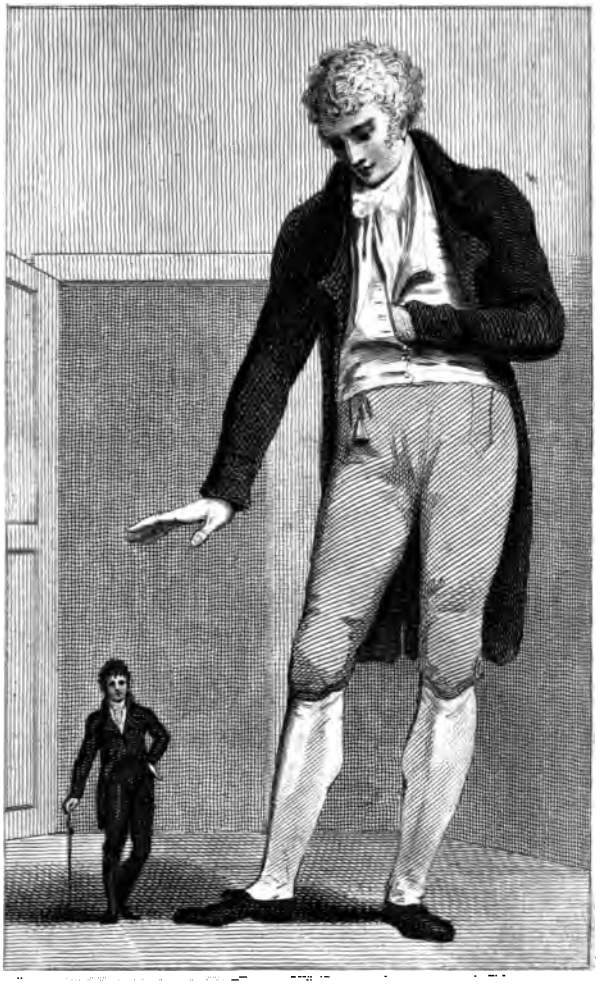

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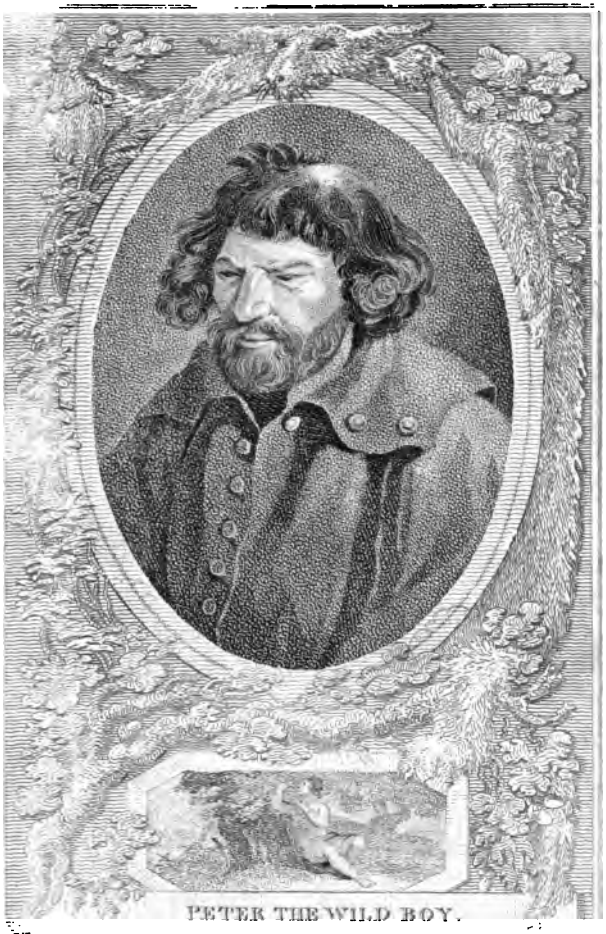

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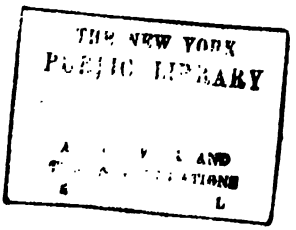
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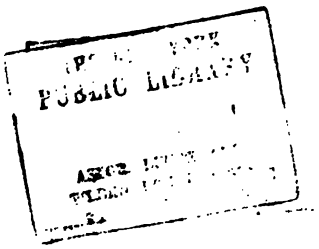
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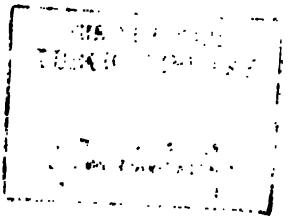

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THE

ECCENTRIC MIRROR.

MR. DANIEL LAMBERT.

"A goodly, portly man, i'faith, and corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage."

SHAKESPEAR.

THE reader is already aware that the ECCENTRIC MIRROR embraces in its plan memoirs and descriptions of persons remarkable for any extraordinary deviation from the general laws of nature with respect to exterior conformation. Among the living phenomena of this class, none, perhaps, is so deservedly entitled to priority of notice as Mr. Daniel Lambert. Nor is it his astonishing bulk alone that claims for him this distinction. The qualities and endowments of his mind, unoppressed by the vast weight of the body to which it is united, are such as to raise him above the level of the generality of men, and eminently prove that mind is not affected by the modifications of matter. Before we proceed

to the particulars of Mr. Lambert's life, we shall indulge in a few reflections, suggested by actual acquaintance and observation.

Mr. Lambert cannot fail to be to every spectator an object of surprise and wonder, but to the man of science, and especially to the medical practitioner, his peculiarities must be uncommonly interesting. It is impossible to behold his excessive corpulence without being astonished that he was not long ago suffocated by such an accumulation of substance; but when it is known that his breath is perfectly free, and his respiration not in the smallest degree obstructed, even in sleep, that astonishment is proportionably augmented. His voice, indeed, proves that his lungs are as free from oppression as those of any person of the ordinary standard. It might also naturally be supposed that his excessive corpulence was likely to produce a disposition to drowsiness; the reverse is, however, the case. Mr. Lambert not only never needs the indulgence of a nap in the day time, but he exhibits an example of wakefulness truly extraordinary. The perfect and uninterrupted health which he has enjoyed in his progress to his present dimensions, and which he still continues to enjoy, is likewise a remarkable trait in the physical history of Mr. Lambert.

While these and other points of equal singularity afford abundant room for speculation to the philosopher, the moralist will delight to investigate the qualities of that mind which animates such a

prodigious body.---Shrewd and intelligent, Mr. Lambert has improved his natural talents by reading and observation; in company he is lively and agreeable: the general information he possesses, and the numerous anecdotes treasured up in a memory uncommonly retentive, render his society extremely pleasing and instructive. His readiness at repartee, his superiority in characteristic description, and the humorous sallies in which he often indulges, give life, vivacity and interest to his conversation. With respect to humanity, temperance, and liberality of sentiment, Mr. Lambert may be held up as a model worthy of general imitation.

The meagre details relative to Mr. Lambert which have hitherto been laid before the public, are equally unsatisfactory and erroneous. This consideration induced the editor of the Eccentric Mirror to apply to a source which he knew was not liable to mistake, and as the following is the only authentic account of this remarkable character, he can with the greater confidence direct to it the attention of the curious and inquisitive.

Mr. Daniel Lambert was born on the 13th of March, 1770, in the parish of St. Margaret, at Leicester. From the extraordinary bulk to which Mr. Lambert has attained, the reader may naturally be disposed to enquire, whether his parents were persons of remarkable dimensions. This was not the case, nor was any of his family inclined to corpulence excepting an uncle and

an aunt on the father's side, who were both very heavy. The former died during the infancy of Lambert, in the capacity of game-keeper to the Earl of Stamford, to whose predecessor his father had been huntsman in early life. The family of Mr. Lambert senior, consisted, besides Daniel, of another son, who died young, and two daughters, who are still living, and are both women of common size.

The habits of the subject of this memoir were not in any respect different from those of other young persons till the age of fourteen. Even at that early period he was strongly attached to all the sports of the field. This, however, was only the natural effect of a very obvious cause, aided probably by an innate propensity to those diversions. We have already mentioned the profession of his father and his uncle, and have yet to observe, that his maternal grandfather was a great cock-fighter. Born and bred, as it were, among horses, dogs, cocks, and all the other appendages of sporting, in the pursuits of which he was encouraged, even in his childhood, it cannot be matter of wonder that he should be passionately fond of all those exercises and amusements which are comprehended under the denomination of field sports, as well as of racing, cocking, and fishing.

Brought up under the eye of his parents till the age of fourteen, young Lambert was then placed with Mr. Benjamin Patrick, in the manufactory of Taylor and Co. at Birmingham, to

learn the business of a die-sinker and engraver. This establishment, then one of the most flourishing in that opulent town, was afterwards destroyed in the riots of 1795, by which the celebrated Dr. Priestly was so considerable a sufferer.

Owing to the fluctuations to which all those manufactures that administer to the luxuries of the community are liable from the caprices of fashion, the wares connected with the profession which had been chosen for young Lambert, ceased to be in request. Buckles were all at once proscribed, and a total revolution took place at the same period in the public taste with respect to buttons. The consequence was, that a numerous class of artisans were thrown out of employment, and obliged to seek a subsistence in a different occupation. Among these was Lambert, who had then served only four years of his apprenticeship.

Leaving Birmingham, he returned to Leicester to his father, who held the situation of keeper of the prison in that town. Soon afterwards, at the age of nineteen, he began to imagine that he should be a heavy man, but had not previously perceived any indications that could lead him to suppose he should ever attain the excessive corpulence for which he is now distinguished. He always possessed extraordinary muscular power, and at the time we are speaking of, could lift great weights, and carry five hundred weight with ease. Had his habits been such as to bring

his strength into action, he would doubtless have been an uncommonly powerful man.

That he was not deficient either in physical strength or in courage, is demonstrated by the following adventure, in which he was about this period engaged.

Standing one day in his father's house at Leicester, his attention was attracted by a company of Savoyards with their dancing dogs and bears, surrounded by an immense concourse of spectators. While they were exhibiting, a dog which had formerly been accustomed to travel with a similar company of these grotesque performers, and now belonged to the county goaler, hearing the sound, flew furiously upon a very large bear, whose overbearing force and weight soon crushed him to the ground. "Give her tooth," said the Savoyards, irritated at the interruption of their exhibition, and making preparations to take off the muzzle of the bear. Mr. Lambert, being acquainted with the master of the dog, and knowing that, in this case, the animal would be exposed to certain destruction, went out, and addressed the people with the intention of pacifying them, and prevailing upon them to suffer the dog to be taken away. Deaf to all his remonstrances, one of the Savoyards still persisted in pulling off the muzzle, the dog being all this time underneath, and in the grasp of the bear. Enraged at the fellow's obstinacy, he protested he would kill the bear if it lay in his power, and snatching from the man's hand

the paddle or pole with which they manage these animals, at the moment when the muzzle was removed, he struck the bear with all his force, fully intending to dispatch her if possible. Bruin was for a moment completely stunned with the blow, and the dog seized that opportunity of disengaging himself from her clutches. Enraged at this fresh attack, she turned towards her new antagonist, who kept repeating his strokes, but without being able to hit her head, which she protected from his blows with all the dexterity of the most accomplished pugilist. During these successive attacks, the dog, faithful to the friend who had so opportunely stepped to his aid, continued to exhibit the most astonishing proofs of undaunted intrepidity, till he was at length caught up by one of the by-standers. The weather was frosty, and the pavement was slightly glazed from the trundling of a mop. Here, while thus busily engaged in belaboring his formidable foe, Lambert fell, but rose again with the utmost agility. Bruin was now close to him; he had a full view of her tremendous teeth, and felt the heat from her breath. The danger became pressing, and as his shaggy foe was too near to admit of his using the weapon, he struck her with his left hand such a violent blow on the skull, as brought her to the ground; on which she declined the contest, and "yelling fled." During the fray, a smaller bear had been standing upright against a wall, with a cocked hat on his head; in consequence

of the retreat of his companion, this ludicrous figure now appeared full in front of the victorious champion, who brandished in his hand the up-lifted pole. The beast, as if aware of his danger, and expecting to be attacked in his turn, instantly took off the hat, and, apparently in token of submission, tumbled heels over head at the feet of the conqueror. Meanwhile the populace, terrified at the approach of *ursa major*, began to retire in a backward direction, still keeping the unsuccessful combatant in view, till they tumbled one after another over some loads of coal that happened to lie in the way. The scene now became truly ludicrous, forty people were down at a time, and there was not one but what imagined himself already in the gripe of the irritated animal, and vociferated *Murder!* with all his might. The Savoyards, who were, after all, the greatest sufferers by this tragi-comic representation, applied to the mayor, and demanded redress. The magistrate enquired where the fray happened, and was informed that it took place in Blue Boar-Lane, in the parish of St. Nicholas---the inhabitants of which have for many years been distinguished by the appellation of *Nick's Ruffs*. "Oh!" said he, "the people of that parish do just as they please; they are out of my jurisdiction;" and gravely dismissed the disappointed complainants.---It was two years before this company of itinerant performers again ventured to make their appearance in Blue Boar-Lane. On this occasion one who

happened to be rather before the rest, perceiving Mr. Lambert sitting at his door, gave notice to the others, who dreading a repetition of the treatment they had before experienced, instantly retreated by the way they had come.

It was not very long after the above adventure, that Mr. Lambert experienced an escape from a danger infinitely more alarming, and from the consequences of which no human exertions could possibly have preserved him. He was one of the numerous inhabitants of Leicester, whom the memorable conflagration at the house of a well-known bookseller, now resident in the metropolis, attracted to the spot. It was dark, the fire was then raging in the utmost fury, and Mr. Lambert passed along under a wall, which, from the falling of the others to which it had once been joined, now stood completely detached. When he had reached the extremity, an acquaintance whom he accidentally found there, congratulated him on his narrow escape, at the same time pointing to the wall. Lambert, totally unconscious of the risk to which he had been exposed, and now standing in a line with the wall, observed with horror that it rocked to and fro like corn in the breeze, and not many moments elapsed, ere it fell with a most tremendous crash.

His father having resigned the office of keeper of the prison, Mr. Lambert succeeded to the situation. It was within a year after this appointment that his bulk received the greatest and

most rapid encrease. This he attributes to the confinement and sedentary life to which he was now obliged to submit, which produced an effect so much the more striking, as, from his attachment to sporting, he had previously been in the habit of taking a great deal of exercise. Though he never possessed any extraordinary agility, he was still able to kick to the height of seven feet standing on one leg.

About the year 1793, when Mr. Lambert weighed thirty-two stone, he had occasion to visit Woolwich in company with the keeper of the county goal of Leicester. As the tide did not serve to bring them up again to London, he walked from Woolwich to the metropolis with much less apparent fatigue than several middle-sized men who were of the party.

The inhabitants of Leicester are remarkable for their expertness in swimming, an art which they are encouraged to practise by their vicinity to the river Soar. From the age of eight years Mr. Lambert was an excellent swimmer, and such was his celebrity, that about ten years ago all the young people in his native town who were learning to swim resorted to him for instruction. His power of floating, owing to his uncommon bulk, was so great, that he could swim with two men of ordinary size upon his back. We have heard him relate, that on these occasions, when any of his young pupils manifested any timidity, he would convey them to the opposite bank of the river from that on which they had laid their

clothes, and there leave them to find their way back as well as they could. By these means they soon acquired that courage which is so indispensably necessary to the attainment of excellence in the art of swimming.

Mr. Lambert's father died about five years after his son's appointment to be keeper of the prison, which office he held till Easter, 1805. In this situation he manifested a disposition fraught with humanity and benevolence. Whatever severity he might be under the necessity of exercising towards the unhappy objects committed to his care during their confinement, he never forbore to make the greatest exertions to assist them, at the time of their trials. Few left the prison without testifying their gratitude, and tears often bespoke the sincerity of the feelings they expressed. His removal from the office was in consequence of a wish on the part of the magistrates to employ the prisoners in the manufacture of the town. As a proof of the approbation which his conduct had merited, they settled upon him an annuity of 50l. for life, without any solicitation whatever, and what was still more gratifying to his feelings, this grant was accompanied with a declaration, that it was a mark of their esteem, and of the universal satisfaction which he had given in the discharge of the duties of his office.

Such were the feelings of Mr. Lambert, that no longer than a year ago, he abhorred the very idea of exhibiting himself. Though he

lived exceedingly retired at Leicester, the fame of his uncommon corpulence had spread over the adjacent country to such a degree, that he frequently found himself not a little incommoded by the curiosity of the people, which it was impossible to repress, and which they were continually devising the means of gratifying, in spite of his reluctance.

A gentleman travelling through Leicester, conceived a strong desire to see this extraordinary phenomenon, but being at a loss for a pretext to introduce himself to Mr. Lambert, he first took care to enquire what were his particular propensities. Being informed that he was a great cocker, the traveller thought himself sure of success. He accordingly went to his house, knocked at the door, and enquired for Mr. Lambert. The servant answered that he was at home, but that he never saw strangers. "Let him know," replied the curious traveller, "that I called about some cocks." Lambert, who chanced to be in a situation to overhear what passed, immediately rejoined: "Tell the gentleman that I am a *shy* cock."

On another occasion, a gentleman from Nottingham was extremely importunate to see him, pretending that he had a particular favor to ask. After considerable hesitation, Mr. Lambert directed him to be admitted. On being introduced he said, he wished to enquire the pedigree of a certain mare. "Oh! if that's all," replied Mr. Lambert, perceiving, from his manner, the

real nature of his errand, "she was got by Impertinence out of Curiosity."

Finding, at length, that he must either submit to be a close prisoner in his own house, or endure all the inconveniencies without receiving any of the profits of an exhibition, Mr. Lambert wisely strove to overcome his repugnance, and determined to visit the metropolis for that purpose. As it was impossible to procure a carriage large enough to admit him, he had a vehicle constructed expressly to convey him to London, where he arrived, for the twenty-second time, in the spring of 1806, and fixed his residence in Piccadilly.

His apartments there had more the air of a place of fashionable resort, than of an exhibition; and as long as the town continued full, he was visited by a great deal of the best company. The dread he felt on coming to London, lest he should be exposed to indignity and insult from the curiosity of some of his visitors, was soon removed by the politeness and attention which he universally experienced. There was not a gentleman in town from his own county, but went to see him, not merely gazing at him as a spectacle, but treating him in the most friendly and soothing manner, which, he has declared, is too deeply impressed upon his mind ever to be forgotten.

The spirit of politeness which always prevailed in the presence of Mr. Lambert, was such as,

was, perhaps, never observed on a similar occasion. The very Quakers by whom he was visited felt themselves *moved* to take off their hats. It is but natural to suppose that among the numbers who chose to gratify their curiosity, some few exceptions should occur. Thus one day a person perceiving, previous to entering the room, that the company were uncovered, observed to Mr. Lambert's attendant, that he would not take off his hat, even if the king were present. This rude remark being uttered in the hearing of Mr. Lambert he immediately replied, as the stranger entered:—"Then by G——, Sir, you must instantly quit this room, as I do not consider it as a mark of respect due to myself, but to the ladies and gentlemen who honor me with their company."

Many of the visitors seemed incapable of gratifying their curiosity to its full extent, and called again and again to behold to what an immense magnitude the human figure is capable of attaining; nay, one gentleman, a banker in the city, jocosely observed, that he had fairly had a pound's worth.

Mr. Lambert had the pleasure of receiving persons of all descriptions and of all nations. He was one day visited by a party of fourteen, eight ladies and six gentlemen, who expressed their joy at not being too late, as it was near the time of closing the door for the day. They assured him that they had come from Guernsey on purpose to convince themselves of the existence

of such a prodigy as Mr. Lambert had been described to be by one of their neighbors, who had seen him; adding, that they had not even one single friend or acquaintance in London, so that they had no other motive whatever for their voyage.—A striking illustration of the power of curiosity over the human mind.

Great numbers of foreigners were gratified with the contemplation of a spectacle, unequalled, perhaps, in any other country. Among these a Frenchman, accompanied by a Jew, seemed extremely desirous, from motives best known to himself, of persuading Mr. Lambert to make an excursion to the continent, and insinuating that under his guidance and management he could not fail of obtaining the greatest success. "Vy you not go to France?" said he, "I am sure Buonaparte vill make your fortune." Supposing that such an inducement must prove irresistible, he added: "Den vont you go to Paris?" Lambert, who had too much good sense, to be the dupe of a designing *Monsieur*, rejoined in the emphatic style of a true son of John Bull, —"If I do, I'll be d——d."—"Vat you tink of dat now?" cried the astonished Jew to his mortified and disappointed companion.

Among the many visitors of Mr. Lambert the celebrated Polish dwarf, Count Borulawski was not the least interesting. The Count, having made a fortune by exhibiting his person, has retired to Durham to enjoy the fruit of his economy. Though now in his seventy-first year,

he still possesses all the gracefulness and vivacity by which he was formerly characterized. Mr. Lambert, during his apprenticeship at Birmingham, went several times to see Borulawski, and such was the strength of the Count's memory, that he had scarcely fixed his eyes upon him in Piccadilly before he recollected his face. After reflecting a moment, he exclaimed that he had seen the face twenty years ago in Birmingham, but it was not surely the same body. This unexpected meeting of the largest and smallest man seemed to realise the fabled history of the inhabitants of Lilliput and Brobdignag, particularly when Lambert rose for the purpose of affording the diminutive count a full view of his prodigious dimensions. In the course of conversation, Mr. Lambert asked what quantity of cloth the count required for a coat, and how many he thought his would make him.—"Not many;" answered Borulawski. "I take goot large piece cloth myself—almost tree quarters of yard."—At this rate one of Mr. Lambert's sleeves would be abundantly sufficient for the purpose. The count felt one of Mr. Lambert's legs: "Ah mine Got!" he exclaimed: "pure flesh and blood. I feel de warm. No deception! I am pleased: for I did hear it was deception." Mr. Lambert asked if his lady was alive; on which he replied: "No, she is dead, and (putting his finger significantly to his nose) I am not very sorry, for when I affront her, she put me on the mantle-shelf for punishment."

The many characters that introduced themselves to Mr. Lambert's observation in the metropolis, furnished him with a great number of anecdotes, which a retentive memory enables him to relate with good effect.

One day, the room being rather crowded with company, a young man in the front, almost close to Mr. Lambert, made incessant use of one of those indispensible appendages of a modern beau, called a quizzing-glass. The conversation turned on the changes of the weather, and in what manner Mr. Lambert felt himself affected by them.—"What do you dislike most?" asked the beau—"*To be bored with a quizzing-glass*" was the reply.

A person asking him in a very rude way the cost of one of his coats, he returned him no answer. The man repeated the question with the observation, that he thought he had a right to demand any information, having contributed his shilling, which would help to pay for Mr. Lambert's coat as well as the rest. "Sir," rejoined Lambert, "if I knew what part of my next coat your shilling would pay for, I can assure you I would cut out the piece."

On another occasion a lady was particularly solicitous to have the same question resolved. "Indeed, Madam," answered Mr. Lambert, "I cannot pretend to charge my memory with the price, but I can put you into a method of obtaining the information you want. If you think

proper to make me a present of a new coat, you will then know exactly what it costs."

A person who had the appearance of a gentleman, one day took the liberty of asking several impertinent questions. Mr. Lambert looked him sternly in his face, but without making any reply. A lady now entered the room, and Lambert entered into conversation with her, on which the same person observed that he was more polite to ladies than to gentlemen. "I can assure, Sir," answered Mr. Lambert, "that I consider it my duty to treat with equal politeness all those whose behaviour convinces me that they are gentlemen."—"I suppose," rejoined the querist, "you mean to infer that I am no gentleman."—"That I certainly did," was the reply. Not yet abashed by this reproof, he soon afterwards ventured to ask another question, of a similar nature with the preceding. Irritated at these repeated violations of decency, which bespoke a deficiency of good sense as well as good manners, Mr. Lambert fixed his eyes full upon the stranger: "You came into this room, Sir, by the door, but——"—"You mean to say," continued the other, looking at the window, "that I may possibly make my exit by some other way."—"Begone this moment," thundered Lambert, "or by G—d I'll throw you into Piccadilly."—No second injunction was necessary to rid him of this obnoxious guest.

After a residence of about five months in the

metropolis, where we believe his success was fully adequate to his most sanguine expectations, Mr. Lambert returned in September, 1806, to his native town.

We shall now proceed to state what we have been able to collect relative to the habits, manners, and propensities, of this extraordinary man.

It is not improbable that incessant exercise in the open air, in the early part of his life, laid the foundation of an uncommonly healthy constitution. Mr. Lambert scarcely knows what it is to be ailing or indisposed. His temperance, no doubt, contributes towards this uninterrupted flow of health. His food differs in no respect from that of other people: he eats with moderation, and of one dish only at a time. He never drinks any other beverage than water, and though at one period of his life he seldom spent an evening at home, but with convivial parties, he never could be prevailed upon to join his companions in their libations to the jolly god. One of the qualifications that strongly tend to promote harmony and conviviality is possessed in an eminent degree by Mr. Lambert. He has a fine, powerful, melodious voice. It is a strong tenor, unlike that of a fat man, light and unembarrassed, and the articulation perfectly clear.

Mr. Lambert's height is five feet eleven inches, and in June 1805 he had attained the enormous weight of fifty stone, four pounds. He never felt any pain in his progress towards his present bulk, but increased gradually and imperceptibly.

Before he grew bulky he never knew what it was to be out of wind. It is evident to all those who are now acquainted with him, that he has no oppression on the lungs from fat, or any other cause; and Dr. Heaviside has expressed his opinion that his life is as good as that of any other healthy man. He conceives himself that he could walk a quarter of a mile, is able to go up stairs with great ease, and without inconvenience, and notwithstanding his excessive corpulence, can not only stoop without trouble to write, but even keeps up an extensive correspondence, insomuch that his writing table resembles the desk of a merchant's counting-house.

Mr. Lambert sleeps less than the generality of mankind, being never more than eight hours in bed. He is never inclined to drowsiness either after dinner, or in any other part of the day; and such is the vivacity of his disposition, that he is always the last person to retire to rest, which he never does before one o'clock. He sleeps without having his head raised more than is usual with other men, and always with the window open. His respiration is so perfectly free and unobstructed, that he never snores, and what is not a little extraordinary, he can awake within five minutes of any time he pleases. All the secretions are carried on in him with the same facility as in any other person.

We have already adverted to Mr. Lambert's fondness for hunting, coursing, racing, fishing, and cocking. He was likewise well-known in his

neighborhood as a great otter-hunter. Till within these five years he was extremely active in all the sports of the field, and though he is now prevented by his corpulence from partaking in them, he still breeds cocks, setters, and pointers, which he has brought to as great, or perhaps greater perfection than any other sporting character of the present day. At the time when terriers were the vogue, he possessed no less than thirty of them at once. The high estimation in which the animals of his breeding are held by sporting amateurs, was fully evinced in the sale of the dogs which he brought with him to London, and which were disposed of at Tattersall's at the following prices: Peg, a black setter bitch, forty-one guineas; Punch, a setter dog, twenty-six guineas; Brush, ditto, seventeen guineas; Bob, ditto, twenty guineas; Bounce, ditto, twenty-two guineas; Sam, ditto, twenty-six guineas; Bell, ditto, thirty-two guineas;—Charlotte, a pointer bitch, twenty-two guineas; Lucy, ditto, twelve guineas.——Total, £18 guineas. Mr. Mellish was the purchaser of the seven setters, and Lord Kinnaird of the two pointers.

If Mr. Lambert has a greater attachment to one kind of sport than another, it is to racing, for which he always manifested a peculiar preference. He was fond of riding himself, before his weight prevented him from enjoying that exercise; and it is his opinion, founded on expe-

rience, that the more blood and the better a horse was bred, the better he carried him.

During his residence in London, Mr. Lambert found himself in no wise affected by the change of air, unless he ought to attribute to that cause an occasional, momentary, trifling depression of spirits in a morning, such as he has felt on his recovery from inflammatory attacks, which are the only kind of indisposition he ever remembers to have experienced.

The extraordinary share of health he has enjoyed has not been the result of any unusual precaution on his part, as he has in many instances accustomed himself to the total neglect of those means by which men in general endeavour to preserve that inestimable blessing. As a proof of this, the following fact, is related from his own lips. Before his encreasing size prevented his partaking in the sports of the field, he never could be prevailed upon when he returned home at night from these excursions, to change any part of his clothes, however wet they might be, and he put them on again the next morning, though they were perhaps so thoroughly soaked, as to leave behind them their mark on the floor. Notwithstanding this, he never knew what it was to take cold. On one of these occasions he was engaged with a party of young men in a boat, in drawing a pond. Knowing that a principal part of this diversion always consists in sousing each other as much as possible, Lam

bert, before he entered the boat, walked, in his clothes, up to his chin into the water. He remained the whole of the day in this condition, which to any other man must have proved intolerably irksome. At night, on retiring to bed, he stripped off shirt and all, and the next morning, putting on his clothes again, wet as they were, he resumed the diversion with the rest of his companions. Nor was this all; for lying down in the bottom of the boat, he took a comfortable nap for a couple of hours, and though the weather was rather severe, he experienced no kind of inconvenience from what might justly be considered as extreme indiscretion.

It would, perhaps, be an interesting speculation to try how far a certain regimen might tend to reduce Mr. Lambert's excessive bulk, which, however healthy he may be, cannot but be productive of some inconvenience, besides depriving him of enjoyments to which he is passionately attached. The annals of medicine furnish a very remarkable instance of this sort, and though the person bore no resemblance, except in bulk to Mr. Lambert, yet the analogy is sufficiently striking to induce a belief that the adoption of a similar method would be attended with similar effects. The case to which we allude is that of Mr. Thomas Wood, a miller, of Billericay, in Essex, which is related in the second volume of Medical Transactions by Sir George Baker. Mr. Wood, after passing the preceding part of his life in eating and drinking

without weight or measure, found himself, in the year 1764, and in the 45th year of his age, overwhelmed with a complication of the most painful and terrible disorders. In the catalogue were comprehended frequent sickness of the stomach, pain in the bowels, head-ache and vertigo; he had an almost constant thirst, a great lowness of spirits, fits of the gravel, violent rheumatism, and frequent attacks of the gout, also two epileptic fits. To this copious list of diseases were added, a formidable sense of suffocation, particularly after meals, and an extreme corpulence of person. On reading the life of Carnaro, recommended to his perusal by the Rev. Mr. Powley, a worthy clergyman in his neighborhood, he immediately formed a resolution to follow the salutary precepts inculcated and exemplified in that performance. He prudently, however, did not make a sudden change in his manner of living; but finding the good effects of his new regimen, after proper gradations both with respect to the quantity and quality of his meat and drink, he finally left off the use of all fermented liquors on the 4th of January, 1765, when he commenced water-drinker. He did not even long indulge himself even in this last innocent beverage; for on the 25th of October following, having found himself easier and better on having accidentally dined that day without drinking, he finally took his leave of that and every other kind of drink

not having tasted a single drop of any liquor whatsoever, excepting only what he has occasionllay taken in the form of medicine, and two glasses and a half of water drank on the 9th of May, 1766, from that date till August 22, 1771, the day on which Sir George Baker drew up this account.

With respect to solid nutriment, the 31st of the year 1767, was the last time of his eating any kind of animal food. In its room he substituted a single dish, of which he made only two meals in the twenty-four hours; one at four or five in the morning, and the other at noon. This consisted of pudding, (of which he eat a pound and a half) made of three pints of skimmed milk, poured boiling hot on a pound of seabiscuit over night, to which two eggs were added next morning, and the whole boiled in a cloth about an hour. Finding this diet too nutritious and having grown fat during the use of it, he threw out the eggs and milk, and formed a new edition of pudding, consisting only of a pound of coarse flour, and a pint of water boiled together. He was at first much delighted with this new receipt, and lived upon it three months; but finding it not easily digestible, he finally formed a mess, which ever afterwards constituted the whole of his nourishment, composed of a pound of the best flour, boiled to a proper stiffness with a pint and a half of skimmed milk, without any other addition.

Such was the regimen of diet, as agreeable to his palate as his former food used to be, by

means of which, with a considerable share of exercise, Mr. Wood got rid of the incumbrance of ten or eleven stone of distempered flesh and fat; and to use his own expression, "was metamorphosed from a monster to a person of moderate size: from the condition of an unhealthy decrepid old man, to perfect health, and to the vigour and activity of youth;" his spirits live'y, his sleep undisturbed, and his strength of muscles so far improved, that he could carry a quarter of a ton weight, which he in vain attempted to perform when he was about the age of thirty, and in perfect health.

We leave to medical men to decide what would be the probable result of a like procedure with respect to Mr. Lambert, but, for our own part, we cannot forbear thinking that, with his healthy constitution and less advanced age, its consequences would be infinitely more striking and beneficial.

In order to shew how far Mr. Lambert surpasses all other men who have hitherto been distinguished for bulk and corpulence, we shall subjoin a brief account of some who have been particularly remarkable on this score.

Mr. John Love, in the early part of his life was placed with Mr. Ryland, an engraver, on whose death he returned to his relations in the county of Dorset. At this time he was extremely thin, and, at length, became so meagre, that his friends were apprehensive of his falling into a consumption. By the advice of physicians he was provided with every kind of nutritious food, which ed him into such habits of ease and indulgence,

that he resigned himself entirely to the pleasures of the table. Having commenced business as a bookseller at Weymouth, he gave full scope to his propensity for good living, and soon grew as remarkably heavy and corpulent, as he was before light and slender. His bulk, probably from the extraordinary contrast in his appearance, excited the astonishment of every spectator, though his weight did not exceed twenty-six stone, or 364 pounds. At length, suffocated by fat, he paid the debt of nature, in the forty-first year of his age, and was buried at Weymouth, in October, 1793.

Mr. Palmer, who kept the Golden-Lion Inn, at Brompton, in Kent, was a man of uncommon corpulence, and during Mr. Lambert's residence in London, he was induced to visit the metropolis for the purpose of seeing him. Mr. Palmer weighed twenty-five stone, or 350 pounds, and though it is said that five ordinary men might have been buttoned in his waistcoat, he appeared of diminutive size when placed beside Mr. Lambert. He did not survive his journey more than three weeks; and at his funeral it was found necessary to take out the windows of the tap-room, to make a passage for the coffin out of the house, from which it was conveyed to the place of interment in a waggon, as no hearse could be procured sufficiently capacious to admit it.

But the man who approached the nearest to the dimensions of Mr. Lambert, was Edward Bright, a grocer, of Malden, in Essex. Many of Mr. Bright's ancestors were remarkably fat;

and he himself was so large and lusty when a boy, that, at the age of twelve years and a half, he weighted ten stone, four pounds, or 144 pounds. He continued to encrease as he grew up, so that, before he was twenty, he weighed twenty-four stone. The last time he was weighed, which was about thirteen months before his death, his weight, deducting that of his clothes, was forty-one stone, ten pounds. It was manifest to himself and to every one about him, that he continued to grow bigger after this period, and if we take the same proportion by which he had encreased for many years upon an average, namely, two stone a year, and allow an addition of only four pounds for the last year, on account of the little exercise he took, while he ate and drank as before, this will bring him to forty-four stone, or 616 pounds, at the time of his death; which in the opinion of many intelligent people, who knew him well, was accounted a very fair and moderate computation. Mr. Bright was five feet, nine inches and a half high: his body round the chest, just under the arms, measured five feet six inches, and round the belly six feet eleven inches. His arm in the middle was two feet two inches about, and his leg two feet eight inches. He was always strong and active, took much exercise from his childhood till the two or three last years of his life, when he became too unwieldy. He possessed great strength of muscles, could walk very well and nimbly, and could not only ride on horseback, but would sometimes gallop, even after he

had attained the weight of between thirty and forty stone. He used to go to London, a distance of forty miles, till the journey proved too fatiguing, and he relinquished the practice some years before he died. By this time he had grown to such a size, as to excite the notice and wonder of all as he passed along the streets. In the last year or two he could walk but a short distance, being soon tired and out of breath; travelling abroad but little, and that in a chaise.

Mr. Bright had always a good appetite, and when a youth, was rather remarkable in that particular. Though he continued to eat heartily and with a good relish after he grew up, yet he did not take a greater quantity of food than many other men who are said to have good stomachs. As to his drink, though he did not take any liquor to an intoxicating degree, yet, upon the whole, he perhaps drank more than prudence would have dictated to a man of his excessively corpulent disposition. When a very young man, he was fond of ale and strong beer; but for many years his chief liquor was small beer, of which he usually drank a gallon a day. With respect to other liquors he was extremely moderate, when alone, sometimes drinking half a pint of wine, or a little punch after dinner, and seldom exceeding his quantity; but when he was in company, he did not confine himself to so small an allowance.

For the greatest part of his life, Mr. Bright enjoyed a very good state of health. During the last three years, however, he was seized, more

than once, with an inflammation in his leg, attended with fever, and such a disposition to mortification, as to make it necessary to scarify the part. By this expedient, and by the aid of fomentations and bleeding, he was always soon relieved. Whenever he was bled, he was always accustomed to have two pounds taken away at a time, and he was not more sensible of the loss of such a quantity, than an ordinary man is of that of twelve or fourteen ounces.

Mr. Bright married at the age of twenty-two; he lived in the conjugal state upwards of seven years, during which he had five children born, and left his wife pregnant with the sixth. An amiable mind inhabited his overgrown body. He was of a cheerful temper, a kind husband, a tender father, a good master, a friendly neighbor, and an honest man; so that it cannot be surprizing if he was universally beloved and respected.

His last illness, which lasted about a fortnight, was a miliary fever. It began with strong inflammatory symptoms, a very troublesome cough, difficulty of breathing, and the eruption was extremely violent. For some days, he was thought to be relieved in the other symptoms by the eruption; but it cannot be matter of wonder that his constitution was not able to withstand a disease which proves fatal to many who appear much more fit to grapple with it. He died on the 10th of November, 1750, in the thirtieth year of his age.

His body began to putrify very soon after death, notwithstanding the coolness of the wea-

ther, and the very next day became extremely offensive. The coffin was three feet six inches broad at the shoulders, and upwards of three feet in depth. A way was cut through the wall and stair-case to let it down into the shop. It was drawn to the church on a low-wheeled carriage, by ten or twelve men, and was let down into the grave by an engine fixed up in the church for that purpose, amidst a vast concourse of spectators, not only from the town, but from the country for several miles round. After his death a wager was laid that five men, twenty-one years of age, could be buttoned in his waistcoat. It was decided on the 1st December, 1750, at the Black Bull, at Malden, when not only five men, as proposed, but seven men were enclosed in it, without breaking a stitch, or straining a button.

Instances of a sudden and rapid encrease in bulk, not less extraordinary than that of Mr. Lambert, have likewise been observed in children, and even infants. In the year 1780, a phenomenon of this kind was publicly exhibited in London, in the person of Thomas Hills Everitt, born in February, 1779. The child's father conducted a paper-mill by the side of Enfield-Marsh, and was about thirty-six years of age; the mother was forty-two, of a healthy habit, but neither of the parents was remarkable for size or stature. Thomas was their fifth child, and the eldest of the three living in 1780 was twelve years old, and rather small of his age; but the paternal grandfather was of a size larger than ordinary. They had another son of uncommon

proportion, who died of the measles in January, 1774, at the age of fifteen months.

Thomas was not remarkably large when born, but began, when six weeks old, to grow apace, and attained a most extraordinary size. At the age of nine months and two weeks, his dimensions were taken by Mr. Sherwen, an ingenious surgeon residing at Enfield, and compared with those of a lusty boy seven years old. The result was as follows:—

	Dimensions of the Child. Inches	Of the Boy Inches
Girth round the wrist		6¼—4¼
. . . above the elbow		8½—6¼
. . . of the leg near the ancle		9¼—6¼
. . . . . calf of the leg		12—9
. . . round the thigh		18—12¼
. . . . . small of the back		24—22
. . . under the arm-pits and across the breast		22¼—24

Mr. Sherwen who, in November, 1779, transmitted the above account to Mr. Planta, secretary of the Royal Society, added, that he should have been glad to have given the solid contents of animal substance, but was prevented by the vulgar prejudice entertained by the mother against weighing children. He could therefore only say that, when she exposed to view his legs, thighs, and broad back, it was impossible to be impressed with any other idea than that of seeing a young giant. His weight was, however, guessed at nine stone, and his height at this period was three feet, one inch and a quarter.

The child was soon afterwards conveyed to the house of a relation in Great Turnstile, Holborn; but the confined situation had such an effect on his health, that it was found necessary to carry him back to his native air. His extraordinary size tempted his parents to remove him again to the metropolis, and to exhibit him to the public. His dimensions, as stated in the hand-bills distributed at the place of exhibition, and under a print of Mrs. Everitt and her son, published in January, 1780, were taken when he was eleven months old. His height was then three feet three inches; his girth round the breast, two feet six inches; the loins, three feet one inch; the thigh, one foot ten inches; the leg, one foot two inches; the arm, eleven inches and a half; the wrist, nine inches. He was well-proportioned all over, and subsisted entirely on the breast. His countenance was comely, but had rather more expression than is usual at his age, and was exceedingly pleasing, from his being uncommonly good-tempered. He had very fine hair, pure skin, free from any blemish, was extremely lively, and had a bright, clear eye. His head was rather smaller in proportion than his other parts. From these circumstances Mr. Sherwen ventured to prognosticate that he was as likely to arrive at maturity, accidental diseases excepted, as any child he ever saw. This opinion might, undoubtedly, have been well founded, notwithstanding the child's death, which took place about the middle of 1780, before he had attained the age of eighteen months.

"Children of remarkably large growth," says the Rev. Mr. Lysons, in his Environs of London, "have frequently been exhibited to the public, but generally at the age of five or six years. In 1782, a gigantic child, whose name was Isaac Butterfield, born at Keighley, near Leeds, February, 20, 1781, was exhibited in Spring Gardens. In November, 1782, he measured, (according to the advertisement in the public papers) three feet in height, thirteen inches round the arm, two feet two inches round his thigh, sixteen inches across his shoulders, and weighed near a hundred weight. These dimensions, if they may be depended on, exceed those of Everitt. The child died in Spring Gardens, February 1, 1783."

We here take our leave of Mr. Lambert, for whom, as undoubtedly the *greatest* man in the British empire, the first place in our gallery will not be thought unappropriate. The term *greatest* will not, it is presumed, be thought misapplied, when it is known that he measures three yards four inches, round the body, and one yard one inch, round the leg: and that a suit of his clothes costs about twenty pounds. As it is generally agreed that nothing is calculated to produce a stronger effect than a judicious contrast, we shall next introduce to notice a character who passes for one of the smallest men, if not the most diminutive, in his majesty's dominions.

JOSEPH BORUWLASKI.

A STRIKING proof, if any were wanted, that the modifications of human stature are dependent on circumstances which have hitherto eluded all investigation, is afforded by the celebrated dwarf, whose adventures we are now about to record. Though he forms a perfect contrast with the subject of the preceding article in regard to bodily figure, yet there is a considerable resemblance between them as to intellectual powers. To soundness of understanding, quickness of apprehension, and solidity of judgment, Boruwlaski moreover unites that fascinating ease and elegance of deportment which can only be acquired by intercourse with the highest classes of polished society; an advantage which his uncommonly diminutive size has, during the whole course of his life, never failed to procure him.

Joseph Boruwlaski, commonly called Count Boruwlaski, was born in the vicinity of Chaliez, in Polish Russia, in November, 1739. His parents were of the middling size, and had a family of six children, five sons and one daughter. In

consequence of one of those freaks of Nature, for which it is impossible to account, three of the sons, when full grown, exceeded the middle stature, while the other two, and the daughter, only attained that of children at the age of four or five years. The eldest son, born in 1728, reached the height of three feet six inches: he possessed a healthy constitution, and uncommon strength and vigor for his size. Having lived a long time with the Castellane Inowloska, his conduct was such as to gain her esteem, and finding that his ability and good sense were not inferior to his integrity, she at length entrusted him with the stewardship and management of her affairs. The second son was of a weak and delicate frame: he died at the age of twenty-six, being at that time five feet ten inches high. Joseph was the third child, and those who came after him were alternately tall and short. His sister died of the small-pox at twenty-two, when she was no more than two feet two inches in height.

At the moment of Joseph's birth, there was every reason to believe that he would be extremely short, as he measured only eight inches. Notwithstanding his diminutive size, he was neither weak nor puny; on the contrary, his mother, who suckled him herself, frequently declared, that none of her children gave her less trouble. He walked, and was able to speak, at about the same age as other infants, and his progressive growth was as follows: At one year, fourteen inches; at six, seventeen inches; at ten, twenty-

one inches; at fifteen, twenty-five inches; at twenty, twenty-eight inches; at twenty-five, thirty-five inches; at thirty, thirty-nine inches. At this size he remained fixed, without having since encreased one-eighth of an inch. Some naturalists have maintained, that dwarfs continue to grow during their whole lives; but the falsehood of this assertion is proved by the example of Joseph Boruwlaski and that of his brother, who both grew till the age of thirty, and then ceased to increase in stature.

The young Boruwlaski had scarcely entered his eighth year, when his father died, leaving his widow with six children, and a very small portion of the favors of fortune. Before this event the Starostina de Caorlitz, a female friend of Madame Boruwlaski, had often manifested great affection for Joseph, and solicited his parents to commit his education to her care. She now availed herself of the embarrassed circumstances of the family to repeat her offers to his mother, who consulting only the happiness of her child, consented with pain to the separation.

The lady accordingly took him to her estate, which was not far distant from the residence of his mother. For four years she fulfilled with scrupulous fidelity the charge she had undertaken: the conduct of her protegé was such as to secure her attachment, and he appeared to be fixed with her for ever, when an unexpected circumstance changed his situation. His patroness, a lady of large fortune, was a widow, who, though not

young, still possessed a considerable portion of personal charms. The Count de Tarnow, whose affairs had brought him into the neighborhood, paid his addresses to her, and prevailed upon her to give him her hand. A few months after their marriage, the Countess de Tarnow imagined herself pregnant. On this occasion the happy couple received the congratulations of all their friends, and, among the rest of the Countess Humieska. That lady, distinguished for her birth, her wealth, and personal accomplishments, had an estate contiguous to that of the Starostina, at whose house she had frequently seen the young Boruwlaski, and had often declared how delighted she should be to take him with her to Warsaw. Being one day with the Count and Countess de Tarnow, she took an opportunity of turning the conversation to the dangers to which pregnant females are exposed, and asked the count whether he was not under some apprehensions for his lady, from Boruwlaski being continually in her sight, and whether he was not afraid lest this circumstance might affect the child of which she was pregnant. Perceiving that what she said made a considerable impression, she adduced a great number of facts calculated to encrease their uneasiness. She concluded with advising them to part with their little friend, offering at the same time to take him under her protection, and promising that she would endeavor to make him happy. Whether this advice was given with sincerity, or was the result of the

countess's desire to have Boruwlaski about her person, it is impossible for us to decide. It produced, however, the effect she wished, and with his consent, he was transferred by his former benefactors to the Countess Humieska.

With her he departed in a few days for her estate at Rychty, in Podolia, where they staid six months. Having formed a design of making the tour of Germany and France, the countess resolved to make him the companion of her travels, and after some necessary preparations, he set out with her at the age of fifteen for Vienna. Here he had the honor of being presented to the empress-queen, Maria Theresa, who was pleased to say, that he far exceeded all the accounts she had heard of him, and that he was one of the most astonishing beings she had ever beheld. That great princess was at this period at war with the king of Prussia, and Boruwlaski, being one day in her apartment when her courtiers were complimenting her on a victory obtained by her army, the empress asked him his opinion of the Prussian monarch. "Madam," replied he, "I have not the honor to know him; but were I in his place, instead of waging an useless war against you, I would come to Vienna, and pay my respects to you, deeming it a thousand times more glorious to gain your esteem and friendship, than to obtain the most complete victories over your troops." Her majesty, who seemed highly delighted at this reply, caught Boruwlaski in her arms, and told his patroness

that she thought her very happy in having such a pleasing companion in her travels.

On another occasion when, according to her desire, he had performed a Polish dance in the presence of this sovereign, she took him on her lap, caressed him, and asked him, among many other questions, what he thought most curious and interesting at Vienna. He answered, that he had seen in that city many things worthy of a traveller's admiration, but nothing seemed so so extraordinary as what he at that moment beheld. "And what is that?" enquired her majesty. "To see so little a man on the lap of so great a woman," replied Boruwlaski. This answer procured him fresh caresses.——The empress wore a ring, on which was her cypher in brilliants, of the most exquisite workmanship. His hand being accidentally in hers, he seemed to be looking attentively at the ring, which she perceiving, asked whether the cypher was pretty. "I beg your majesty's pardon," replied Boruwlaski, "it is not the ring that I am looking at, but the hand, which I beseech your permission to kiss." With these words he raised it to his lips. The empress seemed highly pleased at this little specimen of gallantry, and would have presented him with the ring which gave occasion to it, but as it was much too large, she called a young lady, five or six years old, who was then in the apartment, and taking a very fine diamond from her finger, put it on Boruwlaski's. This young lady was the unfortunate Maria An-

toinetta, afterwards queen of France; and as may be easily imagined Boruwlaski has preserved this jewel with religious care.

The kind notice of the empress procured him the attention of her whole court, and the marked kindness of prince Kaunitz was particularly grateful to his feelings. So far, however, from being seduced by the favors bestowed on him, or the pleasures procured him, Boruwlaski was sometimes oppressed by sensations of the most painful kind, conscious that he was only looked upon by others as a puppet, a little more perfect, it is true, and better organized than they commonly are, but at any rate, as nothing better than an animated toy.

During a residence of six months at Vienna, the Countess Humieska availed herself of the opportunity to have her little charge instructed in dancing by M. Angelini, the ballet-master to the court, who afterwards obtained such celebrity by his extraordinary professional talents and his taste for literature. Though Boruwlaski had not time to improve himself as much as he wished, yet his benefactress could not forbear testifying her satisfaction at the progress he had made.

From the Austrian metropolis the travellers proceeded to Münich, where they were most graciously received by the Elector of Bavaria, and where the countess's little companion excited no less curiosity than he had done at Vienna. They next repaired to Luneville, at that time the resi-

dence of Sanislaus Leczinski, the dethroned king of Poland, who, as a compensation for the Polish crown had been put in possession of the dukedoms of Lorraine and Bar.

By this venerable monarch, now eighty years of age, the travellers were received with his accustomed bounty and affability, and being of his own country, they were, by his order, lodged in his palace. With this prince lived the famous Bébé, who was till then considered the most extraordinary dwarf that was ever seen.

Bébé, whose real name was Nicholas Ferry, was born at Plaisnes, in the department of the Vosges, in France. His father and mother were well made, notwithstanding which, when he came into the world, he was only eight or nine inches in length, and weighed but twelve ounces. He was, besides, extremely delicate. A wooden shoe served him for a cradle. His mouth was so small, that he could never suck his mother; a she-goat was obliged to supply her place, and he had no other nurse than that animal, which seemed to entertain an affection for him. He had the small-pox at six months, and the goat's milk was his only nourishment, his only medicine. When eighteen months old he began to speak, and at two years he walked almost without assistance. It was then that his first shoes were made, which were only eighteen lines in length. The homely fare of the peasantry of the Vosges was that of his childhood, till he was six years old. In that period he was afflicted with several ill-

nesses, which he, however, overcame. At five years of age he had not attained a greater height than twenty-two inches, and this singularity was the occasion of his good fortune.

Stanislaus, king of Poland, hearing of this extraordinary child, desired to see him. He was sent for to Luneville, where he soon became an inmate in the palace of that beneficent monarch, for whom, on his part, he conceived a a strong attachment, though, in general he testified very little sensibility. The prince gave him the name of Bébé. Notwithstanding the attention bestowed on his education, it was impossible to unfold in him either judgment or reason. The very small portion of knowledge which he was capable of acquiring could not enable him to form any notion of religion, or to pursue a regular train of reflection. His capacity never surpassed that of a well-trained dog. He seemed fond of music, and would occasionally beat time with tolerable accuracy. He even danced with precision, but he was obliged the whole time to look attentively at his master, and to direct all his steps and motions by the signs he received from him.

He was susceptible of passions such as desire, anger, jealousy. His discourse was at such times incoherent, and expressed only confused ideas. In a word, he manifested only that kind of sentiment which is produced by circumstances, and a momentary impulse. The small share of reason he exhibited seemed not much superior to the

instinct of certain animals. The Princess de Talmond endeavored to instruct him; but notwithstanding all her talents, she could never develop the intelligence of Bébé. The result of her assiduity was, as might have naturally been expected, that he conceived an attachment for her, and even became so jealous, that seeing her one day caress a lap-dog, he furiously snatched the animal out of her hands, and threw him out of the window, saying: "Why do you love him more than me?"

Bébé, who was four inches taller than Boruwlaski, at first shewed much fondness and friendship for the latter, but it was not long before his malignant disposition betrayed itself; for when he perceived that the little stranger preferred the conversation of sensible people to his, and above all, that the king took pleasure in his company, he conceived the most violent jealousy and hatred against him.

One day, being both in his majesty's apartment, that prince asked several questions of Boruwlaski, with whose replies he seemed much pleased, and testified his approbation in the most affectionate manner. "You see, Bébé," said he, "what a difference there is between Joujou, (the familiar name by which Boruwlaski was distinguished) and you. He is amiable, cheerful, entertaining, and well-informed, whereas you are but a little machine." At these words fury sparkled in the eyes of Bébé; he made no reply, but his countenance indicated the violence of his

agitation. A moment afterwards, the king having gone to his closet, Bébé took advantage of the opportunity to execute his revengeful designs. Slily approaching his rival, he seized him by the waist, and endeavored to push him into the fire. Boruwlaski caught hold with both hands of the hook which supported the fire-irons, and thus prevented his wicked design. The noise occasioned by this scuffle brought back the king; who, after he had extricated his little countryman from his perilous situation, called for his servants, directed them to inflict on Bébé a corporal punishment proportioned to his fault, and ordered him never to appear again in his presence. In vain Boruwlaski interceded for the unfortunate Bébé, the first part of the sentence was executed, and his majesty would not revoke the other, but upon condition that he should beg pardon of his injured rival. He submitted with great reluctance to this humiliation, which was thought to have made a deep impression upon him. His death, which took place not long afterwards, was partly attributed to the mortification he experienced on this occasion. Thus it appears, that no human being, however diminutive his stature, is exempted from the influence of the passions, and that they rage with equal fury in the bosom of the little and of the great.

Bébé is represented by M. Boruwlaski as having a figure perfectly well-proportioned, and very pleasing features. The description given of him

by the Count de Tressan being somewhat different, we shall subjoin a few particulars on the authority of that gentleman, who had observed this extraordinary little creature with considerable attention.

Till the age of fifteen Bébé had the full use of his limbs, and his diminutive figure was extremely well proportioned. He was then twenty-nine inches high. But the efforts of nature, as he advanced to the age of puberty, were prejudicial to him. The juices had before been equally distributed throughout his whole frame. The age of manhood disturbed this harmony, enervated his already frail and weakly frame, impoverished his blood, and exhausted his nerves.—His powers diminished, the spine of his back became curved, his head inclined, his legs wasted, one of his shoulder-bones projected, and his nose encreased in size. Bébe lost his cheerfulness, and became a valetudinarian. He, however, grew four inches in the four following years.

The Count de Tressan foresaw that he would die of old age before he was thirty. Nor was he mistaken; at twenty-one he fell into a kind of dotage, and those who took care of him remarked childish traits, not resembling those of his early years, but indicative of decrepitude. The last year of his life he seemed completely broken up. He could scarcely walk. The air incommoded him, unless the weather was very warm: he was walked out in the sun, which ap-

peared to revive him; but he could scarcely walk one hundred steps at a time. In May, 1764, he had a slight indisposition, which was succeeded by a cold, accompanied with fever; this threw him into a kind of lethargy, from which he recovered for a few moments, at intervals, but without being able to speak. The four last days of his life he again enjoyed the use of his faculties. Ideas, more sensible and connected than he had ever uttered at the time of his greatest vigor, astonished all those who were about him. He expired on the 9th of June, 1764, aged nearly twenty-three years; he was then thirty-three inches high.

During Boruwlaski's residence at Lunevjlle, he likewise became acquainted with the Count de Tressan, who took great notice of him, and who drew the following comparison between him and his rival Bébé.—The resemblance between Bébé and Boruwlaski consists only in their stature. The latter has been treated most favorably by nature. He enjoys good health, is clever and nimble. He can bear fatigue, and lift great weights in proportion to his size. What distinguishes him still more from Bébé is, that he possesses great mental energy and accomplishments; that his memory is excellent and his judgment very sound. He understands arithmetic, reads and writes well, and speaks German and French with great fluency. He is ingenious in every thing he undertakes, lively in his repartees, just in his reasonings. In a word, Boruwlaski may

be considered as a complete, though very diminutive man, and Bébé as an imperfect one.

From Luneville Boruwlaski proceeded with his benefactress to the gay metropolis of France, where they were received in the most flattering manner by the queen, herself a native of Poland and daughter of king Stanislaus. At this time Count Oginski, grand general of Lithuania resided at Paris, and shewed particular regard for Boruwlaski. He even carried his complaisance so far as to teach him the rudiments of music, and conceiving that his pupil had a taste for that art, he prevailed on the countess Humieska to engage for his master the celebrated Gavinies, who taught him to play on the guitar, an amusement which has since often solaced him in moments of trouble and inquietude.

Count Oginski took great pleasure in having his little countryman near him. One day when he gave a grand entertainment to several ladies of high distinction, he put Boruwlaski into an urn placed on the middle of the table. He said that he would treat them with an extraordinary dish, but forbearing for a considerable time to uncover the urn, the curiosity of the company was excited to the highest pitch. At length the cover was removed, and out sprung Boruwlaski to the no small astonishment and diversion of the ladies, who did not at first know him.

Our travellers passed more than a year at Paris, in all the pleasures which that capital affords. They were visited and entertained by all the prin-

cipal nobility, and persons of opulence. Among the rest M. Bouret, the farmer-general, so renowned for his ambition, his excesses, and his extravagancies, gave an entertainment, and to show that it was in honor of Boruwlaski, he caused every thing, even the plate, the knives, forks, and spoons, to be proportioned to his size. The ortolans, beccaficos, and other small game of that kind, of which the entertainment entirely consisted, were served up on dishes adapted to their dimensions.

Having first exchanged the frivolous levity of France for the phlegmatic sedateness of Holland, the countess Humieska returned with her little companion through Germany to Warsaw. He was preceded in that capital by the reputation he had acquired in his travels. He was greatly improved during his absence; and as he had acquired at Paris no small portion of that graceful ease and politeness, which give such charms to the most common things, he had the satisfaction of finding that his company was courted not merely as an object of curiosity, but for the pleasure of his conversation.

Boruwlaski had now attained the age of twenty-five; he began to feel new emotions, which are in general experienced at a much earlier period of life. Love did not disdain the conquest of his little heart: he became enamoured of an actress, belonging to the company of French comedians at Warsaw. Having procured an introduction to his mistress, he mus-

tered sufficient courage to declare his passion, and for some time was happy in the belief that she cherished similar sentiments towards him. He devoted to her every moment that he could with decency steal from the duty imposed upon him by the bounty of his benefactress: making his little excursions when he was supposed to be asleep, for which purpose he was obliged to bribe the porter and the servant by whom he was attended. This intrigue, however, was not of long continuance; he soon found that it was a subject of public notoriety, that his charmer, whom he thought most interested in secrecy, openly laughed at his passion, and the tumultuous emotions she had excited in his bosom. This discovery completely overwhelmed him, by humbling his pride; he loved sincerely, and imagined that he was sincerely beloved, and it was not without extreme mortification that he now saw the illusion dispelled.

But this was not the only source of pain arising from his indiscretion. His patroness being made acquainted with his intrigue, discharged from her service the porter and the servant through whose means he had been enabled to carry it on, and even withdrew her favor from him, till by the regularity of his conduct he regained her kindness.

Soon after the accession of Stanislaus II. to the throne of Poland, Boruwlaski had the honor to be presented to his majesty, who took great notice of him, bestowed on him the most unequi-

vocal marks of his bounty, and honored him for many years after he had quitted his native country with his particular protection.

About this time Boruwlaski lost his sister Anastasia. She was seven years younger than himself, and so short that she could stand under his arm. If she was remarkable for the smallness of her person, and the perfectly regular proportion of her shape, she was still more distinguished by the qualities of her heart, and the gentleness of her disposition. The Castellane Kaminska, a very rich lady, who had taken her into her house, expressed for her the most unbounded tenderness, and Anastasia availed herself of this ascendancy to gratify the generous feelings of her heart. At twenty Anastasia was in love; and with so much the more passion, as her attachment was grounded only on the pleasure of contributing to the happiness of its object. Her inclination was soon perceived by her benefactress, who challenged her with it; and her ingenuous and feeling heart was far from concealing the sentiments with which a young officer, who frequented the house, had inspired her. Though of a good family, he was not rich; this Anastasia knew, and endeavoring to find means to serve him without hurting his delicacy, she contrived to engage him to play at piquet with her, and generally obliging him to play deep, she always took care to lose, and thus joined the pleasure of doing good to that of avoiding the expression of his gratitude. It is impossible to say

how far her sensibility would have carried her, had she not been seized with the small-pox during an excursion to Leopoldstadt. The disease baffled all the powers of art, and in two days she expired with the utmost tranquillity and composure. This event made such a deep impression on her patroness, that for many days her health was in danger; she would not suffer the name of her dear Anastasia to be mentioned, nor her brother to visit her, lest his presence should revive her affliction.

Boruwlaski continued, meanwhile, to bask in the sunshine of the Countess Humieska's favor, through whose means he enjoyed universal consideration and regard. But, at the age of forty, love again interposed to disturb his happiness. His patroness had taken into the house as a companion, a young lady named Isalina Barboutan, descended from French parents settled at Warsaw. Her beauty, her sparkling eyes, and the elegance of her shape, made, at first sight, an indelible impression on his heart. Long was this fair one deaf to all the protestations of his passion, which naturally enough she treated with ridicule. Undaunted by every repulse, he still pressed his suit with all the ardour of an intoxicated lover. No sooner was the Ceuntess Humieska informed of his sentiments, than she remonstrated with him in the hope of bringing him to reason, but as he paid no attention to her arguments, she directed him to be confined in his own apartment. This was but

the prelude to greater severity, for finding that he continued obstinate in his resolution, she ordered him to leave her house, with the injunction never to return, and sent Isalina home to her parents.

Turned adrift in the world, without money, or resource of any kind, Boruwlaski was at first under no small embarrassment how to proceed. He soon conceived the idea of applying to the king's brother, Prince Casimir, who had always taken a particular interest in his affairs. The prince feeling for his situation, recommended him so strongly to the king, that his majesty promised to make a provision for him.

The little lover still continued his unremitting addresses to the object of his passion, who at length consented to make him happy. It is not improbable that her acquiescence was in a great measure determined by the prospect of the royal favor, as well as by the apprehension that she should never have a better offer, since their amour had become the public talk of the city. Be this as it may, the king approved the match, and settled an annuity of one hundred ducats on the happy Boruwlaski.

It was not long before he found that the king's favors would scarcely be sufficient for the support of himself and his wife, who, to the great astonishment of all, apprized him, within six weeks after their marriage, that he was destined to be a father. This intelligence only served to

encrease his anxiety relative to their future subsistence. It was absolutely necessary to take some step to improve his finances, and his patrons suggested that a second visit to the courts of Europe could not fail of answering the purpose, and of procuring him the means of leading, on his return, a life of ease and tranquillity. Seduced by such a dazzling prospect, he immediately adopted the idea; the king supplied him with a convenient carriage, and being provided with letters of recommendation, he left Warsaw the 21st of November, 1780.

At Cracow his wife was taken ill. This circumstance obliged them to continue some time in that city, where, after a long indisposition, she was delivered of her first child, a girl. On her recovery they set out for Vienna, where they arrived on the 11th of February, 1781. Unfortunately for Boruwlaski, death had just snatched away his illustrious patroness, Maria Theresa, and profound sorrow pervaded the whole city. He experienced, however, the same marks of benevolence from prince Kaunitz as on his former visit, and became acquainted with the British ambassador, Sir Robert Murray Keith, who was the principal cause of his subsequent voyage to England. After giving a concert, which was attended by almost all the nobility of Vienna, he left that metropolis, provided with letters of recommendation to many princes of Germany.

The next place he visited was Presburg, the capital of Hungary, whence he proceeded to

Linz. Here he gave a concert, for which Count Thierheim, governor of Lower Austria, and son in-law to Prince Kaunitz, lent his band of musicians. During the performance, the young countess, then between six and seven years of age, never took her eyes off Boruwlaski, and when it was over, she ran to her father, earnestly intreating him to buy the little man for her. "But what would you do with him, my dear?" said the count. "Besides," added he, "we have no apartment for him."—"Never mind that, papa," replied the child with the greatest simplicity, "I will keep him in mine; I will take the utmost care of him, have the pleasure of dressing and adorning him, and of loading him with caresses and dainties."

After visiting Teschen, Munich, and other places, where he was treated in a very flattering manner, by the most distinguished personages, he proceeded to Triersdorff, the residence of the late Margrave of Anspach, where his reception exceeded every thing he had yet experienced. Through the recommendation of the celebrated French actress, Mademoiselle Clairon, the margrave was so strongly interested in his behalf, that he loaded him with favors, and even undertook to provide for his infant daughter, whom he prevailed upon the parents to leave behind in his care.

On his departure from Triersdorff, Boruwlaski passed rapidly through Frankfort, Mentz, and Manheim, to Strasburg, and then directing

his course to Brussels and Ostend, embarked for England. After a tempestuous passage of four days, during which the vessel lost her masts and sails, he landed with his wife at Margate, and after a few days, set out for London, where he arrived without accident.

He had brought with him a number of recommendatory letters to many of the first nobility, and immediately made use of those directed to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. In those illustrious characters, the little stranger found the most zealous protectors. As he was ignorant of the language, and from that circumstance could scarcely provide for his wants, the duchess gave orders that a comfortable lodging should be procured him at her expence, and being informed that his wife was ill, she sent Dr. Walker to attend her. The first visit of that gentleman was rather diverting. The duchess had not apprized him what kind of man it was whose wife she had desired him to attend, and on entering the apartment, he took Boruwlaski for a child. He approached the patient's bed, and enquired into her case, on which Boruwlaski began to thank him, and to recommend his wife to his care. As the tone of the voice was so much above the stature of the person before him, he was at a loss to conceive whence the words addressed to him proceeded. Perceiving the doctor's embarrassment, Madame Boruwlaski informed him who it was; but he could not be pursuaded that such a diminutive being was a

man, or that he was capable of uttering such sounds as he had just heard.

A short time after the arrival of Boruwlaski in London, a stupendous giant likewise visited that metropolis. He was eight feet three or four inches high. Many persons being desirous of seeing them together, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, accompanied by Lady Spencer, one day took Boruwlaski with them to see the giant. Their surprize was equal; the giant remained some time in silence, viewing the dwarf with looks of astonishment, and then stooping very low to present him his hand, which would have contained a dozen of the little visitor's, he made him a very polite compliment. Had a painter been present, the contrast of their figures might have furnished him with the idea of an interesting picture, for Boruwlaski's head was nearly on a level with the giant's knee.

It was not long before Boruwlaski was introduced to most of the first characters in London, and among the rest, to the Prince of Wales, by whom he was treated with that affability by which his royal highness is so particularly distinguished. He had soon afterwards the honor of being introduced by the Countess of Egremont to the notice of their Majesties, and all the junior branches of their illustrious family, on the 23d of May, 1782.

All the favors of his patrons were not, however, adequate to the decent support of himself and his family, so that he was obliged to have re-

course not only to the expedient of subscription concerts, but likewise to that of an exhibition; first at a guinea, then at five shillings, and afterwards at half-a-crown. It was not without considerable difficulty that he became reconciled to the idea of making an exhibition of himself, but as the matter in question was nothing less than providing a subsistence for those who were dearest to his heart, this consideration counterbalanced every other. In short, he was obliged to avail himself of every resource, as he found it impossible, with the utmost economy, to reduce his expences to less than four or five hundred a year.

At the beginning of the winter of 1782, he visited Bath, where he gave breakfasts and concerts. In 1783, he went to Ireland, where he was particularly patronized by the Lord Lieutenant and his lady, and by the late Duke of Leinster. Of that amiable nobleman, Boruwlaski relates the following anecdote of a circumstance to which he was himself an eye-witness. The duke passing on horse-back through Dame-street, an unlucky servant, whose foot had slipped as he was getting behind a coach, fell between the hind-wheel and the body of the carriage. Fortunately for the man, the duke was at that instant near the carriage; he alighted, flew to the horses, and extricated the poor fellow, whom another turn of the wheel would have crushed to death.

In Ireland, Boruwlaski was detained longer

than he had intended by the illness of his wife, who was brought to bed in that country of her second child.

On his return to England he passed through Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, to Oxford, where he resided a considerable time. At length, after an absence of three years, he returned to London in March, 1786.

Here he resumed his former system of concerts and exhibitions, but neither could prevent his being involved in difficulties, from which he was generously relieved by his countrywoman, the princess Lubomirska, who hearing that he was exposed to the vexations of creditors, enquired the amount of his debts, and nobly discharged them. His mind being now relieved from anxiety, he, at the request of his friends, began to write the history of his life, which undertaking was patronized by the Prince of Wales, and a long list of nobility. It forms an octavo volume, which was published in 1788.

An erroneous report having reached his native country, that he had laid out several thousand pounds in the funds, he was thought no longer to want the king's favors, and his annuity of one hundred ducats was cut off. This circumstance is supposed to have been the occasion of his leaving England, and visiting Poland in the year 1792.

His absence was not of long duration: he soon returned to this country, where his exhibitions were so successful, that he was enabled to save a

handsome competence, which some years since he retired to Durham to enjoy.

For some particulars relative to the interview between this celebrated character and Mr. Daniel Lambert, in the summer of 1806, the reader is referred to the preceding article.

PATRICK COTTER;

COMMONLY CALLED

Patrick O'Brien; or, The Irish Giant.

SOME of the earliest records of mankind attest the existence of giants, but whether the earth ever produced a race of such men, may, notwithstanding the opinion of many persons of great learning, be very justly disputed. With respect to the discoveries of human skeletons, twenty, fifty, nay, even one hundred feet long, though related by many respectable writers, they must be regarded as altogether fabulous. Numerous incidents of this kind are to be met with, but for their authenticity we have no other voucher than the confidence due to first-rate historians, who might themselves have been deceived in the credit they gave to the relations of others from whom they borrowed the circumstances. On the contrary, in all the accounts of giants which have been handed down to us from the remotest

periods, we find no instance of any living individual who attained to a greater height than nine or at farthest ten feet, whence it may fairly be inferred, that this is the *ne plus ultra* of human growth.

That there exist men of a stature considerably above the ordinary standard, our own time has afforded ocular demonstration. In the year 1780, a gigantic youth named Byrne, a native of Ireland, was exhibited in the metropolis, in the neighbourhood of Charing-Cross, where he died, and was buried in St. Martin's church-yard. He was within two inches of eight feet at his death, and it was thought that the continuance of his growth proved fatal to him, as he had not then attained his twentieth year.

Some years since, the Prince of Wales had in his service, as porter, a native of Scotland, commonly called Big Sam, who was nearly eight feet high, robust and well made. His size was so far from being inconvenient to him, that he was as active as any man of ordinary stature. He performed as a giant in the Romance of Cymon, at the Opera House, in the Haymarket, while the Drury-Lane company had the use of that house till their own was rebuilt. Finding his health unpaired by the air of the metropolis, he obtained permission of his royal highness to return to his native country.

The most remarkable instance of extraordinary stature in the present age was, however, exhibited in the person of Patrick Cotter, commonly

called Patrick O'Brien, and still more generally known by the appellation of the Irish Giant. He was born in the year 1761, in the county of Kinsale, in Ireland, of obscure parents, who were people of middling stature. He was brought up to the trade of a bricklayer; but his growth was so rapid, that, when he had attained the age of eighteen years, his uncommon size attracted the notice of a shewman, who obtained permission of the simple youth to exhibit him three years in England, for which he was to pay him fifty pounds per annum. Not contented with his bargain, the chapman agreed to underlet the liberty of shewing him to another speculator, and Cotter resisting this intended transfer of his person, was saddled with a fictitious debt, for which he was arrested at Bristol.

In this situation he was observed, fortunately for himself, by a gentleman of that city, who had some business to transact with the sheriff's officer. The simplicity of his manners, and his extreme distress induced this gentleman to make some enquiry concerning him, and having reason to think that he was unjustly detained, he generously became his bail, and so far investigated the business, that he not only obtained him his liberty, but freed him from all kind of obligation to serve his mercenary master any longer.

It happened to be in the month of September when he was liberated, and by the assistance of his benefactor he was enabled to set up for himself in the fair then held in St. James's, Bristol.

Success crowned his undertaking; instead of being in penury, he found himself in three days, in possession of thirty pounds.

He now commenced, and continued a regular exhibition of his person. His stature increased till he arrived at the age of twenty-five, when his growth somewhat abated, but he continued growing after that period, till he attained the height of eight feet seven inches. He was at the same time proportionably lusty. His hand, from the commencement of the palm to the extremity of the middle finger, measured twelve inches, and his shoe was seventeen inches long. He could not, however, be denominated a well-made man; for though his limbs were not strikingly disproportioned, his figure wanted that general symmetry which a man of ordinary dimensions more commonly possesses. The astonishment of the observant spectator at the extraordinary stature of Mr. O'Brien was not unaccompanied with pity, as every movement appeared to be attended with trouble, and a degree of pain. In the action of rising to salute or surprize his visitors, he generally placed both his hands on the small of his back, and bending his body forward, rose with considerable difficulty from his seat, consisting of a common sized table, on which was placed the cushion of a carriage.

During the twenty-five years that Mr. O'Brien exhibited himself, he was to be seen at different periods in the metropolis, and for four or five successive Bartholomew Fairs at Smithfield. At

such times he used frequently to walk about the streets for air and exercise, at two or three o'clock in the morning. In one of these nocturnal excursions, he was observed accompanied by two persons of common size, on whose shoulders he supported himself in the same manner as we sometimes see a well-grown man resting his hands on the shoulders of children ten or twelve years of age. In walking up Holborn-Hill, he appeared to be greatly fatigued, and might be said rather to shuffle along than to walk, as he never moved either of his feet from the stones. Proceeding along the more level pavement, his body appeared more erect, and had he not paid attention to avoid the lamps, his head would have struck against many of them.

It is a circumstance too general among those who expose their persons to public view, that to them all the rest of mankind are totally indifferent. For this reason neither connection nor friendship can possibly be established with them; every attempt to obtain information tending to elucidate their habits and manners, or the history of their lives is regarded with jealousy, under the idea that it arises from impertinent or mischievous curiosity. Had it not been for some such cause as this, we should probably have been enabled to collect many more particulars concerning this remarkable man.

The following anecdote is related on the authority of those with whom he was most familiar.

Being on a journey in his own carriage, he was one day stopped by a highwayman, on which he put his head forward to discover the cause that interrupted his progress. The highwayman, at the sight of so prodigious a figure, was struck with such a panic, that he clapped spurs to his horse, and made a precipitate retreat. It should be observed, that the vehicle in which he travelled was of a peculiar construction, having a kind of box sunk to a considerable depth below the bottom of the vehicle, to admit his legs and feet.

It has been asserted, that he was passionately fond of cards, and that he eagerly embraced every opportunity of engaging in the amusement, but that he could not lose with patience, not from a principle of parsimony, but the disgrace of being beaten.

Reports of Mr. O'Brien's death were frequently in circulation; but this was, in all probability, an expedient adopted for the purpose of reviving the public curiosity. A report of this kind had been propagated for some time previous to his last appearance in London, in the year 1804. On this occasion he announced his return to the metropolis in a bill to the following effect: "Just arrived in town, and to be seen in a commodious room, at No. 11, Haymarket, nearly opposite the Opera House, the celebrated Irish Giant, Mr. O'Brien, of the kingdom of Ireland, indisputably the tallest man ever shown; is a lineal descendant of the old and puissant king,

Brien Boreau, and has, in person and appearance, all the similitudes of that great and grand potentate. It is remarkable of this family, that, however various the revolutions in point of fortune and alliance, the lineal descendants thereof have been favored by providence with the original size and stature, which have been so peculiar to their family. The gentleman alluded to measures near nine feet high. Admittance one shilling."

Mr. O'Brien, when not engaged in exhibiting himself, is said to have resided in a house on Epping Forest, formerly the mansion of a noble family, but now converted into an inn. This place, being built in the ancient style, with very lofty door-ways and apartments, was peculiarly well calculated for the reception of a man of such extraordinary stature. The house was then kept by a widow, for whom Mr. O'Brien is reported to have performed all transactions relative to the purchase and disposal of horses and other business of a like nature.

In 1804, having realized an independence sufficient to keep a carriage, and to secure the conveniences of life, he declined the public exhibition of his person, which was always extremely irksome to his feelings. He was unoffending and amiable in his manners to his friends and acquaintance, of whom he had, in the last years of his life, a pretty extensive circle, as he was neither averse to a cheerful glass nor to pleasant company. During this interval he resided, we

believe, entirely at Bristol, where, in September 1806, he fell a sacrifice to a disease of the lungs, combined with an affection of the liver, in the 46th year of his age. He expired without the smallest apparent pain or agony. The leaden coffin in which his body was enclosed measured nine feet two inches, and the wooden case four inches more. To prevent any attempt to disturb his remains, of which he had the greatest horror, his grave was sunk to the depth of twelve feet in the solid rock, and such precautions were taken as effectually to render abortive either violence or stratagem.

We shall conclude this article with submitting to the reader a few singular facts, relative to a gigantic countryman of Mr. O'Brien. In the anatomical room of Trinity College, Dublin, is preserved the skeleton of a youth named Magrath, who was born near Cloyne, in Ireland. He was carried through various parts of Europe, and exhibited as the prodigious Irish giant; but such was his early imbecility, both of body and mind, that he died of old age, in his twentieth year. The annexed account of him is given by a very intelligent writer: "In his infancy he became an orphan, and was provided for by the famous Berkeley, then bishop of Cloyne. This acute philosopher, who denied the existence of matter, was as inquisitive in his physical researches, as he was whimsical in his metaphysical speculations. When I tell you that he had well nigh put an end to his own existence, by

experimenting what are the sensations of a person dying on the gallows, you will be the more ready to forgive him for his treatment of this orphan. The bishop had a strange fancy to know whether it was not in the power of art to increase the human stature, and this unhappy infant appeared to him to be a fit subject for the trial. He made his essay according to his preconceived theory, whatever it might be, and the consequence was, that he became seven feet high in his sixteenth year."

We are not informed what were the means employed by the philosophic prelate for increasing the human stature beyond the ordinary standard, and for many, perhaps, this ignorance is a fortunate circumstance. What unnatural cruelties avarice has frequently prompted parents to inflict on their helpless and unhappy offspring, it is unnecessary here to recapitulate.

JAMES TAYLOR.

JAMES, more generally known by the familiar appellation of *Jemmy Taylor* the Southwark miser, was a native of Leicestershire, bred a weaver, and afterwards became a stock-broker. At this trade he wove a web worth 200,000*l.* a proof that the shuttle of politics, and the silk of usury had produced a sum far exceeding the value of the most gorgeous garment worn by any eastern mo-

narch from a Persian loom. Yet this sum never adorned him or kept him warm. The blanket of a beggar would have served his purpose as well. He fared worse than the meanest mechanic. His raiment was ragged, his food indifferent and scanty, and his bed hard; for he lay upon nothing but rags and straw on the bare floor, and in a house which was hardly habitable.

Two banker's clerks once called upon Jemmy, at his earnest invitation; to take *pot-luck* with him. They found him boiling a solitary mutton-chop, in an ocean of water, to make, what he called, some *comfortable* broth, for himself, and for his old friend Mr. Daniel Dancer, whom he hourly expected. After some complimentary solicitation, they prevailed upon him to fetch a pot of porter; and while he was gone, they threw three halfpenny candles and two pieces into his cookery: which, no doubt, improved the culinary mess, and made it more delectable to these old hunks, who, as it appeared, devoured it with keen appetites. But the next time Jemmy Taylor met his visitors upon the 'Change, he accused them of stealing his candles. Of this charge they cleared themselves, by solemnly declaring, they had only committed them to the pot, at the bottom of which he would find the wicks, if his hunger had not caused him to swallow them unperceived.

Jemmy Taylor always appeared in the streets with a long stick and clouted shoes, and innumerable darns and patches in his clothes. He never

went to market for more than a *twopenny steak* at a time, and this he generally chose for its savoriness; an outside piece, grown black by the wind, and mostly fly-blown, was his choice; for he thriftily observed, "that meat was nothing, unless it smelt as well as tasted." His acquaintance used often to represent to him his folly in being so parsimonious and self-denying; and as he was fast growing old, observed to him the propriety of indulging himself a little in comfortable things: but to all idea of expence, Jemmy Taylor was totally deaf. His reply used always to be, "that if his successors had as much pleasure in spending his property, as he had in hoarding it up, they need not complain of their lot in the world."

If parity of years is the first step to friendship, parity of pursuits may be said to be the second. Mr. James Taylor knew all the *miserables* of the metropolis; among the most conspicuous of whom, he ranked two well-known brothers of *Spitalfields*. These were likewise weavers; and in their time had accumulated, by usury and speculation, the enormous sum of 300,000*l*. which they kept at interest in the funds, and were thus always able to oblige a *friend* with any sum at a moment's warning. Previous to the tax upon legacies, these worthies had made wills; but upon the necessity of using stamps, they made over their property to their nephews and nieces, in order to evade the duty, and thereby saved from government, into their own pockets, upwards of

8000l. The eldest of these saving ones ordered a very old shirt to be put on him but a day before he departed the world, in order to disappoint the nurse of a good one. Had Jemmy Taylor lived to hear of the deaths of these friends of his, he, no doubt, would have very much approved of these saving contrivances.

A short time after the conclusion of the American war, the Earl of Northumberland having occasion for seventy-four thousand pounds, to make a purchase, applied to his broker, and appointed a certain day to do the transfer. At the time and place of meeting, which was the round room at the Bank, they found Mr. Taylor, whose appearance was exactly that of a coachman's watering-man. The broker brought Jemmy forward to his grace; who not knowing him, thought he was a beggar, that wanted alms; but being assured by *Mr. Consols*, that he was a *warm man*, his grace at last shook hands with him, and Jemmy accommodated the peer with the 74,000l. out of one stock, in the four per cents. where he usually kept his largest bulk of cash; and whence it appeared by the books, he could have sold out as much more, and yet have had as much left, as would have made him comfortable all the rest of his life.

One day, observing some ladies, near the Bank buying some very fine fruit, he kept his eyes so wistfully fixed upon them, that one of them, thinking him in great want, sent him out sixpence, which he received with a low bow, and immediately set off, and bought a twopenny steak,

which he brought past the ladies, to shew them that he had not misapplied their bounty.

That Jemmy was in the habit of practising the virtue of *self-denial*, the following anecdote will evince: The person appointed to collect the parish-rate having one day called for his assessment at his house, in King-street, and enquiring for Mr. Taylor, he was told by the servant who opened the door, that "there was not a *soul* in the house." The collector, perceiving old Hunks peeping between the banisters, replied, "that she was quite right, as he could only perceive her master, who was well known to have no *soul* at all!"

Though Jemmy had but little religion in his life, yet towards his latter end he discovered some thoughts of an hereafter. Finding himself ill, and fearing his illness might finish his days, he sent for the parish officers, the parson, clerk, and curate, and, after intimating his intention of making a handsome bequest, paid them down *twelve hundred pounds* for their prayers for the rest of his soul; but this bargain was not entirely settled until the gentlemen had returned him twelve months' *interest* by way of *discount*—his usual demand for prompt payment! His enormous fortune devolved to two relatives in the country; whilst his kindred in London were cut off from all participation in it. The name of Mr. Taylor now adorns the donation board of the ancient church of St. Saviour, in the Borough. He died in 1793.

LORD ROKEBY.

BEFORE we proceed to the biographical particulars of this extraordinary character, we shall indulge in a few preliminary observations on that ornament, which formed such a conspicuous trait in his person. These, we hope, will be found by the reader to be deficient neither in amusement nor instruction.

The beard was given to man by Nature, and, as it is with much plausibility contended, for the purpose of being worn, otherwise it would not have been conferred. Though at present it is deemed an unseemly excrescence, it was considered by all the nations of antiquity as one of the greatest ornaments of the person, and gods, as well as mortals, were supposed to be decorated with this emblem of wisdom and virility. It was fashion that first lopped its honors from the chin; fashion, which is always studying either to satisfy avidity, or to conceal imperfection.

The beard has not been less the sport of fashion than the different articles of dress. A long bushy beard was in great estimation among the Greeks and Romans, the most polished nations in the world. When the Gauls, who sacked

Rome under Brennus, saw the venerable beards of the Roman senators in the Capitol, they were struck with such reverential awe (for they wore no beards themselves) as for a while suspended their fury and slaughter, in order to contemplate the venerable spectacle. Homer never mentions the beard of Priam or of Nestor without respect. At Sparta and in Egypt the beard was held in such high estimation, that it was deemed a mark of wisdom. In later times it was the custom of great men to swear by their beards; and to put three hairs, plucked from their chins, upon the wax, when they were going to fix their seal to any deed.

The longest beard that is mentioned in history, was that of the celebrated John Mayo, painter to the Emperor Charles V. It is said of him, that though he was very tall, his beard was so long, that he could tread upon it: he was very proud of it, and had it generally tied up with great care, and fastened with a ribbon to a button-hole: he used sometimes to untie it, by direction of the emperor, who making him sit down to table with him, with all the windows open, took great delight in seeing the wind blow this long beard in the faces of his courtiers. The reign of Henry IV. of France was the golden age of beards; then it was that the modes of cutting them were as various as those at present of dressing the hair; beards were clipped round, square, or ending in a point, shaped like a fan, or an artichoke-leaf; but unfortunately Louis

XIII. coming to the throne while he was still a child, and consequently without a beard, the honors of the chin were cut off; and it became fashionable to wear only a little tuft or toupee, at the lower extremity of the centre of the chin. The whiskers, however, were not so easily given up. Count de Bouteville, the most famous duellist of his age, having been condemned to be beheaded for a breach of the law against duelling, and finding on the scaffold that the executioner had cut off his hair, and was preparing to cut off his whiskers also, which were large and well-grown, he could not conceal the sorrow he felt at such an indignity; and endeavoring to save his whiskers, he covered them with his hand; upon which the bishop of Nantes, who was on the scaffold to attend him in his last moments, said to him—"My child, you must think no more of this world; why would you wish still to think of it?" The Spaniards have a proverb, which shews in what estimation they held beards—"Since there is no longer a beard, there is no longer a soul."

The bearded and the shaved chins, have by turns been the objects of persecution. In many cathedrals of France, the capitulary statutes had declared war against the beards of the prebendaries; or rather it had been suggested, that attached as the clergy were to their beards, a very handsome revenue might be raised from the sale of licenses to them to wear beards: it was necessary therefore that an edict should first be

published, forbidding the clergy to wear their beards. The celebrated Duprat, who was Lord High Chancellor of France in the reign of Francis I, was the adviser of this measure; and at the persuasion of that king, the Pope published a bull, by which he enjoined the clergy of France to shave their chins; and authorized the king to levy a tax upon such of them as would wish to purchase an exemption from the ordonnances of the bull. The bishops, and all the possessors of fat benefices, soon paid the tax, and saved their beards; but the inferior clergy, not being rich enough to purchase the privilege of preserving the covering which nature had given to their chins, were obliged to give them up to the edge of the razor. While Francis lived, they smothered their rage; but as soon as he died, they gave vent to it, and let it fall upon William Duprat, son to the chancellor. That gentleman was returning triumphant from the council of Trent, where he had signalized himself by his eloquence, and proceeding to Clermont, to take possession of that bishopric, to which he had been nominated by king Henry II. The new prelate had one of the finest and most bushy beards in the kingdom. It was on Easter Sunday that he chose to make his public entry into his church, and celebrate divine service in all the splendor of pontifical pomp; but to his unspeakable astonishment, he found the gate of the chancel shut against him; and through this, for it was of open brass work, he perceived

three dignitaries of the chapter waiting to receive him, but in a manner which he did not relish: one held in his hand a razor, another a pair of scissors, and the third the book of ancient statutes of the church of Clermont, with finger pointed to two particular words in one of these statutes—"*Barbis rasis*;" whilst the other two occasionally brandished the formidable weapons, which threatened his lordship with the loss of his beard. In vain did the prelate remonstrate, and observe, that though he were willing to conform to the statutes, the sanctity of the sabbath ought not to suffer them to cut off his beard on that day, as it would be a servile work: the prebendaries were deaf to every thing; all they said was, "be shaved, or stay out." He was as obstinate as they; and chose rather to retire than give up his beard; and so much did he take his disappointment to heart, and the necessity he saw either of losing his bishopric or his beard, that he fell ill, and died soon after. Duprat was not the only prelate who was opposed by his chapter on account of his beard. Antony Caracciola was nominated by the same king Henry to the see of Troyes, in Champagne; but the chapter refused to receive him, unless he consented to have his chin shaved; this he refused to do, but at the same time found means not to lose his bishopric; for he had interest enough with the king to obtain from him a mandamus to the chapter to receive him with his beard. The mandamus bears date the 28th of

November, 1551. Five years after this, John de Morveilliers found himself in a similar predicament; the chapter of Orleans, to the bishopric of which city he had been promoted, would not receive him till he should first let the barber qualify his chin to appear in the choir according to the statutes. He was permitted, however, by the chapter, to be enthroned without being shaved, because he luckily carried in his pocket a mandatory letter from the king, in which it was stated, that the statutes must be dispensed with on this occasion, as his majesty intended to employ him in embassies in countries where he could not appear without a beard.

In England, at the time of the conquest, the upper lips and chins of the barons in the train of Norman William, exhibited a small portion of beard, while those of the Anglo-Saxons, who opposed them, were more abundantly ornamented. After the introduction of linen, beards began gradually to disappear, but yet we find vestiges of them in much more modern periods. The beard of James I. appears to have been broad and bushy, and his son Charles wore one with a narrow point, at the lower part of his chin, and mustachios on his upper lip. The celebrated Algernon Sydney seems to have worn the latter only: but most of the republicans of that day cherished their beards in proportion as they polled their heads.

Matthew Robinson, Baron Rokeby, the only peer, and, perhaps, the only gentleman in Great

Britain, who has, in modern times been distinguished by the venerable appendage of a flowing beard, was born about the year 1712, near Hythe, in Kent. His father, Sir Septimus Robinson, gentleman-usher to George II, sent his son, at the usual age, to Westminster School, from which seminary he, in due time, removed to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he remained several years, applying to his studies with diligence, and acquitting himself with ability. As a proof of his progress, he was elected to a fellowship, which he retained till his death. The taste which he acquired for literature in his early years, never forsook him; his library was large and well-chosen, and he could refer to the contents of its volumes with wonderful facility. Having completed his education, Mr. Robinson went to Aix-la-Chapelle, a place distinguished for its baths, and at that time the resort of people of fashion of all nations, where he resided a considerable time, indulging himself in every species of gaiety.

On the death of his father in 1754, he succeeded to his estate in East Kent, and lived at his mansion there in all the easy affluence, hospitality, and splendor, which formerly characterized the English gentry. During the winter a portion of his time was spent in the capital, and he was accustomed to pass a part of the summer at Sandgate Castle, where he could enjoy sea-bathing, to which he was much addicted, in great perfection.

In consequence of his vicinity to Canterbury, and a family connection with that place, he had many opportunities of cultivating an intimacy with its principal inhabitants, who, charmed with the integrity, ability, and independent principles he manifested, chose him to represent them in parliament. A better choice the electors could not have made: he continued for a long series of years most faithfully to discharge all the important duties annexed to his situation. During the American war, he remonstrated with peculiar energy against the measures pursued by the administration, and not content with opposing them in the senate, he likewise exerted the powers of his pen, and produced a pamphlet on the subject, pregnant with sound sense, manly argument, and liberal sentiment.

About the conclusion of that unhappy conflict, Mr. Robinson resigned his parliamentary duties. His bodily infirmities probably contributed to this step. He had from his youth been subject to much severe illness, and his hearing and sight were considerably affected. Impressed with the sense of the impropriety of occupying a seat in parliament, when he could neither discharge its duties with fidelity to his constituents nor with satisfaction to himself, he addressed a letter to the inhabitants of Canterbury, in which he took an affectionate leave of them; and he is reported to have said to one of the principal citizens, "that they ought to chuse as his successor, a younger and more vigorous man; one

who had eyes to see, ears to hear, and lungs to oppose the tricks of future ministers."

From this period he led the life of a private gentleman, and indulged himself in the gratification of those eccentric whims, for which he afterwards became so distinguished. He constantly resided at his seat at Mount-Morris, where he lived without ostentation and without meanness. He planted, improved, and embellished. His house was open to all respectable strangers, and he was much visited on account of the singularity of his manners, and the shrewdness of his remarks. He was a great friend to agriculture, and in him his tenants found a most excellent landlord. As to himself, he banished deer from his park as an unprofitable luxury, and supplied their place with black cattle and sheep, of which great numbers were always to be seen in his domain. For his oddities, those visitors who knew him well, made a due allowance, but in strangers who saw him for the first time, the uncouth appearance of his person, and the singularity of his manners never failed to excite uncommon sensations.

It was probably about this time that Mr. Robinson first permitted his beard to grow. Why this singularity was adopted by his lordship, is not known; reasons for such conduct are not easily discovered, it bids defiance to conjecture, and baffles all sagacity. So much is certain, that he was for many years remarkable for this appen-

dage, whose length, for it reached nearly to his waist, proclaimed it of no recent date.

Imagining that sea-bathing was good for a disease of the intestines with which he was afflicted, he erected a little hut on the beach at Hythe, about three miles from his own house, to enjoy its advantages. In this medicine, it is, however, probable, that he indulged to excess, as he frequently remained in the water until he fainted. In his excursions to this place, he was accustomed to walk, and was generally accompanied by a carriage, and a favorite servant, who got up behind when he was tired. Mr. Robinson, with his hat under his arm, proceeded slowly on foot towards Hythe, and if it happened to rain, he would order his attendants to get into the carriage, observing, "that they were gaudily dressed, and not inured to wet, and might therefore spoil their clothes, and occasion an illness." Finding the distance too great to walk without fatigue, he afterwards constructed a bath contiguous to his house, which was so contrived, as to be rendered tepid by the rays of the sun only. The frequency of his ablutions was astonishing; his constitution was at length accustomed to the practice, and was materially improved by these repeated purifications.

A gentleman who happened to be in the neighbourhood of Mountmorris, resolved to procure a sight of this extraordinary character, who had then succeeded to the title of Lord Rokeby. On

my way, says he, at the summit of the hill above Hythe, which affords a most delightful prospect, I perceived a fountain of pure water, over-running a bason which had been placed for it by his lordship. I was informed, that there were many such on the same road, and that he was accustomed to bestow a few half-crown pieces, plenty of which he always kept loose in a side-pocket, on any water drinkers he might happen to find partaking of his favorite beverage, which he never failed to recommend with peculiar force and persuasion. On my approach, I stopped some time to examine the mansion. It is a good plain gentleman's seat; the grounds were abundantly stocked with black cattle, and I could perceive a horse or two on the steps of the principal entrance. After the necessary inquiries, I was conducted by a servant to a little grove, on entering which, a building with a glass covering that at first sight appeared to be a green-house, presented itself. The man who accompanied me opened a little wicket, and on looking in, I perceived, immediately under the glass, a bath with a current of water, supplied from a pond behind. On approaching the door, two handsome spaniels, with long ears, apparently of king Charles's breed, advanced, and like faithful guardians, denied us access, till soothed by the well known accents of the domestic. We then proceeded, and gently passing along a wooden floor, saw his lordship stretched on his face at the farther end.

He had just come out of the water, and was dressed in an old blue woollen coat, and pantaloons of the same color. The upper part of his head was bald, but the hair on his chin, which could not be concealed even by the posture he had assumed, made its appearance between his arms on each side. I immediately retired, and waited at a little distance until he awoke; when rising, he opened the door, darted through the thicket, accompanied by his dogs, and made directly for the house, while some workmen employed in cutting timber, and whose tongues only I had heard before, now made the woods resound again with their axes.

Various oddities were likewise discoverable in his dress, which was always plain, and even mean; nor can it be denied, that the hair with which the lower part of his face was so well furnished, gave something of a squalid appearance to his whole person. His manners approached to a primitive simplicity, and though perfectly polite, he seemed in every thing to study singularity. He spoke and acted in a manner peculiar to himself, at the same time treating those around him with frankness and liberality. His diet consisted chiefly of beaf-tea; wine, and spirituous liquors he held in abhorrence. He, indeed, discouraged the consumption of exotics of every description, from an idea that the productions of our own island are competent to the support of its inhabitants. Beef, over which boiling water had been poured, and eaten off a

wooden platter, was a favorite dish, on which he frequently regaled. He would not touch tea or coffee; for sugar he substituted honey, as he always cherished a strong attachment to sweet things. He abhorred fire, and delighted much in the enjoyment of the air, without any other canopy than the heavens, and in winter his windows were generally open. In his youth he was much attached to the fair sex, and even in his old age he is said to have been a great admirer of female beauty.

The manner in which he *conducted*, for it cannot with propriety be said, *cultivated*, his paternal estate, was another singular trait in the character of his lordship. The woods and parks which surrounded his mansion were suffered to vegetate in wild luxuriance. Nature was not, in any respect, checked by art, and the animals of every class enjoyed the same state of perfect freedom, and were seen bounding through his pastures with uncommon spirit and energy. His singularities caused many ridiculous stories to be circulated concerning him, and among others, that he would not suffer any of his tenants to sow barley, because that grain might be converted into malt, which would pay a tax, and thus assist in carrying on a war, which he conceived to be unjust. This alluded to the late war with France; how far it might be true we know not, but it seems to savor of that consistency which he so strictly maintained in other particulars.

On the 10th of October, 1794, Mr. Robinson succeeded to the title of Lord Rokeby, on the death of his uncle Richard Robinson, archbishop of Armagh, and primate of Ireland. This accession of honor, however, produced no alteration in his sentiments or mode of life: he continued to be the same plain, honest man, a character on which he justly prided himself. With respect to politics, his conduct through life was eminently consistent; it was principles, and not men that he regarded.

At the general election in 1796, he crossed the country to Lenham, and stopping at the Checquers Inn, he was there surrounded by the country people from all the adjacent parts, who took him for a Turk. From that place he proceeded to the poll-booth, and gave his vote for his old friend, Filmer Honeywood.

Prince William of Gloucester soon afterwards passing through Canterbury, felt a strong inclination to pay his lordship a visit; which being mentioned at Mountmorris, Lord Rokeby very politely sent the prince an invitation to dinner. On this occasion he presided at a plentiful board, and displayed all the hospitality of an old English baron. Three courses were served up in a splendid style to his royal highness and his suite, and the repast concluded with a variety of excellent wines, and in particular Tokay, which had been in the cellar half a century.

At an age when most men think only of them-

selves, Lord Rokeby proved that he was not inattentive to what he considered the dearest interests of his country. In 1797, he published an excellent pamphlet, entitled, "An Address to the county of Kent, on their petition for removing from the councils of his Majesty his present ministers, and for adopting proper means to procure a speedy and a happy peace; together with a postscript concerning the treaty between the Emperor of Germany and France, and concerning our domestic situation in time to come." His reply to a letter addressed to him by Lord Castlereagh, was likewise a production that would have done honor to a man who had not passed his grand climacteric.

The family of Lord Rokeby has, indeed, been distinguished for a literary turn. It was a relative of his who wrote the celebrated treatise on gavel-kind. His eldest sister, the late Mrs. Montague, successfully defended the memory and genius of Shakespeare against Voltaire: the younger, Mrs. Scott, who died in 1795, wrote several novels, some of which attained considerable reputation: and his nephew, Matthew Montague, is not wholly unknown in the world of letters.

From what has been already said, it appears that, independent of his beard, Lord Rokeby was a very singular character. He lived a considerable portion of his life in water, tempered by the rays of the sun, and travelled on foot at

an age when people of his rank and fortune always indulge in a carriage. In the midst of a luxurious age he was abstemious both in eating and drinking, and attained to length of life without having recourse to the aid of medicine, and indeed with an utter contempt for the practitioners of physic. This he carried to such a length, that it is related, when a paroxysm was expected to come on, his lordship told his nephew that if he staid he was welcome; but if, out of a false humanity, he should call in medical assistance, and it should accidentally happen that he was not killed by the doctor, he hoped he should have sufficient use of his hands and senses left to make a new will, and to disinherit him.

With all his eccentricities, however, Lord Rokeby possessed virtues by which his defects were abundantly over-balanced, and among these not the least distinguished excellence, was his ardent and unabated love of freedom. Inimical to measures which, in his opinion, encroached on the liberties of mankind, he never ceased to raise his voice against every species of oppression. Independent in his own views and manners, he spoke his mind freely on all occasions, and thus drew, even from his enemies, expressions of admiration. Intent on the diffusion of happiness, he uniformly studied, though in his own peculiar manner, the welfare and prosperity of his country.

This truly patriotic and venerable nobleman expired at his seat in Kent, in the month of December, 1800, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

ELIZABETH WOODCOCK.

THE human frame affords, in various points of view, a most astonishing subject of reflection. How often do we not hear, for example, of circumstances the most trivial and insignificant, leading to the extinction of life, and yet how many instances are there not upon record of persons surviving hardships and sufferings of such violence and duration, as human nature appears utterly incapable of enduring! Among the latter the following history is not one of the least remarkable.

Elizabeth Woodcock was the wife of a farmer at Impington, near Cambridge. On Saturday, the 2nd of February, 1799, she went on horse back to attend the market at the latter place. Returning home in the evening, between the hours of six and seven, she had proceeded as far as within half a mile of her own house, when her horse started at a sudden light, which is supposed to have been occasioned by some meteor, a phenomenon not unusual at that season of the

year. She was herself struck with the light, and exclaimed, "Good God! what can this be!"—The night was very stormy and inclement; a bleak wind blowing boisterously from the north-east. A great quantity of snow had fallen during the day, but the surface of the ground was not uniformly covered by it. Many of the deepest ditches were filled, while it was but thinly spread over the open fields. In the roads and lanes, and many inclosed situations it had accumulated to a considerable depth; not so much, indeed, as to render the ways impassable, but sufficient to retard the progress of the traveller. The dangers resulting from these circumstances may easily be conceived.

The horse, on starting, ran backward: he approached the brink of a ditch, which Mrs. Woodcock recollected, and fearing lest the animal should plunge into it in his fright, she prudently dismounted with the utmost expedition. She resolved to lead the horse home on foot; but he again started, and broke from her. She repeated her attempt to seize the bridle, but the horse, still under the impression of fear, suddenly turned out of the road, and directed his course to the right, over the common field. She immediately followed, in the hope of overtaking him, but unfortunately lost one of her shoes in the snow. Although fatigued with her exertions, and impeded in the pursuit by a heavy basket, containing several articles of domestic consump-

tion, which she had brought from market, she still persisted, and following him through an opening in a hedge, she overtook him, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the place where she alighted. Taking hold of the bridle, she once more endeavored to lead him home, but had not retraced her steps farther than a thicket contiguous to the above-mentioned hedge, when she found herself so much exhausted, and her hands and feet, particularly her left foot, which was without a shoe, so exceedingly benumbed, that she was incapable of proceeding farther. In this state she sat down upon the ground, and letting go the bridle, said to the horse, calling him by his name: "Tinker, I am too much tired to go any farther, you must go home without me;" and exclaimed: "Lord have mercy upon me! what will become of me!"

The horse, as if understanding the words of his mistress, accordingly went home. His arrival consequently alarmed the husband of the unfortunate woman; who, accompanied by another person, set off with a lantern in quest of her, and went quite to Cambridge, where he could obtain no other intelligence than that she had left the inn at six o'clock that evening. They again explored the road the same night, and for four succeeding days with no better success, and even searched the huts of the gypsies in that neighborhood, suspecting that she might have been robbed and murdered by those people.

The ground where the poor woman was left

was on a level with the common field. She was well acquainted with its situation, as well as with its distance from, and bearing with respect to her own house. At this time there was but a small quantity of snow drifted near her, but it accumulated with such rapidity, that, at eight o'clock, which she knew by the ringing of Chesterton bell, she was completely inclosed by it. The depth of the snow in which she was enveloped was about six feet, and over her head between two and three. She was now incapable of making any effectual attempt to disengage herself, and the cold was so intense, that her clothes were frozen stiff. Resigning herself, therefore, with calmness to her melancholy situation, she awaited the dawn of the succeeding day.

In this uncomfortable state she passed the first night of her captivity, during which she slept very little. Early the next morning she distinctly heard the ringing of a bell at one of the neighboring villages. Her mind was now engaged with the thoughts of her preservation, and employed itself in devising expedients to attract the notice of any person passing near the place, so as to lead to a discovery of her situation. She observed before her a circular aperture in the snow, about two feet in length, and six inches in diameter, running obliquely upwards through the mass. Breaking off a branch of the bush which was close to her, she thrust her handkerchief, with its assistance, through the hole, and

hung it as a signal of distress, on a twig that remained uncovered. At the same time she recollected that the change of the moon was at hand; and having an almanack in her pocket, she took it out, but not without great difficulty, for the purpose of consulting it, and found that there would be a new moon on the next day, February the 4th. The difficulty which she found in taking the almanack from her pocket, proceeded, in a great measure, from the stiffness of her clothes; but the trouble was compensated by the consolation which the prospect of a speedy change in her favor afforded.

The extremity of the hole was closed, on the first morning of her imprisonment, with a thin covering of snow or ice, which easily transmitted the light. This she broke when she put out her handkerchief, and in consequence of the admission of the external air, she found herself very cold. The second morning it was again closed in a similar manner, and thus continued till the third day, after which it remained open. She perfectly distinguished the changes of day and night, heard several times the bells of her own and some of the neighboring villages, particularly that of Chesterton, which, in the winter season, rings every night at eight o'clock, and at four in the morning; and is two miles distant from the place where she sat.

Her attention was frequently roused by the sound of carriages upon the road, and the cries of animals, such as the bleating of sheep and

the barking of dogs. She one day overheard a conversation between two gypsies, relative to an ass they had lost. Having a snuff-box in her pocket, she pulled it out, and took two pinches of snuff, but received so little gratification from the indulgence, that she never repeated it. It might be supposed that the irritation occasioned by the snuff would have been peculiarly grateful, and that being deprived of all other comforts, she would have solaced herself with those which the box afforded till its contents were exhausted. Probably, however, the cold she endured might have deadened her powers of sensation to such a degree that the snuff was no longer capable of communicating any stimulus.

Finding that her left hand began to swell, in consequence of her reclining, for a considerable time, on that arm, she took two rings from her finger, and put them, together with the money she had in a small box, conceiving that, in case of her death, they would be less liable to be overlooked by any person by whom she might be discovered. She frequently shouted with all her force, in the hope of being heard by any who chanced to pass that way. She particularly endeavored to attract the attention of the gypsies, who passed nearer to her than any other persons, but they perceived no sound proceeding from her snow-formed cavern.

She had been entombed nearly a week, when on the Friday after the commencement of her misfortunes, a thaw took place. She now felt

extremely faint and languid. Till this time she had not had any sleep, and she subsisted during the whole period of her confinement on the snow, which she ate. In consequence of the thaw, her clothes now were soaked through; the aperture already described, became considerably enlarged, and tempted her to make an effort for her release. It was, however, in vain: her strength was too much impaired, and her feet and legs were perfectly useless. She now, for the first time, began to despair of deliverance from this forlorn situation: her sufferings increased; she sat with one of her hands spread over her face, and fetched profound sighs; her breath was short and difficult, and the symptoms of approaching dissolution became hourly more alarming. Such was her situation, when the precaution she had taken on her first being immured in this dreary abode, led to her discovery.

On Sunday, February the 10th, a young farmer, named Joseph Muncey, returning home from Cambridge, about noon, crossed over the open field, and passed very near the place of Mrs. Woodcock's imprisonment. His eye was attracted by a colored handkerchief, suspended from the twigs; he walked up to the place, and perceived an aperture in the snow. It was this aperture that led to the wretched prisoner's apartment, which was sufficiently large to afford her room to move herself three or four inches in any direction, but not to stand upright, being only about three feet and a half in height, and two

in the broadest part. He heard a sound issue from it, similar to that of a person breathing with difficulty. He looked in, and beheld a female figure, whom he immediately recognized to be the very person who had been so long missing. Without speaking to her, he ran and communicated the discovery he had made to another young farmer and a shepherd, who were at a little distance. Scarcely able to credit his report, they repaired with him to the spot. The shepherd called out: "Are you there, Elizabeth Woodcock?" on which she called him by his name, saying in a faint and feeble accent: "I know your voice; for God's sake help me out of this place."

The utmost efforts were immediately made to comply with her request. The shepherd cleared a way through the snow till he was able to reach her; she eagerly grasped his hand, imploring him not to leave her. "I have been here a long time," observed she. "Yes," answered the man, "ever since Saturday."—"Aye, Saturday week," she replied, "I have heard the bells go two Sundays for church." This observation proved how perfectly she was apprized of the duration of her confinement.

During this conversation with the shepherd, the other two had hastened to the village to convey the information to her husband, and to procure proper means for conveying her home. They soon returned, accompanied by Mr. Woodcock, and some of the neighbors, bringing with them

a chaise-cart, blankets, and refreshment. Having cleared the snow a little more away, one of the party went up to her, and, at her request, gave her a piece of biscuit and a small quantity of brandy, by which she found herself considerable refreshed. When he took her up, to put her into the chaise, the stocking of the left leg, adhering to the ground, came off. Though he moved her with the utmost caution, she fainted in his arms. Nature was greatly exhausted; and the motion, together with the impression made by the sight of her husband and neighbors was too much for her strength and spirits. She however, soon came to herself again, and being gently placed in the carriage, and covered with the blankets, was conveyed without delay, to her own house.

On her arrival there she was immediately put to bed; her hands and arms were sodden, but not very cold, though her legs and feet were. The latter, indeed, were, in a great measure, mortified. Mr. Okes, the surgeon, who attended her, found that the frost had extended its violent effects from the end of the toes to the middle of the instep, including more than an inch above the heels, and all the bottom of the feet, which were mortified, so that medical applications were incapable of restoring them. All the toes were removed, and t integuments from the bottom of one foot, but piece at the heel was so long before it lo f that the *os calcis* and *tendo Achillis* l

By the middle of April the sores began to diminish; her appetite was tolerably good, and her general health improving; but with all these favorable circumstances, she felt extremely uncomfortable. Her prospect, it is true, was very discouraging. Though her life was saved, yet the mutilated state in which her sufferings had left her, without even a chance of being ever able to attend to the duties of her family, was worse than death itself. It is not improbable that this consideration preyed upon her spirits, and contributed to abridge her life, for her health began again to decline, and she closed a lingering existence on the 13th of July, 1799.

S. BISSET.

PERHAPS no period ever produced a more singular character than Bisset; though in the age of apathy in which he lived, his merit was but little rewarded. At any former æra of time, the man who could assume a command over the dumb creation, and make them act with a docility which far exceeded mere brutal instinct, would have been looked upon as possessed of supernatural powers, according to the pagan notions; or would have been burned as a wizard, according to the christian system.

Bisset was born at Perth, in Scotland, about

the year 1721. He had one or two brothers bred to the watch-making business, who settled in Ireland, but having himself served a regular time to a shoe-maker, and being a remarkably good hand at what is called women's work, he went to London, where he married a woman who brought him some property, turned broker, and continued to accumulate money, until the notion of teaching quadrupeds attracted his attention in the year 1739. Reading an account of a remarkable horse shewn at the fair of St. Germain's, curiosity led him to try his skill on a horse and a dog which he bought in London, and he succeeded beyond all expectation. Two monkies were the next pupils he took in hand; one of these he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, whilst the other held a candle with one paw for his companion, and with the other played a barrel organ. These antic animals he also instructed to play several fanciful tricks, such as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling upon the horse's back, and going through several regular dances with the dog.

Being a man of unwearied patience, three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He taught those domestic tigers, to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer, as to produce several tunes, having music-books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. In such a city as London, these feats could not fail of making some noise; his

house was every day crouded, and great interruption given to his business.

Among the rest, he was visited by an exhibitor of wonders;—Pinchbeck, brother to the little gentleman, whose elegant trifling in the toy-way has been well known to attract the attention of royalty. This gentleman advised him to a public exhibition of his animals at the Haymarket, and even promised, on receiving a moiety, to be concerned in the exhibition. Bisset agreed, but the day before the performance, Pinchbeck declined, and the other was left to act for himself. The well known *Cat's Opera* was advertised in the Haymarket: the horse, the dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their several parts with uncommon applause, to crowded houses: and in a few days Bisset found himself possessed of nearly a thousand pounds to reward his ingenuity.

This success excited a desire of extending his dominion over other animals, including even the feathered kind. He procured a leveret, and reared it to beat several marches on the drum with its hind-legs, until it became a good stout hare. This creature, which is always set down as the most timid, he declared to be as mischievous and bold an animal, to the extent of its power, as any with which he was acquainted. He taught canary-birds, linnets, and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and play many other surprising tricks; he trained

six turkey-cocks to go through a regular country-dance: but in doing this he confessed he adopted the eastern method, by which camels are made to dance, by heating the floor. In the course of six months teaching, he made a turtle fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor, and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name of the company. It is not, however, to be imagined, that the very great time he employed in teaching those different creatures, could ever make him a return for the neglect of his industry. He found himself constrained, in the course of a few years, to make an itinerant exhibition of part of his collection, and to sell some other animals belonging to it.

In the year 1775, he exhibited his animals in Dublin, to the very great astonishment of thousands; after which he took the north-west circuit of the kingdom, and settled at length at Belfast, where he established himself in a public-house, determined to have nothing more to do with any but the rational part of animated nature.

But the habits and amusements of life cannot be all at once abandoned. He trained a dog and a cat to go through many amazing performances. His confidence even led him to try experiments on a gold-fish, which he did not despair of making perfectly tractable. But some time afterwards, a doubt being started to him, whether the obstinacy of a pig could be conquered, his usual patient fortitude was practised to try the experiment. He bought a black sucking

pig in the market of Belfast for three shillings, and trained it to lie under the stool on which he sat at his work. At various intervals, during six or seven months, he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his purpose: and despairing of every kind of success, he was on the point of giving it away, when it struck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in consequence of which, in the course of sixteen months, he made an animal, supposed the most obstinate and perverse in nature, to become the most tractable and docile.

In August, 1783, he once more turned itinerant, and took his learned pig to Dublin, where it was first shewn for two or three nights at Ranelagh. It was not only under full command, but appeared as pliant and good-natured as a spaniel. When the weather made it necessary that he should remove to the city, he obtained permission of the chief magistrate, and advertised the pig for exhibition in Dame-street. It was seen two or three days by many persons of condition, to spell, without any apparent direction, the name or names of those in company, to cast up accounts, and to point out even the words thought of by persons present; to tell exactly the hour, minutes, and seconds; to point out the married and unmarried; to kneel, and make his obeisance to the company, with many other tricks no less wonderful and extraordinary. Bisset was thus in a fair way of "bringing his pig to a good market," when a man, whose ig-

norance and insolence disgraced authority, broke into the room; with that brutality which the idea of power gives, (what Shakespeare calls) a "pelting petty officer," he assaulted the unoffending man, broke and destroyed every thing by which the performance was directed, and drew his sword to kill the swine, which might justly have been called a *half-reasoning*, instead of a *grovelling* animal, that in the practice of good manners, was at least the superior of the assailant. The injured Bisset pleaded, without any avail, the permission he obtained from the chief magistrate; he was threatened to be dragged to prison, if he was found any more offending in the same manner. The agitation of mind he experienced on this occasion, threw him into a fit of illness from which he never recovered; and he died not long after at Chester, on his way to London.

SARAH BISHOP.

THAT the impulse to solitude sometimes acts with irresistible power over the human mind, and causes man to estrange himself entirely from the society of his fellow-creatures, is proved by numerous instances both in ancient and modern times. These instances are, however, almost entirely confined to one sex. Various causes, both physical and moral, concur to excite in men a

frequent inclination to retirement; while others of a contrary nature produce, in the female mind, contrary effects. Among the many examples of total seclusion which are upon record, there are very few of women who have submitted to its privations. To find one of the fair sex immured in a cave, remote from all human society, may justly be considered as a circumstance not a little remarkable. Acquainted with all their delicacy of body, their natural timidity of mind, and their inordinate love of seeing, and being seen, we cannot withhold our astonishment when we find one of them forsaking all human society for the dreary haunts of savage beasts, and the account appears almost too romantic to obtain belief. The following narrative furnishes an example of a singular female character of this description, now residing in the neighbourhood of Salem, in Duchess county, in the American State of New York.

Sarah Bishop was a young lady of considerable beauty, a competent share of mental endowments and education; she possessed a handsome fortune, but was of a tender and delicate constitution, enjoyed but a precarious state of health, and could scarcely be comfortable without constant recourse to medicine and careful attendance. She was often heard to say that she had no dread of any animal on earth but man. Disgusted with her fellow-creatures, she withdrew from all human society, and at the age of about twenty-seven, in the bloom of life, resorted to the moun-

tains which divide Salem from North Salem: where she has spent her days to the present time, in a cave, or rather cleft of the rock, withdrawn from the society of every living being.

As the traveller passes the southern and most elevated ridge of the mountain, and begins to descend the southern steep, he comes to a perpendicular descent of rock of about ten feet, in the front of which is this cave. At the foot of the rock is a gentle descent of rich and fertile ground; extending about ten rods, when it abruptly forms a frightful precipice, descending about half a mile to the pond, known by the name of Long Pond.

On the right and left of this fertile ground, the mountain rises in cliffs, and almost encloses it, being a square of about half an acre. In the front of the rock on the north, where the cave is, and level with the ground, there appears to be a large fragment, of the size of about two fathoms, thrown out of the rock by some unknown convulsion of nature, lying in front of the cavity whence it was rent, partly inclosing the mouth, and forming a room of the same dimensions with the mass itself: the rock is left entire above, and forms the roof of this humble mansion.

This cavity is the habitation of this female hermit, and here she has spent twenty-three of her best years, self-secluded from all human society. She keeps no domesticated animal, not even a fowl,

a cat, or a dog. Her little plantation, consisting of half an acre, is cleared of wood, and reduced to grass, but she makes little use of it, excepting that she has raised a few peach trees on it, and plants yearly a few hills of beans, cucumbers, and potatoes. The whole plot is surrounded with grape-vines of luxuriant growth, which overspread all the surrounding wood, and produce grapes in the greatest abundance. On the opposite side of the cave is a fine spring of excellent water, which issues from the side of the mountain, and loses itself in this little place.

"At this fountain," says a traveller who went purposely to visit this spot, in November, 1804, "we found the wonderful woman, whose appearance it is rather difficult to describe; indeed, like nature in its first state, she was without form, that is, she appeared in no form or position I had ever seen before; her dress appeared little else but one confused and shapeless mass of rags, patched together without any order, obscuring all appearance of human shape, excepting her head, wich was clothed with a luxuriancy of lank grey hair, depending on every side just as nature and time had formed it, without any kind of artificial covering or ornament whatever.

"When she had discovered our approach, her manner resembled that of any wild and timid animal. She started, hastened with the utmost precipitation to her cave, in which she took refuge, and barricaded the entrance with old shells, which she pulled from the decayed

trees. To this humble mansion we approached, and after some conversation with her, obtained permission to remove the pallisades and look in; for we were not able to enter, the room being only large enough to accommodate a single person. We conversed with her a considerable time, found her to be of a sound mind, a religious turn of thought, and entirely happy and contented with her situation; of this she has given repeated demonstration to others, who have in vain solicited her to quit this dreary abode. We saw no utensil, either for labor or cookery, except an old pewter bason, and a gourd-shell; no bed but the solid rock, unless it were a few old rags, scattered here and there upon it; no bed-clothes of any kind; nor the least appearance of any sort of food, and no fire.

"She had, indeed, a place in one corner of her cell, where she kindles a fire at times, but it does not appear that any fire has been kindled there this year, (1804). To confirm this opinion, a gentleman says, that he passed her cell five or six days after a great fall of snow in the beginning of March last, that she had no fire then, and had not been out of her cave since the snow had fallen. How she subsists during the severe season, is yet a mystery. She says she eats but little flesh of any kind, and it is difficult to imagine how she is supported through the winter season. In the summer she subsists on the berries, nuts, and roots, which the mountains afford. It may be, that she secretes her

winter store in some other fissure in the rock, more convenient for that purpose, than the cell she inhabits.

"She keeps a Bible with her, and says she takes much satisfaction, and spends much time in reading and meditating on its pages. It may be, this woman is a sincere worshipper of God; if so, she is yet more rich, wise, and happy, than thousands in affluence and honor, who behold her with astonishment and scorn. At any rate, from this humble, yet astonishing page of human nature, we read a most interesting lecture on the human heart. It was the peculiar state of this woman's heart which impelled her to forsake the society of mankind, and led her to this solitary mansion. The human heart, under the impulse of any particular propensity, will seek happiness in solitude, dishonor, deformity, and death itself, while its antipathies, on the contrary, can embitter a paradise of joy."

DANIEL DANCER.

THE following pages afford a striking illustration of the remarks of Dryden, who observes, that,

> Content is wealth, the riches of the mind,
> And happy he who can that treasure find;
> But the base miser starves amid his store,
> Broods o'er his gold, and griping still for more,
> Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

Daniel Dancer, one of the most remarkable instances of the insatiable thirst of gold recorded in the history of human nature, was born in the year 1716, on Harrow-weald Common, near Harrow, in Middlesex. His father, who possessed considerable property, had four children, three sons and one daughter, of whom Daniel was the eldest. His youth was not distinguished for any particular passion or propensity, and it was not till he succeeded to the fortune which devolved to him by the death of his father, that he manifested the inordinate love of money, which rendered him miserable during the remainder of his life. His sister, whose disposi-

tion exactly corresponded with his own, continued to reside with him till his death.

The fare of this saving couple was invariably the same. They used constantly on a Sunday to boil a sticking of beef, with fourteen hard dumplings, and this was to last during the whole week. No consideration could induce them to alter this arrangement, excepting it were a circumstance like the following. Mr. Dancer walking out one morning, found on the common a sheep, which had apparently died of disease. He instantly seized the precious present which fortune had thrown in his way, carried home the carcase, skinned it, and cut it up; after which his sister made it into pies. Whether Mr. Dancer was delighted at thus living at a small expence, or at the change of diet they afforded, he expressed a great partiality for these pies, and was extremely frugal of them while they lasted.

Had not Miss Dancer lived in an enlightened age, she would most certainly have run the risk of incurring the penalties inflicted on those unhappy wretches accused of witchcraft; so perfectly did her appearance agree with the ideas attached to a witch. She seldom stirred out of her miserable hut, except when alarmed by the cries of huntsmen and hounds: on such occasions she used to sally forth, armed with a pitchfork, with which she endeavored to repel the progress of these intruders on her brother's grounds; and her appearance was rather that

of a moving mass of rags, than of a human being.

During her last illness, her brother was frequently requested to procure medical assistance for her. His reply was, "Why should I waste my money, in wickedly endeavoring to counteract the will of Providence? If the old girl's time is come, the nostrums of all the quacks in Christendom cannot save her: and she may as well die now as at any future period." Of lawyers and physicians he entertained a very unfavorable opinion. Sooner than have any connection with a lawyer, he said, he would deal with the devil; and to use his own expression, "All the gentlemen of the faculty are medical tinkers, who, in endeavoring to patch up *one* blemish in the human frame, never fail to make *ten*." He thought bellows-makers, undertakers, and trunk-makers very extravagant fellows, on account of their great waste of nails, which profusion he thought unnecessary.

The only food he offered his sister during her indisposition was her usual allowance of cold dumpling and sticking of beef, accompanied with the affectionate declaration, that if she did not like it, she might go without. The kindness of Lady Tempest and Captain Holmes, who inherited the whole of Mr. Dancer's fortune, made ample amends for her brother's inhumanity, and soothed her dying moments. In consideration of her tenderness, Miss Dancer intended to have left Lady Tempest the property she possessed, to

the amount of 2000l. She, however, expired before she signed her will, which she had directed to be made, on which her two other brothers who were equally celebrated for parsimony, put in their claim for a share of her fortune. To this proposal Daniel refused to accede, and a law-suit ensued; the result was, that he recovered 1040l. of his sister's property, as the price of her board for thirty years, at 30l. per annum, and 100l. for the two last years, in which he declared she had done nothing but eat and lie in bed. What remained after these deductions was equally divided among the three brothers.

On the death of his sister, finding himself lonesome, he hired a man for his companion, who was a proper counterpart of himself. This servant, Griffiths, had, by severe parsimony, contrived to accumulate 500l. out of wages which had never exceeded 10l. per annum. At the time he hired with Mr. Dancer, he was about sixty years of age, and his wages were *eighteenpence* per week. He assisted his master in picking up bones, &c. accordingly, when they went out, they took different roads for the same purpose; but Griffiths having a taste for strong beer would tipple a little, which was the cause of much altercation at night, when he returned home to his master.

From a principle of rigid economy, Mr. Dancer rarely washed his hands and face; and when he did, it was always without the assistance of either soap or towel. Dispensing

with those articles of expensive luxury, he used, when the sun shone, to repair to a neighboring pool, and after washing himself with sand, he would lie on his back in the sun to dry himself. His tattered garments, which were scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, were kept together by a strong hay-band, which he fastened round his body. His stockings were so patched, that not a vestige of the original could be perceived, and in cold and dirty weather he wound about his legs ropes of hay, so that his whole figure presented the most striking picture of misery that can possibly be conceived.

At one period of his life, he used annually to purchase two shirts, but for several years preceding his death, he allowed himself only one. This he bought at some old clothes shop, and seldom exceeded half-a-crown in price. After coming into his possession, it never underwent the operations of washing or mending, nor did he ever change it till it dropped from his back in rags. In making one of these purchases, he was involved in an affair which gave him no small trouble and uneasiness. Being desired by the mistress of a shop, to which he went to purchase an old shirt, to mention his price, he told her, "as much under three shillings as possible." A shirt was accordingly produced, for which, after bargaining a long time, Dancer, as he declared, agreed to give two shillings and ninepence. He gave the woman three shillings, and waited for the change, but to his mortification

and surprize, she refused to give any, positively asserting, that he had agreed to take the shirt at the price she had received. Remonstrances were vain, and to suffer such a diminution of his property without endeavoring to obtain redress, he regarded as criminal. He therefore summoned the woman to a court of conscience, and to support his claim made two journies to town; but after a full hearing, the poor man was not only nonsuited but, obliged to pay the costs of the court, to the *enormous* amount of five shillings. To add to his vexation, his two journies had put him to the additional expence of three-pence more: for it can scarcely be supposed that a man of his age and wealth could travel on foot fifteen miles, and back again on the same day, without the extraordinary indulgence of a penny-worth of bread and cheese, and a half-penny-worth of small beer. At this time Mr. Dancer was in the possession of property to the amount of 3000l. a year!

When his sister died, he had a pair of sheets on his bed, which he would never suffer to be removed: but lay in them till they were worn out. He would not allow his house to be cleaned, and the room in which he lived was nearly filled with sticks he had collected from his neighbours' hedges. He was for many years his own cobler, and the last pair of shoes he wore had become so large and ponderous, from the frequent soles and coverings they had received, that they rather resembled hog-troughs than shoes.

Such was his attention to parsimony in every thing that could in the smallest degree contribute to his advantage, that when obliged to relieve the wants of nature, he would rather walk two miles than not assist in manuring *his own* lands. He gathered in his rambles all the bones he met with, and rather than return home empty-handed, he would load himself with the dung of the cattle on the common. The bones he first picked himself, and then broke in pieces for his dog Bob. His conduct to this favorite, whom he always called, "Bob my child," affords a striking instance of human inconsistency; for while he himself would swill the pot-liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen, to save the expence of a penny, Bob was allowed a pint of milk daily. His affection for this domestic was nevertheless, overpowered by a consideration which, with him, carried irresistible weight. Complaints were made to him that Bob had worried some sheep: on this, he took the dog to a blacksmith's shop, where he ordered all his teeth to be broken off short, to prevent a repetition of the mischief, for which he might probably have been compelled to make compensation.

Snuff was a luxury in which it is natural to suppose that he never indulged; yet he always begged a pinch from those who did. In this manner he used in about a month to fill a snuff-box, which he always carried in his pocket. He then exchanged its contents at a chandler's shop

for a farthing candle, which was made to last till he had again filled his box, as he never suffered any light in his house, except when he was going to bed.—A horse which he kept for some time was never allowed more than two shoes, for his fore-feet; to shoe the hind-feet being, in his opinion, an unnecessary expence.

The report of his wealth, and the idea of its concealment about the house, once brought a troop of house-breakers, who very easily entered, but could find little property. This man concealed his treasure where no one could think of looking for it. Bank notes usually lay with spiders amongst the cobwebs in the cow-house; guineas were concealed in holes in the chimney, and about the fire-place, covered with soot and ashes. Soon after the robbery, the thieves were apprehended, and as Mr. Dancer's presence at their trial became necessary, Lady Tempest begged his acceptance of a clean shirt, that he might make a decent appearance; but he declined the generous offer, assuring her that he had a new one on, which he had bought only three weeks before, when it was *quite clean*.

This accident probably made some impression, and rendered him desirous of placing his money in a more secure situation than his own wretched hut. Repairing not long after to London, to invest two thousand pounds in the funds, a gentleman who met him near the Exchange, mistaking him for a beggar, put a penny into his hand. Though somewhat surprized at first, yet

recollecting that every little helps, he put the money into his pocket, and continued his walk.

Lady Tempest, who was the only person that had any influence on the mind of this unhappy man, employed every possible persuasion and device to induce him to partake of those conveniences and comforts which are so gratifying to others, but without effect. One day she, however, prevailed on him to purchase a hat of a Jew for a shilling, that which he wore having been in constant use for thirteen years. She called upon him the next day, and to her surprize found that he still continued to wear the old one. On enquiring the reason, he, after much solicitation informed her, that his old servant Griffiths, had given him sixpence profit for his bargain.

The same lady, knowing that he was fond of trout stewed in claret, once sent him some as a present. The stew had become congealed during the night, and though he durst not eat till it was warmed for fear of the tooth-ache, to which he was subject, yet he could not on any account afford the expence of a fire. The ingenious method by which he contrived to relieve himself from this embarrassment, is certainly worthy of admiration. The weather was frosty, and at such times he always lay in bed to keep himself warm, and he conceived that a similar mode of proceeding would produce the same effect on the fish. He accordingly directed it to be put, with the sauce, into a pewter

plate, and covering it with another, placed them under his body, and sat upon them till the contents were sufficiently warmed!

During the illness which terminated his misspent life, Lady Tempest accidentally calling upon him, found him lying in an old sack, which came up to his neck. To her remonstrances against the impropriety of such a situation, he replied, that having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out of it in the same manner. She then requested him to have a pillow to raise his head, when he immediately ordered his old servant Griffiths to bring him a truss of hay for that purpose. Thus expired this miserable man, in October, 1794, in the 78th year of his age.

His house, which at his death devolved to Captain Holmes, was a most miserable building, not having been repaired for half a century: though poor in external appearance, it was, however, discovered to be very rich within; at different times, Captain Holmes found large bowls filled with guineas and half-guineas, and parcels of bank-notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs. Large jugs of dollars and shillings were found in the stable. At the dead of night Mr. Dancer was known to go to this place, but for what purpose no one could tell. It afterwards appeared that he used to rob one jug, to add to a bowl which was found buried in the kitchen.

It took many weeks to explore the contents of his dwelling. One of his richest escrutoirs was

the dung-heap in the cow-house, which contained near 2500l. and in an old jacket, carefully tied, and strongly nailed down to the manger, was the sum of 500l. in gold and Bank notes. In the chimney was about 200l. and an old tea-pot contained Bank notes to the value of 600l.; it was covered with a piece of paper, whimsically inscribed, "Not to be hastily looked over."

He left in landed property to the amount of 500l. per annum to Lady Tempest, and after her death to her only son, Sir Henry Tempest, of Stoke-end, Hereford: in short, the whole property which he left to Lady Tempest and her brother Captain Holmes, was about 3000l. per annum. Lady Tempest did not long enjoy the accession of wealth which she acquired by this miser's death; for she contracted an illness during her attendance upon Mr. Dancer in his last hours, that in a few months terminated her own life, in January, 1795.

Notwithstanding his great penury, Mr. Dancer possessed some praiseworthy qualities. He observed the most rigid integrity in every transaction, and was never averse to assist those of whom he entertained a good opinion, and whose embarrassments required a temporary aid; but, at the same time, it must be confessed, he did not lend his money without expecting the usual interest. His servant, Griffiths, always fared much better than his master, having been indulged with whatever he chose to eat and drink, besides a good and comfortable bed to sleep on.

The latter Mr. Dancer deemed an unnecessary luxury, yet his allowing his servant that which he denied himself, renders his character still more wonderful and unaccountable.

HON. MR. HASTINGS.

IN the seventeenth century lived Mr. Hastings, son, brother, and uncle, to different earls of Huntingdon. In the year 1638, he resided at Woodlands, in the county of Dorset. He was an original in the age in which he lived, or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting and in warlike times. He was low of stature, very strong and very active, with reddish flaxen hair; his clothes were always made of green cloth, and were never worth five pounds when new. His house was perfectly in the old fashion, situated in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer. Near the mansion was a rabbit-warren to serve his kitchen, and his domain contained many fish-ponds, abundance of wood and timber; a bowling-green, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levelled after it was ploughed; it had a banqueting house like a stand; and also a large one built in a tree. He kept all manner of sporting dogs, for hunting buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger: and hawks, long and short winged. He had all sorts of nets

for fish; and had a walk in the New Forest, in the parish of Christ Church. This last supplied him with red-deer, sea and river fish, and indeed all his neighbors' grounds and royalties were free to him who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbors' wives, sisters, or daughters; there being not a woman in all his walks of the degree of a yeoman's wife, and under the age of forty, but it was her own fault if he was not acquainted with her. This rendered him very popular, as he always spoke kindly to the husband, brother, or father, whom he promised to make extremely welcome to his house whenever he came; there he found beef, pudding, and small beer in great plenty. This house was not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dusty slaves, the great hall being strewed with marrow-bones, full of hawks'-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper part being always hung with the skins of the foxes killed during the present and preceding year, with here and there a pole-cat, intermixed with game-keepers and hunting-poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large long room, as properly furnished: on a great hearth, paved with brick, lay some small favorite terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels: it was seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Three or four of these animals constantly attended him at dinner, and he kept a little white round stick, fourteen inches long, lying by his

trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, sling-bows, and cross-bows, and other such like accoutrements. The corners of the room were full of the best chosen hunting and hawking-poles; at the lower end stood an oyster-table, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters before dinner and supper through all the seasons; the neighboring town of Poole supplied him with them. The upper part of the room had two small tables, and a desk, on the one side of which was a church bible, on the other the book of martyrs; on the tables were hawks' heads, bells, and such like, two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a particular kind of poultry, which he took much care of, and fed himself. Tables, dice-boxes, and cards were not wanting: in the hole of the desk were plenty of tobacco-pipes, that had been used. On one side of this end of the room was the door of the closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came out but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed, for he never exceeded in drink or permitted it; on the other side was the door into an old chapel not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, never wanted a cold chine of beef and venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or great apple pie, with a thick crust ex-

tremely hard baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at; his sports supplied almost all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best salt fish, as well as other fish he could get, and this was the day on which his neighbors of best quality most visited him. At meals he very often poured syrup of gilly-flowers into his sack, and had always a large glass standing by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary. He was good-natured, but soon angry, calling his servants bastards, cuckolds, and knaves; in all which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, though of the same man. He lived to be an hundred, never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got on horse-back without help till past fourscore; he rode to the death of the stag when ninety years of age, and died in 1650.

MARY EAST.

THE subject of this article is one among the numerous females that might be mentioned who have for a long series of years sustained the characters, and devoted themselves to the occupations and pursuits of men. We have seen them attaining the highest distinction in the republic of letters, entrusted with important diplomatic

commissions and arriving at deserved eminence in the military career. Their examples seem to prove that, with the same education, women might be enabled to acquit themselves with equal credit in the professions exclusively assigned to the other sex.

Mary East was born about the year 1715, and when very young, was courted by a man for whom she conceived the strongest affection. This man afterwards falling into bad courses, resolved to try his fortune on the highway; but it was not long before he was apprehended for a robbery, for which he was tried and condemned to die; this sentence, however, was changed to transportation. This circumstance, which happened about the year 1731, so deeply affected the mind of Mary East, that she determined ever after to remain single. In the neighborhood of her residence lived another young woman, who having likewise met with several disappointments in the tender passion, had formed a similar resolution. As they were intimate, they communicated their intentions to each other, and at length concluded to live together. Having consulted on the most prudent method of proceeding, it was proposed that one of them should put on man's apparel, and that they should live as man and wife, in some place where they were not known. The only difficulty now was, who should be the man, which was decided by lot in favor of Mary East, who was then about sixteen years of age, and her partner seventeen.

The sum of money they possessed between them was about thirty pounds, with which they set out; and Mary, after purchasing a man's habit, assumed the name of James How, by which we shall be obliged for a while to distinguish her. In their progress they chanced to stop at a small public-house at Epping, which was to be let; this house they took, and lived in it for some time.

About this period a quarrel, of the cause of which we are not informed, took place between James How and a young gentleman, against whom James, however, entered an action, and obtained a verdict for five hundred pounds damages. With this sum our couple sought a place in a better situation, and took a very good public house in Limehouse-hole, where they lived many years as man and wife, in good credit and esteem; and by their industry and frugality contrived to save a considerable sum of money. Leaving the last-mentioned situation, they removed to the White Horse at Poplar, which, as well as several other houses, they afterwards purchased.

In this manner they had lived about eighteen years, when a woman who was acquainted with Mary East in her youth, and was in the secret of her metamorphosis, knowing in what creditable circumstances she now lived, thought this a favorable opportunity to turn her knowledge to her own advantage. She accordingly sent to Mr. How for ten pounds, at the same time in-

timating that in case of a refusal, she would disclose all she knew concerning the affair. Fearful of her executing this threat, James, in compliance with her demand, sent her the money.

For a considerable time they remained free from any farther demands of a similar nature. How, with her supposed wife, continued to live in good credit till the year 1764; she had served all the parish offices in Poplar, excepting that of constable and churchwarden, from the former of which she was excused by a lameness in her hand, occasioned by the quarrel above-mentioned, and the functions of the latter she was to have performed the following year. She had been several times foreman of juries, though her effeminacy was frequently remarked. At length, about Christmas, 1764, the woman who had practised the former piece of extortion, resolved again to have recourse to the same expedient, and with the like menaces obtained ten pounds more. Flushed with her success, and emboldened to prosecute her system of depredation, a fortnight had not elapsed before she repeated her demand for the same sum, which James happened not to have in the house; but still fearing a discovery, sent her back five pounds.

About this time the supposed wife of James How was taken ill and died, and the woman now formed a plan to encrease her depredations. For this purpose she procured two fellows to assist her in its execution: one of these, a mulatto, passed for a police officer, and the other was

equipped with a pocket staff, as a constable, In these characters they repaired to the White Horse, and enquired for Mr. How, who answered to the name. They informed her that they were come from Justice Fielding, to apprehend her for a robbery committed thirty years before, and that they were acquainted with the secret of her sex. She was terrified to the highest degree on account of the discovery, but conscious of her innocence with regard to the robbery; and an intimate acquaintance, Mr. Williams a pawnbroker, happening to pass by, she called him in, and acquainted him with the business of the two men, adding that she was really a woman, but was innocent of the crime with which she was charged. Mr. Williams, as soon as he had recovered from the surprize occasioned by this disclosure, told her she should not be carried before Sir John Fielding, but before her own bench of justices, adding, that he would just step home, and return in a few minutes to accompany her. On his departure, the ruffians renewed their threats, but at the same time told her, if she would give them one hundred pounds they would cause her no farther trouble, if not, she should be hanged in six days, and they should receive forty pounds a-piece for bringing her to justice. Notwithstanding their menaces, she firmly resisted their demand, waiting with the utmost impatience for the return of Mr. Williams. Persisting in her refusal, they at length forced her out of the house, carried her

through the fields, and conveyed her to Garlick-hill, to the house of their employer; where with threats they obliged her to give a draft at a short date on Mr. Williams. She was then set at liberty.

It was now the month of July, 1763. On Monday the 14th, the woman in whose favor the draft was given, went to Mr. Williams with it, to enquire if he would pay it, as it would be due the following Wednesday; he replied, that if she would bring it when due, he should know better what to say. In the mean time he applied to the bench of justices for advice, and on the Wednesday a constable was sent, with orders to be in readiness in his house. The woman punctually attended with the draft, bringing the mulatto with her; they were both immediately taken into custody, and carried before the justices sitting at the Angel, in Whitechapel, whither Mr. Williams repaired, attended by Mary East, in the proper habit of her sex. The awkwardness of her behavior, occasioned by the alteration of her dress, was such as to afford considerable diversion.

In the course of the examination the woman denied having sent for the sum of one hundred pounds, which the men had demanded, but the mulatto declared that if she had not sent him on such an errand, he should never have gone. By their numerous contradictions they completely unfolded the villainy of their designs; and the strongest proof being adduced of the extortion

and assault, they were both committed to Clerkenwell till the sessions, to be tride for the offence. The other man who was engaged in this nefarious transaction, would have been included in their punishment, had he not by flight evaded the arm of justice.

It should have been observed, that before the supposed wife of James How died, finding herself indisposed, she went to her brother's in Essex, for the benefit of the air, and after some stay, perceiving that she was near her end, she sent for her supposed husband to come down to her. As How neglected to comply with her request, she informed her brother that the person with whom she had cohabited was not her husband, but a woman; that they were partners in the business, by which they had acquired between three and four thousand pounds, part of which had been laid out in the purchase of Bank Stock. As soon as the supposed wife was dead and buried, her relations set out for Poplar to claim her share of the property, which was accordingly delivered to them by Mary East.

It is remarkable, that during the thirty-four years in which they lived together, neither the husband nor the wife was ever observed to dress a joint of meat, nor had they ever any meetings, or the like, at their house. They never kept any maid or boy, but the husband, Mary East, used always to draw beer, serve, fetch, and carry out the pots, so extremely solicitous were they that their secret might not be discovered.

After she had disposed of her house and settled her affairs, Mary East retired into another part of Poplar, to enjoy with quiet and pleasure that property she had acquired by fair and honest means, and with an unblemished character. She died in January, 1781, aged sixty-four years, and left her fortune to a friend in the country, and a young woman who lived with her during her retirement as a servant.

HENRY LEE WARNER, ESQ.

IT is universally admitted that no country in the world produces so many humourists and eccentric characters as the British islands. This acknowledgment is an indirect eulogy on the political constitution and the laws under which the English enjoy the happiness of living, and by which each individual is suffered to gratify every whim, fancy, and caprice, provided it be not prejudicial to his fellow-creatures. It is, however, very rarely that we meet with an instance of that particular kind of eccentricity by which the subject of this article was distinguished; nay we much doubt whether any parallel case can be produced.

Henry Lee Warner, Esq. of Walsingham-Abbey, in Norfolk, was born in 1722. He was the lineal descendant and representative of the

eminent John Warner, formerly bishop of Rochester, whose estates he possessed, as well as those of Sir James Howe, Bart, of Berwick, Wilts, and of Henry Lee, Esq. of Dane John, in Kent. He was the accomlished scholar, the complete gentleman, and the sincere friend; and although, from a series of ill health, and a natural love of retirement, he early withdrew from filling those public stations, in which, with his ability, fortune, and integrity, he would have made a very distinguished figure, yet in private life he was universally respected for his steady adherence to the rules of justice and moderation, and his constant practice of those leading duties of the Christian—humanity and benevolence.

Of the various traits which marked the character of this extraordinary but truly amiable man, his mode of life, and his conduct towards those who abused his confidence and generosity, were the most remarkable. With him the common distribution of time was completely reversed, and night was literally turned into day. His time of rising was always late in the evening, he generally breakfasted at midnight, and dined at four or five in the morning. The dress in which it was his custom to appear, was precisely that of the English gentleman of the last age: a gold-laced coat and waistcoat, with deep slash-worked sleeves, and richly embossed buttons, a deep chitterlin of rich yellow lace, curve-toed shoes, and oblong buckles.

From a principle of lenity and forbearance,

and an extreme tenderness of disposition, he permitted the most injurious depredations to be committed on his property with impunity; and, notwithstanding the system of depredation was carried to such a height, as also to render his extensive woods, and even young plantations, a scene of desolation, yet when during his midnight walk any of the offenders were perceived by him, he would mildly exclaim, "Take care how you get down that tree, or you may hurt yourself."

The character of this gentleman, as drawn by Mr. Pratt, in his Gleanings in England, is not exaggerated. "At the Abbey (at Walsingham) resides," says the above writer, "a gentleman in the possession of a once-finely wooded domain, of great politeness and urbanity, much reading, of sound understanding, who, nevertheless, has allowed almost every tree which his domain had to boast, to be deliberately cut down, and carried away, without so much as making any manner of enquiry after the offenders, or entering into any remonstrance as to their past, present, or future depredations, though this went to the loss of 20,000l. I suppose," says Mr. Pratt, "you would think I must be fibbing, were I to inform you that whoever has a mind to it, goes into his stable, saddles or harnesses a horse, and rides, or ploughs with him, brings him home at night, or keeps him a week or a fortnight together, without so much as a question being asked by the squire; and what is worse, they not only

steal wheat, barley, and other grain, from the field where it is sheaved, to save themselves the trouble of cutting it, but they are wicked enough to cut off the corn-ears, by whole acres, before they are ripe."

Mr. Warner, with all his peculiarities, was endowed with a thousand qualities which do honor to the heart of man; and with all his shades of character, in which, however, there was no mixture of vice and immorality, he will long be remembered as a man of very tender feelings, a scholar, and a gentleman. Notwithstanding all the deep drawbacks upon his property, Mr. Warner died extremely rich. He never went to church; but the report of his having been of the Roman Catholic religion has been contradicted by the authority of his friends.

His remains were conveyed in a hearse from his venerable mansion to the parish church for interment, preceded by a number of his tenants on horseback, and followed by several of the most distinguished gentlemen in the neighborhood in their carriages, and by a great concourse of spectators. The pall was supported by Henry Styleman, Esq. high sheriff of the county, Sir George Chadd, Bart. Sir Jacob Astley, Bart. T. W. Coke, Esq. Henry Jodrell, Esq. and the Rev. W. Astley. The chief mourners were, Mr. Woodward, one of Mr. Warner's nephews, and Mr. Bragge, of Lynn, to whom the principal part of his extensive property was bequeathed.

WILLIAM JENNINGS.

WILLIAM JENNINGS, Esq. a neighbor and acquaintance of Mr. Elwes, of penurious memory, possessed a character in some respects different from that of the latter, and although not quite so extravagant in his penury, he seems to have exhibited a more depraved mind. He was born in the year 1701, and his father died when he was on the point of completing a most sumptuous and magnificent country-seat, which, for the grandeur of its hall, and the massive elegance of its marble chimney-pieces, as well as the beauty and extent of its stables and other offices, is totally unrivalled in that part of the country, and is excelled in few others. The stair-case, however, and one entire wing of the house, which was to have been principally devoted to a vast and superb ball-room, were left totally incomplete; and notwithstanding the son, when he attained his majority, found himself possessed in real and personal estate, of not less than 200,000l. he never added another stroke to the unfinished structure, which remained in precisely the same state in which it was left on the decease of its more worthy projector. In this extensive palace, for it scarcely deserves a meaner appellation, Mr. Jennings resided, when in the coun-

try, to the latest hour of his life—yet not in the finished and family apartments, but merely in the basement floor alone, which, by being not less than ten or fifteen feet below the surface of the court, and illuminated by small and heavy windows, admitted but very seldom the reviving rays of the sun in any direction. Here, on a level with most of the offices of this superb pile of building, in the midst of his servants, was his breakfast-room, his dining-room, and his bed-chamber, the entire furniture of which was of his own procuring, and consequently very mean, and its whole value, perhaps, did not exceed twenty pounds nor were the rooms above (excepting those in the wing already described) although completely finished and magnificently furnished by his father, ever opened but once during the whole period of his possessing them, which extended to nearly a century. He had, nevertheless, more family pride than Mr. Elwes, and maintained a table in some degree superior. In this dark and miserable compartment of the house his dinner was always served up, even when he was alone (and he was seldom otherwise) in the family plate: nor, if any portion remained after the wants of his diminutive household had been satisfied, would he suffer it to be again introduced to assist in the dinner of the ensuing day. The poor, however, were never benefited by this profusion of diet; for it was his express order, and an order uniformly adhered to, that the surplus should be distributed

among his dogs. He was never known, throughout the whole period of his life, to exhibit one single charitable action: and so cold and unsocial was his animal constitution, that a male friend was scarcely ever invited to sleep beneath his roof, and there is no instance of a female of any description having been indebted to him for the hospitality of a single night. In these respects he was a character infinitely more despicable than his neighbor, who at all times evinced the utmost degree of politeness and gallantry to the fair sex; and who, if he withheld his hand from the needy, withheld it in an equal degree from himself. In his mode of encreasing his property, Mr. Jennings was also a more contemptible miser. Elwes, when in London, occasionally frequented the gaming-table, but it was to participate with his associates in the various chances of the dice. Jennings, too, frequented it, and was, in reality, at one period of his life, an habitual attendant at Brookes's or White's: but it was not to partake in the multiplied fortunes of gambling, but to accommodate the unlucky with money for the evening, and to draw an enormous profit from the general loss. It is asserted, that for every thousand pounds he thus advanced, he received the next morning a thousand guineas. To enable him to persevere steadily in this profitable concern, he ventured to purchase a house in Grosvenor-Square, where, indeed, he occasionally resided to the day of his death, and long after the infirmities of age compelled him

to relinquish his dishonorable traffic. On quitting either his town or country-house he was accustomed to draw up, with his own hand, an inventory of articles left behind, even to the minutest and most insignificant; and to examine them with the most rigid scrutiny on his return, to satisfy himself that he had not been wronged of his property.—The arrangement of this catalogue, when he was quitting the country, was attended with no small degree of labor; for, according to the fashion of our forefathers, almost all the chimney-pieces throughout the house had been left to him furnished with an infinite variety of pieces of china, small as well as large. Every little dog and duck, however, every tea-cup, ewer, and other toy, was duly noticed, and expected to be found on his return, not only uninjured, but accurately occupying its immediate post.

To diminish the expence of wages paid to his house-keeper (or rather an old woman who kept his house) he used to allow it to be seen by strangers; and, like a noble duke and duchess of the present day, to permit her to add to her wages the gratuities offered on such occasions. The bargain being thus mutually acceded to, the house was equally open for inspection whether he were within it or not; and, in the former case, when the company had reached the subterranean floor where he constantly resided, he used to remove from room to room till the whole had been visited. He had but a small circle of acquaint-

ance in the country; he did not like, however, to be totally without occasional company, and induced some few gentlemen to pay him morning visits, and to profess a considerable friendship for him by the promise of legacies in his will. And so far indeed as related to the literal promise itself, he punctually fulfilled it—for he not only made his will, but bequeathed the expected legacies: yet he took effectual care, at the same time, that neither his promises nor his will should possess much validity, for he never executed the latter; and his entire property, at his death, amounting to little less than a million sterling, was in the first instance likely to become the subject of a chancery-suit between two noble families who advanced an equal claim to heirship. This suit, however, was shortly afterwards dropped, upon an agreement between the parties to divide the property in tranquillity. The only creditable trait in the character of this miser is, that he never oppressed his tenants: he would never advance them a shilling for their accommodation, but he never raised their rents, nor distressed them for want of punctuality in their payments. And yet, while he thus rigidly forbore from every act of kindness and charity, he was, for the last twenty years previous to his death, losing upwards of two thousand pounds annually, by the large sums of money he retained unemployed in the hands of his bankers. He kept cash at two separate houses; and it was discovered, at his death, that in one of them he had

never possessed less than twenty-thousand pounds for the twenty years previous: and in the other he had uniformly had a larger sum for a longer period. He died in the year 1797, in the 97th year of his age.

THE PRINCE OF PALAGONIA.

THERE is scarcely any whim or caprice so absurd and ridiculous that we shall not find instances of it upon record. The singular fancy of the Sicilian nobleman to whom the following pages relate, cannot, we conceive, be attributed to any other cause than deficiency or derangement of intellects. Whichever of these may have been the occasion of his singular conduct, he is certainly entitled to a place in this collection, and as Brydone is the only writer who furnishes any particulars concerning him, we shall transcribe the account given of the prince by that interesting traveller in his Tour through Sicily and Malta.

"The Prince of Palagonia, a man of immense fortune, has devoted his whole life to the study of monsters and chimeras, greater and more ridiculous than ever entered into the imagination of the wildest writers of romance or knight-errantry.

"The amazing crowd of statues that surround his house, appear at a distance like a little army

drawn up for its defence; but when you get amongst them, and every one assumes his true likeness, you may imagine you have got into the regions of delusion and enchantment; for of all that immense group, there is not one made to represent any object in nature; nor is the absurdity of the wretched imagination that created them less astonishing than its wonderful fertility. It would require a volume to describe the whole, and a sad volume indeed it would make. He has put the heads of men to the bodies of every sort of animal, and the heads of every other animal to the bodies of men. Sometimes he makes a compound of five or six animals that have no sort of resemblance in nature. He puts the head of a lion to the neck of a goose, the body of a lizard, the legs of a goat, the tail of a fox. On the back of this monster he puts another, if possible, still more hideous, with five or six heads, and a bush of horns, that beats the beast in the Revelations all to nothing. There is no kind of horn in the world that he has not collected; and his pleasure is to see them all flourishing upon the same head. It would be idle and tiresome to be particular in an account of these absurdities. The statues that adorn, or rather deform, the great avenue, and surround the court of the palace, amount already to six hundred, notwithstanding which, it may be truly said, that he has not broken the second commandment; for of all that number, there is not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, in

the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. The old ornaments which were put up by his father, who was a sensible man, appear to have been in a good taste. They have all been knocked to pieces, and laid together in a heap, to make room for this new creation.

"The inside of this enchanted castle corresponds exactly with the out; it is in every respect as whimsical and fantastical, and you cannot turn yourself to any side, where you are not stared in the face by some hideous figure or other. Some of the apartments are spacious and magnificent, with high arched roofs; which, instead of plaister or stucco, are composed entirely of large mirrors, nicely joined together. The effect that these produce (as each of them makes a small angle with the other) is exactly that of a multiplying glass; so that when three or four people are walking below, there is always the appearance of three or four hundred walking above. The whole of the doors are likewise covered over with small pieces of mirror, cut into the most ridiculous shapes, and intermixed with a great variety of crystal and glass of different colors. All the chimney-pieces, windows, and sideboards, are crowded with pyramids and pillars of tea-pots, caudle-cups, bowls, cups, saucers, &c. strongly cemented together; some of these columns are not without their beauty: one of them has a large china chamber-pot for its base, and a circle of pretty little flower-pots for its capital: the shaft of the column, upwards of

four feet long, is entirely composed of tea-pots of different sizes, diminished gradually from the base to the capital. The profusion of China that has been employed in forming these columns is incredible: there are not less than forty pillars and pyramids formed in this strange fantastic manner.—Most of the rooms are paved with fine marble tables of different colors, that look like so many tomb-stones, some of these are richly wrought with lapis lazuli, porphyry, and other valuable stones; their fine polish is now gone, and they only appear like common marble; the place of these beautiful tables he has supplied by a new set of his own invention, some of which are not without their merit: These are made of the finest tortoise-shell mixed with mother-of-pearl, ivory, and a variety of metals; and are mounted on fine stands of solid brass.

"The windows of this enchanted castle are composed of a variety of glass of every different color, mixed without any sort of order or regularity, blue, red, green, yellow, purple, violet. The house-clock is cased in the body of a statue; the eyes of the figure move with the pendulum, turning up their white and black alternately, and make a hideous appearance.

"His bed-chamber and dressing-room are like two apartments in Noah's ark; there is scarcely a beast, however vile, that he has not placed there; toads, frogs, serpents, lizards, scorpions, all cut out in marble, of their respective colors.

There are a good many busts too, that are not less singularly imagined.—Some of these make a very handsome profile on one side; turn to the other, and you have a skeleton; here you see a nurse with a child in her arms; its back is exactly that of an infant, its face is that of a wrinkled old woman of ninety.

The family statues are charming; they have been done from some old pictures; and make a most venerable appearance; he has dressed them out from head to foot in new and elegant suits of marble; and indeed the effect it produces is more ridiculous than any thing you can conceive. Their shoes are all of black marble, their stockings generally red; their clothes are of different colors, blue, green, and variegated, with a rich old-fashioned lace. The periwigs of the men and head-dresses of the ladies are of fine white; so are their shirts, with long flowing ruffles of alabaster.

"The author and owner of this singular collection is a poor miserable lean figure, shivering at a breeze, and seems to be afraid of every body he speaks to. He is one of the richest subjects in the island, and it is thought he has not laid out less than 20,000l, in the creation of this world of monsters and chimeras.—He certainly might have fallen upon some way to prove himself a fool at a cheaper rate. However, it gives bread to a number of poor people, to whom he is an excellent master. His house at Palermo is a good deal in the same style; his

carriages are covered with plates of brass, so that some of them are musquet-proof.

"The government have had serious thoughts of demolishing the regiment of monsters he has placed round his house; but as he is humane and inoffensive, and as this would certainly break his heart, they have as yet forborne. However, the seeing of them by women with child is said to have been attended with very unfortunate circumstances; and ladies complain that they dare no longer take an airing in the Bagaria; that some hideous form always haunts their imagination for some time after; their husbands too, it is said, are as little satisfied with the great variety of horns."

PETER THE WILD BOY.

ON the continent of Europe, the regions of which are interspersed with vast forests and uncultivated tracts, various individuals of the human species have at different times been discovered in a state no better than that of the brute creation. With nearly all of them this has been the case to such a degree, that it has been found impossible to obtain from them any information respecting the circumstances which reduced them to such a deplorable situation, or of the manner in which they contrived to preserve their lives amidst the numerous perils by which they were surrounded. Most of these unfortunate beings were so completely brutalized as to be utter strangers to the faculty of speech and totally incapable of acquiring it—a fact which demonstrates how much man is indebted to the society of his fellow-creatures for many of the eminent advantages possessed by him over the other classes of animated nature.

One of the most singular of these human brutes, as they may justly be denominated, was Peter the Wild Boy, whose origin and history, previous to his discovery, must, from the reasons

already mentioned, remain for ever a secret. He was found in the year 1725, in a wood near Hameln, about twenty-five miles from Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss; and in the month of November was conveyed to Hanover by the superintendant of the house of correction at Zell. At this time he was supposed to be about thirteen years old, and could not speak. This singular creature was presented to king George I. then at Hanover, while at dinner. The king caused him to taste of all the dishes at the table; and in order to bring him by degrees to relish human diet, he directed that he should have such provision as he seemed best to like, and such instruction as might best fit him for human society.

Soon after this, the boy made his escape into the same wood, where he concealed himself among the branches of a tree, which was sawed down to recover him. He was brought over to England at the beginning of 1726, and exhibited to the king and many of the nobility. In this country he was distinguished by the appellation of Peter the Wild Boy, which he ever afterwards retained.

He appeared to have scarcely any ideas, was uneasy at being obliged to wear clothes, and could not be induced to lie on a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of the room, whence it was conjectured that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. He was committed

to the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, at whose house he either was, or was to have been baptised; but notwithstanding all the doctor's pains, he never could bring the wild youth to the use of speech, or the pronunciation of words. As every effort of this kind was found to be in vain, he was placed with a farmer at a small distance from town, and a pension was allowed him by the king, which he enjoyed till his death.

The ill success of these efforts seems to have laid curiosity asleep, till Lord Monboddo again called the public attention to this phenomenon. That nobleman had been collecting all the particulars he could meet with concerning Peter, in order to establish a favorite but truly whimsical hypothesis. The plan of his work on the "Origin and Progress of Language," necessarily involved the history of civilization and general knowledge. His lordship carried his researches to a period far beyond the records of history, when men might be supposed to possess no means of the vocal communication of their thoughts but natural and inarticulate sounds. Abstracting, in imagination, from the rational superiority of man, whatever seems to depend on his use of artificial language, as a sign of thought, he represents the earlier generations of the human race, as having been little, if at all, exalted in intelligence above the ape and the oran-outang, whose form bears a resemblance to the human. The spirit of paradox even inclined him to believe that those rude men, who wanted

articulate language must have had tails, of which they might gradually have divested themselves, either by attentions to the breed, like those of a Cully or a Bakewell, or by continual docking, till the tail was utterly extirpated.

In a very witty and ludicrous piece, by Dean Swift, entitled, "It cannot rain but it pours,"—he gives an account of this wonderful wild man, as he calls him, replete with satire and ridicule, but containing many particulars concerning him that were undoubtedly true. Lord Monboddo, therefore concluded that the other facts mentioned by that witty writer, though no where else to be found, are likewise authentic, whatever may be thought of the use and application he makes of them: such as, that in the circle at court he endeavored to kiss the young lady Walpole; that he put on his hat before the king, and laid hold of the lord chamberlain's staff; that he expressed his sensations by certain sounds which he had framed to himself, and particularly that he neighed something like a horse, in which way he commonly expressed his joy; that he understood the language of birds and beasts, by which they express their appetites and feelings; that his senses were more acute than those of the tame man; and, lastly, that he could sing sometimes. These facts, his lordship contends, the dean must have known, for he was at London at the time, and of Swift's integrity in not stating any facts that were untrue, even in a work of humor, his lordship has no doubt. The dean farther said, that it was

evident, by several tokens, that this wild boy had a father and mother like one of us. "This," says Lord Monboddo, "I believe also to be true; because I was told by a person yet living, that when he was caught he had a collar about his neck with something written upon it."

In Peter the Wild Boy, Lord Monboddo conceived that he had discovered a corroboration of his eccentric opinion. His lordship, accordingly, went to see him, and the result of his enquiries is thus stated in his "Ancient Metaphysics:"—

"It was in the beginning of June, 1782, that I saw him in a farm-house called Broadway, about a mile from Berkhamstead, kept there on a pension of thirty pounds, which the king pays. He is but of low stature, not exceeding five feet three inches, and though he must now be about seventy years of age, he has a fresh, healthy look. He wears his beard; his face is not at all ugly or disagreeable, and he has a look that may be called sensible or sagacious for a savage. About twenty years ago he used to elope, and once, as I was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk; but of late he has become quite tame, and either keeps the house, or saunters about the farm. He has been during the thirteen last years, where he lives at present, and before that he was twelve years with another farmer, whom I saw and conversed with. This farmer told me he had been put to school somewhere in Hertfordshire, but had only learned to articulate his own name Peter, and

the name of king George, both which I heard him pronounce very distinctly. But the woman of the house where he now is, for the man happened not to be at home, told me he understood every thing that was said to him, concerning the common affairs of life, and I saw that he readily understood several things she said to him while I was present. Among other things, she desired him to sing Nancy Dawson, which he accordingly did, and another tune that she named. He was never mischievous, but had that gentleness of manners which I hold to be characteristic of our nature, at least till we become carnivorous, and hunters or warriors. He feeds at present as the farmer and his wife do, but, as I was told by an old woman, who remembered to have seen him when he first came to Hertfordshire, which she computed to be about fifty-five years before; he then fed much on leaves, particularly of cabbage which she saw him eat raw. He was then, as she thought, about fifteen years of age, walked upright, but could climb trees like a squirrel. At present he not only eats flesh, but has acquired a taste for beer, and even for spirits, of which he inclines to drink more than he can get. The old farmer with whom he lived before he came to his present situation, informed me, that Peter had that taste before he came to him. He is also become very fond of fire, but has not acquired a liking for money; for though he takes it, he does not keep it, but gives it to his landlord or landlady, which I suppose is a lesson

they have taught him. He retains so much of his natural instinct, that he has a fore-feeling of bad weather, growling and howling, and shewing great disorder before it comes on."

His lordship afterwards requested Mr. Burgess of Oxford, to make farther enquiries for him on the spot, concerning Peter, and that gentleman transmitted him an account which was in substance as follows:——

Peter, in his youth, was very remarkable for his strength, which always appeared so much superior, that the stoutest young men were afraid to contend with him. His vigor continued unimpaired till the year 1781, when he was suddenly taken ill, fell down before the fire, and for a time lost the use of his right side. I met with an old gentleman, a surgeon of Hempstead, who remembers to have seen Peter in London, between the years 1724, and 1726. He told me, when he first came to England, he was particularly fond of raw flesh and bones, and was always dressed in fine clothes, of which Peter seemed not a little proud. He still retains his passion for finery; and if any person has any thing smooth or shining in his dress, it soon attracts the notice of Peter, who shews his attention by stroking it. He is not a great eater, and is fond of water, of which he will drink several draughts immediately after breakfasting on tea, or even milk. He would not drink beer till lately, but he is fond of all kinds of spirits, particularly gin, and likewise of onions, which he will eat like apples. He

does not often go out without his master, but he will sometimes go to Berkhamstead, and call at the gin-shop, where the people know his errand, and treat him. Gin is one of the most powerful means to persuade him to do any thing with alacrity; hold up a glass of that liquor, and he will not fail to smile and raise his voice. He cannot bear the sight of an apothecary who once attended him, nor the taste of physic, which he will not take but under some great disguise.

If he hears any music, he will clap his hands, and throw his head about in a wild frantic manner. He has a very quick sense of music, and will often repeat a tune after once hearing. When he has heard a tune which is difficult, he continues humming it a long time, and is not easy till he is master of it. He understands every thing that is said to him by his master and mistress: while I was with him, the farmer asked several questions, which he answered rapidly, and not very distinctly, but sufficiently so to be understood even by a stranger to his manner. Some of the questions and answers were as follow:—Who is your father? King George.—What is your name? Pe—ter, pronouncing the two syllables with a short interval between them—What is that? Bow-wow (the dog)—What horse will you ride upon? Cuckow. This is not the name of any of their horses, but it is his constant reply to that question; so that it may probably have been the name of one of the horses belonging to his former

master. His answers never exceed two words, and he never says any thing of his own accord. He has likewise been taught when asked the question—What are you? to reply, Wild Man —where were you found? Hanover—Who found you? King George. If he is desired to tell twenty, he will count the numbers exactly on his fingers, with an indistinct sound at each number: but after another person, he will say one, two, three, &c. pretty distinctly.

Till the spring of 1782, which was soon after his illness, he always appeared remarkably animated by the influence of the spring, singing all day; and if it was clear, half the night. He is much pleased at the sight of the moon and stars; he will sometimes stand out in the warmth of the sun, with his face turned up towards it in a strained attitude, and he likes to be out in a starry night, if not cold. These particulars naturally lead to the enquiry, whether he has, or seems to have any idea of the great author of all these wonders. I thought this a question of so much curiosity, that when I left Broadway, I rode back several miles to ask whether he had ever betrayed any sense of a Supreme Being. I was told, that when he first came into that part of the country, different methods were taken to teach him to read, and to instruct him in the principles of religion, but in vain. He learned nothing, nor did he ever shew any feeling of the consciousness of a God.

He is very fond of fire, and often brings in

fuel, which he would heap up as high as the fire-place would contain it, were he not prevented by his master. He will sit in the chimney-corner, even in summer, while they are brewing with a very large fire, sufficient to make another person faint who sits there long. He will often amuse himself by setting five or six chairs before the fire, and seating himself on each of them by turns, as the love of variety prompts him to change his place.

He is extremely good-tempered, excepting in cold and gloomy weather, for he is very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked, but when made angry by any person, he would run after him, making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed in the back of his hand. I could not find that he ever did any violence in the house, excepting when he first came over, he would sometimes tear his bed-clothes, to which it was long before he was reconciled. He has never, at least since his present master has known him, shewn any attention to women, and I am informed that he never did, except when purposely or jocosely forced into an amour.

He ran away several times since he was at Broadway, but never since he has been with his present master. In 1745, or 1746, he was taken up as a spy from Scotland; as he was unable to speak, the people supposed him obstinate, and threatened him with punishment for his contumacy; but a lady who had seen him in London, acquainted them with the character of their pr-

soner, and directed them whither to send him. In these excursions he used to live on raw herbage, berries, and young tender roots of trees.

Of the people who are about him, he is particularly attached to his master. He will often go out into the field with him and his men, and seems pleased to be employed in any thing that can assist them. But he must always have some person to direct his actions, as you may judge from the following circumstance. Peter was one day engaged with his master in filling a dung-cart. His master had occasion to go into the house, and left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accomplished. But as Peter must be employed, he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully employed in emptying the cart as he had before been in filling it. On his master's return he found the cart nearly emptied again, and learned a lesson by it which he never afterwards neglected.

To these accounts we have nothing farther to add, than that Peter did not long survive the visits of Lord Monboddo and his friend. He died at the farm in the month of February, 1785, at the supposed age of 73 years.

THE REV. GEORGE HARVEST.

THE character of this divine was of such a singular composition, that we shall scarcely find its equal. He was one of the most absent men of his time, a lover of good eating almost to gluttony, extremely negligent in his dress, and a believer in ghosts, goblins, and fairies, though he received a classical education in the university of Oxford.

Though he was bred for the church, his fondness for dramatic exhibitions led him early to try his abilities upon the boards of different provincial theatres; but his vivacity always getting the better of his judgment, and some unlucky impromptu inadvertently popping out, he was constantly upon the minus side of his engagement. Being possessed of a considerable paternal estate, and having a firm friend in Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, for whose daughter Mr. Harvest had a partiality and regard, he, at the age of twenty-four years, bade adieu to the Thespian mania, but not without leaving abundance of anecdotes in the memory of his friends, who have, however, generously sacrificed them to oblivion; whilst the spirit of detraction has preserved his fame as an

eccentric divine of no common abilities, but of extraordinary and singular conduct.

He had at this time an estate of 300l. per annum; and had insinuated himself so far into the good graces of the bishop's daughter, that the wedding-day was fixed; but unluckily, on that day he forgot himself, for being out a fishing, he staid beyond the canonical hour; and the lady, justly offended at his neglect, broke off the match.

Soon after this he commenced housekeeper, and saw a variety of company. Among others who visited him, was Mr. Arthur Onslow, speaker of the house of commons, who lived at Ember-court, in the parish of Thames Ditton. This gentleman was very fond of Mr. Harvest's company, insomuch that he procured him the living of Thames Ditton, which he held during life. Lord Onslow, the speaker's son, was likewise so pleased with his company, that he took him to Ember-court, where he lived more than he did at his own house. He suffered much from the abuse and dishonesty of his servants in his absence, who ran him so far in debt, that his circumstances became much embarrassed and confused. It is a fact, related by those who knew the circumstance, that his maid frequently gave balls to her friends, and other servants in the neighborhood, and persuaded her master that the noise he heard was made in the street, or was the effect of wind.

His memory, if judged of according to his actions, seems to have been a perfect sieve, for any thing would fall through it: and he has even been tried and found to have forgotten his own name. His ideas were so confused sometimes, that he has been known to write a letter to one person, direct it to another, and address it to a third, who could not devise from whom it came, because he had forgotten to subscribe his name. If a beggar happened to take off his hat to him in the street, in hopes of receiving alms, Mr. Harvest made him a low bow, told him he was his most obedient humble servant, and walked on.

His reveries and distractions were so frequent, that not a day passed but he committed some egregious mistake. A friend and he walking together in the Temple-gardens, one evening, previous to the meeting of the club called the Beef-Steak Club, in Ivy-Lane, to which they were going, and to which Smollet, Johnson, and others belonged, Mr. Harvest picked up a small pebble of so odd a make, that he said he would present it to Lord Bute, who was an eminent virtuoso. After they had walked some time, his friend asked him what o'clock it was, to which, pulling out his watch, he answered, that they had seven minutes good. They took a turn or two more, when, to his friend's astonishment, he canted his watch away into the Thames, and with great sedateness put up the pebble he had before found, in his fob.

His notorious heedlessness was so apparent, that no one would lend him a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or, at least, from out of his hands; it being his frequent practice to dismount and lead the horse, putting the bridle under his arm, which the horse sometimes shook off, or the intervention of a post occasioned to fall; sometimes it was taken off by mischievous boys, when the parson was seen drawing his bridle after him; and if any one asked him after the animal, he could not give the least account of it nor how he lost it.

Being desired to officiate one Sunday morning at St. Mary's, in Oxford, a waggish acquaintance wrote the following burlesque upon the banns of matrimony, and which being duly put forward, was read by Mr. Harvest as follows:—

I publish the marriage banns between
Jack Cheshire and the Widow Glo'ster,
Both of a parish that is seen
'Twixt Oxford here and Paternoster;
Who, to keep out the wind and weather,
Hereafter mean to pig together.
So if you wish to put in caveat,
Now is the time to let us have it.

Mr. Harvest constantly thought of something else than what he ought immediately to have considered: not only the office of his sacred function, but every other circumstance was forced to yield to his inadvertent way of acting. His distraction seemed to proceed from a certain vivacity and changeableness of temper, which,

while it raised up an infinite number of ideas in his mind, continually propelled, without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing, therefore, could be more incongruous than the conceptions and thoughts of such a man; for he was never influenced either by the company he was in, or any of those objects which were placed before him; and while you might fancy him attending to your discourse, he was often, in thought bobbing for eels, or studying the character of Chamont, the young soldier in Otway's Orphan; and it was far from being impossible, but he was building some castle in the air. Yet, amidst all these vagaries, Mr. Harvest was a man of good sense, and was every day doing and saying some things, which, though *mal-a-propos*, and undesigned, denoted his mind to be cast in no common mould.

His want of attention to the present, led him often into disagreeable as well as ridiculous mistakes. Once, when at a gentleman's house in the city, taking his leave with an intention to go away, in one of his absent fits, he mounted up three pair of stairs into the garret: the maids who by chance were ironing there, wondered what it could be that kept such a stamping about the rooms; when one of them taking a light to see, found the Rev. Mr. Harvest, who, in the utmost confusion, told her he fancied he had made some mistake, and begged to know if that was not the way to the street-door. Such was his absence and distraction, that he frequently

used to forget the prayer-days, and walk into his church with his gun upon his arm, to see what could have assembled the people there. Wherever he slept, he used commonly to pervert the use of every utensil: he would wash his mouth and hands in the chamber-pot, wipe himself with the sheets, and not unfrequently go into bed between the sheets with his boots on. In company he never put the bottle round, but always filled when it stood opposite to him, so that he very often took half a dozen glasses running—that he alone was intoxicated, and the rest of the company sober, is not therefore to be wondered at.

It is observed of the passion of love, that it acts like an inundation, turning every thing that stands in its way topsy-turvy, misleading the judgment, blinding the understanding, punishing the wise man, and tickling the fool; but this powerful incentive to action had no effect upon Mr. Harvest. After his first affair with the bishop's daughter, it might be supposed that he would have taken better care the second time. Mr. Harvest, however, was the same absent man still, and he made himself as ridiculous this time as the first, and lost an amiable female with a handsome fortune. When the appointed day arrived on which he was to become a husband, and the coach called at his door to carry him to breakfast with his intended bride and her father, the gentleman was not to be found. He had set off the same morning about seven o'clock, and nobody could tell what was become of him. It

was nearly dusk before he recollected any thing of the affair, when he took to his heels, from the company he was in, and ran like a madman all the way back: and in such a dirty plight did he arrive, that he could scarcely be recognized. The truth was, that, being invited by the fineness of the weather, he had strayed as far as Richmond, where he had been engaged to dine with company; but suddenly recollecting the important business fixed for that day, he made all the haste possible to the place of assignation, to apologise for his egregious piece of neglect; but this lady, like the first, thought herself so ill used, that she would never see him afterwards; yet Mr. Harvest used often to mention that day as the pleasantest of his whole life.

The figure of this divine was one of the most uncouth imaginable: he seldom had a clean shirt; and when he happened to have one, he either wanted shaving, or had dirty boots, or perhaps two odd stockings; and if any one remarked to him the great impropriety of his slovenliness, he would reply, that, "Indeed he was not very exact." An equestrian expedition to see the above-mentioned lady, during the period of their courtship, ought not to pass unnoticed. Thinking it necessary to go on horseback, as it was winter, and the roads were very dirty, he conceived he might save the time of shifting himself by doing it upon the road upon his Rosinante. Providing himself, therefore, with a clean cravat and shirt in his pocket, he proceed-

ed until he came to the lane at the bottom of which the lady lived, when, stripping himself, and laying the things before him on the saddle, just as he was attempting to put his shirt on, his horse took fright, and ran with him quite to the door of the lady's house. Here, to the no small astonishment of the family, the Rev. Mr. Harvest made his appearance, without shirt or hat, for all his accoutrements were, like John Gilpin's hat and wig, on the road, where they lay till the doctor and a servant went and collected them together.

He generally travelled on foot, regardless of all weathers. His shoes and stockings were generally in a beastly condition, for he never cleaned them, nor would suffer them to be cleaned. The Surrey and Kent roads, forty years ago, were not so good as they are now; some of them were excessively deep then, and if they had been a fathom or more, it would have been just the same to Parson Harvest, for he never picked his steps, but waded through the middle, so that he had nearly been run over once or twice. To have robbed him of money to any amount would have been totally impossible, for he very seldom carried any about him, save a few halfpence, to buy shrimps or gingerbread; a pennyworth of which he would put into his waistcoat pocket, and forget they were there, among tobacco and gunpowder, worms, gentles for fishing, and other articles. This rubbish he often carried about him till it smelled so as to render his presence

almost insufferable. The late dowager Countess of Pembroke once turned out such an heterogeneous mass, as filled a dust shovel. The intimacy of Mr. Harvest with the Onslow family, who lived at Ember-court, in the parish of Thames Ditton, has already been mentioned. This family was so fond of Mr. Harvest's company, that he had a bed there, and resided with them as long as he chose. Here, unrestrained by the rank of his hosts, and regardless of that decorous respect universally paid to the sex, Mr. Harvest was daily guilty of gross improprieties. The family had a private mode of warning him when he was falling into any of these inadvertencies: this was by crying Col. Col. which meant fellow of a college; these inaccuracies in his behavior having been, by Lady Onslow, called behaving like a mere scholar, or fellow of a college.

Mr. Harvest making one in a company with Mr. Onslow, in a punt on the Thames, began to read a favorite passage in a Greek author, with such strange theatrical gestures, that his wig soon fell into the water, when, such was his impatience to regain it, that he jumped into the water to fetch it out, and was with difficulty fished out himself. On returning into the boat, he only observed that his Greek had never had such a wetting before.

His advance in years did not cure him in the least of his thoughtless inadvertency. When Lord Sandwich was canvassing for the vice-chan-

sellorship of Cambridge, Mr. Harvest, who had been his school-fellow at Eton, went down to give him his vote. One day at dinner there in a large company, his lordship jesting with Harvest on their boyish tricks, the parson suddenly exclaimed, "Apropos; whence do you, my lord, derive your nick-name of *Jemmy Twitcher?*"—"Why," answered his lordship, "from some foolish fellow."—"No," replied Harvest, "it is not from some, but every body calls you so." On which his lordship, to end the disagreeable altercation, being near the pudding, put a large slice on the doctor's plate, who immediately seizing it, stopped his mouth for that time.

On another occasion, having accompanied the same nobleman to Calais, they walked on the ramparts. Musing on some geometrical problem, he lost his company in the midst of the town. He could not speak a word of French; but, recollecting that Lord Sandwich was at the Silver Lion, he put a shilling in his mouth, and set himself in the attitude of a lion rampant. After exciting much admiration, he was led back to the inn by a soldier, under the idea that he was a maniac escaped from his keepers.

The doctor was a great lover of pudding as well as argument. Once at a visitation, the archdeacon was talking very pathetically on the transitory things of this life, among which he enumerated many particulars, such as health, beauty, riches, and power: the doctor, who listened with great attention, turning about to help

himself to a slice of pudding, found it was all gone, on which, turning to the reverend moralist, he begged that Mr. Archdeacon, in his future catalogue of transitory things, would not forget to insert a *pudding*.

His fondness for theatrical performances very much abated in his latter years. Lady Onslow one day invited him to see Garrick play some favorite character; they took their seats in the front row of the front boxes. Mr. Harvest, knowing that he was to sleep in town, literally brought his night-cap in his pocket: it was of striped woollen, and had not been washed full half a year. In pulling out his handkerchief, his cap fell out with it, and dropped into the pit. The person on whom it fell tossed it from him; the next did the same; and the cap was for some minutes tossed to and fro all over the pit. Harvest, who was afraid of losing his cap, got up, and, after hemming three times to clear his pipe, began to make an oration, signifying to those who were thus amusing themselves with his cap, to restore it when they had had fun enough with it; for, he observed, it was a very serious thing to die without a night-cap: adding, "And please to restore it to me, who am the owner of it;" at the same time placing his left hand on his breast, declaring, "I shall be restless to-night if I have not my cap." The people were struck with his manner, the cap was handed to him at the end of a stick, and the doctor was relieved from his apprehension of a restless night.

Of his impropriety of behavior in the company of ladies, the following is one of the least censurable examples. Sitting one day among a company, mostly of the fair sex, at Lady Onslow's, a large fly which had buzzed about him a long time, at last settled upon the bonnet of one of the ladies, which the doctor observing, got up, and with a grave look and accent, addressed these words aloud to the fly, "May you be married!" and watching his opportunity to kill it, he lifted his hand, and gave the lady such a blow upon the head as quite deranged her attire, and confused the company so much, that had not Lady Onslow entered the room at that moment, and made an apology for the rudeness of the doctor's conduct, the whole company would have retired in affront. But on Mr. Harvest begging pardon of the offended lady, and confessing he did not know what he was doing, the affair terminated in a hearty laugh.

His ideas were sometimes so confused, that he performed actions equal to those done in a state of somnabulism. Once perceiving a friend and his wife in an upper room at the house at Ember-court, he, in joke only, locked them in, and put the key in his pocket; when soon afterwards being called down upon business, he forgot what he had done, went out with the key in his pocket, and it was near dark before the two prisoners could be set at liberty. On another occasion, in one of his absent fits, he mistook his friend's house, and went into another, the door

of which happened to stand open; and no servant being in the way, he rambled all over the house, till coming into a middle room, where was an old lady ill in bed of a quinsey, he stumbled over the night-stool, threw a clothes-horse down, and might not have ended there, had not the affrighted patient made a noise at his intrusion, which brought up the servants, and finding Dr. Harvest in the room instead of the apothecary, who was momentarily expected, quieted the old lady's fears, who by this time was taken with such an immoderate fit of laughter at his confusion, that it broke the quinsey in her throat, and she lived many years afterwards to thank Dr. Harvest for his lucky mistake.

Having to preach before the clergy at the visitation, he provided himself with three sermons for the purpose, which he had in his pocket. Some wags got possession of them, mixed the leaves, and sewed them all up as one. The doctor began his sermon, and soon lost the thread of his discourse: he grew confused, but still persisted, and actually preached out first, the clergy who had met on the occasion; next, the churchwardens; and lastly, the congregation: nor would he yet have ended, had not the sexton and beadle admonished him that all the pews were empty.

Mr. Harvest's forgetfulness continued with him through life; yet he was an amusing companion, and if we may judge of him from the sermons which he printed, he was no inelegant scholar;

but in his person he was the most beastly sloven alive. He died at Ember-court in August, 1789, aged 61.

JOHN LUDWIG.

THE merits of men, who, struggling with all the disadvantages of penury, with all the obstacles which fortune and circumstances have thrown in their way, yet by their own perseverance and industry raise themselves to eminence in any particular art or science, scarcely seem to be duly appreciated by the rest of society. The warrior, for the exertions of a single hour or a single day, aided, perhaps, by chance as much as by the superiority of his genius, attains to the very pinnacle of glory, and becomes the theme of universal admiration; while years of painful effort, marked by the incessant exercise of resolution, of fortitude, of self-denial, and that amidst circumstances the most dreary and discouraging, on the part of the humble individuals to whom we have alluded, are thought hardly worthy of the slightest notice, or of the lowest whisper of applause. In the course of our work we shall have occasion to introduce to the reader more than one instance of humble merit of this description in our own country, but Germany had the honor of giving birth to the person who is the subject of the following pages.

It is usual for the commissaries of excise in Saxony to appoint a peasant in every village in their district to receive the excise of the place, for which few are allowed more than one crown, and none more than three. Mr. Christian Gothold Hoffman, chief commissary of Dresden and the villages adjacent, when he was auditing the accounts of some of these peasants in 1753, was told that there was one John Ludwig among them, a strange man; who, though he was very poor and had a family, was yet continually reading in books, and very often stood the greatest part of the night at his door, gazing at the stars.

This account raised M. Hoffman's curiosity, and he ordered the man to be brought before him. Hoffman, who expected something in the man's appearance that corresponded with a mind superior to his station, was greatly surprised to see the most rustic boor he had ever beheld. His hair hung over his forehead down to his eyes, his aspect was sordid and stupid, and his manner was in every respect that of a plodding ignorant clown. Mr. Hoffman, after contemplating this unpromising appearance, concluded, that as the supposed superiority of this man was of the intellectual kind, it would certainly appear when he spoke; but even in this experiment he was also disappointed. He asked him, if what his neighbors had said of his reading and studying was true, and the man bluntly and coarsely replied, "What neighbor has told you

that I read and studied? If I have studied, I have studied for myself, and I don't desire that you or any body else should know any thing of the matter." Hoffman, however, continued the conversation notwithstanding his disappointment, and asked several questions concerning arithmetic and the first rudiments of astronomy; to which he now expected vague and confused replies. But in this too he had formed an erroneous prognostic; for Hoffman was struck not only with astonishment but confusion, to hear such definitions and explanations as would have done honor to a regular academician in a public examination.

Mr. Hoffman, after this conversation, prevailed on the peasant to stay some time at his house, that he might farther gratify his curiosity at such times as would be most convenient. In their subsequent conferences he proposed to his guest the most abstract and embarrassing questions, which were always answered with the utmost readiness and precision. The account which this extraordinary person gave of himself and his acquisitions, was as follows.

John Ludwig was born the 24th of February, 1715, in the village of Cossedaude, and was, among other poor children of the village, sent very young to school. The Bible, which was the book by which he was taught to read, gave him so much pleasure, that he conceived the most eager desire to read others, which, however, he had no opportunity to obtain. In

about a year his master began to teach him to write, an exercise which at first was rather irksome than pleasing; but when the first difficulty was surmounted, he applied to it with great assiduity, especially as books were put into his hand to copy as an exercise; and he employed himself almost night and day, not in copying particular passages only, but in forming collections of sentences, or events that were connected with each other. When he was ten years old, he had been at school four years, and was then put to arithmetic, but this embarrassed him with innumerable difficulties, which his master would not take the trouble to explain, expecting that he should content himself with the implicit practice of positive rules. Ludwig, therefore, was so disgusted with arithmetic, that after much scolding and beating he went from school, without having learned any thing more than reading, writing, and his catechism.

He was then sent into the field to keep cows, and in this employment he soon became clownish, and negligent of every thing else: so that the greatest part of what he had learned was forgotten. He was associated with the sordid and the vicious, and he became insensibly like them. As he grew up, he kept company with women of bad character, and abandoned himself to such pleasures as were within his reach. But a desire of surpassing others, that principle which is productive of every kind of greatness, was still living in his breast; he remembered to have been

praised by his master, and preferred above his comrades when he was learning to read and write, and he was still desirous of the same pleasure, though he did not know how to attain it.

In the autumn of 1735, when he was about twenty years old, he bought a small Bible, at the end of which was a catechism, with references to a great number of texts, upon which the principles contained in the answers were founded. Ludwig had never been used to take any thing upon trust, and was therefore continually turning over the leaves of his Bible to find the passages referred to in the catechism; but this he found so irksome a task, that he determined to have the whole at one view, and therefore set about to transcribe the catechism, with all the texts at large brought into their proper places. With this exercise he filled two quires of paper, and though when he began the character was scarcely legible, yet before he had finished it was greatly improved; for an art that has been once learned is easily recovered.

In the month of March, 1736, he was employed to receive the excise of the little district in which he lived, and he found that in order to discharge this office, it was necessary for him not only to write, but to be master of the two first rules of arithmetic, addition and subtraction. His ambition had now an object; and a desire to keep the accounts of the tax he was to gather better than others of his station, determined him once more to apply to arithmetic, however

hateful the task, and whatever labor it might require. He now regretted that he was without an instructor, and would have been glad at any rate to have practised the rules without first knowing the rationale. His mind was continually upon the stretch to find out some way of supplying this want, and at last he recollected that one of his school-fellows had a book, from which examples of several rules were taken by the master to exercise the scholars. He, therefore, immediately went in search of this school-fellow, and was overjoyed to find, upon enquiry, that the book was still in his possession. Having borrowed this important volume, he returned home with it, and beginning his studies as he went along, he pursued them with such application, that in about six months he was master of the rule of three with fractions.

The reluctance with which he began to learn the powers and properties of figures was now at an end; he knew enough to make him earnestly desirous of knowing more: he was therefore impatient to proceed from this book to one that was more difficult, and having, at length, found means to procure one that treated of more intricate and complicated calculations, he made himself master of that also before the end of the year 1739. He had the good fortune soon after to meet with a treatise on geometry, written by Pachek, the same author whose arithmetic he had been studying; and finding that this science was, in some measure, founded on that which

he had learned, he applied to his new book with great assiduity for some time; but at length, not being able perfectly to comprehend the theory as he went on, nor yet to discover the utility of the practice, he laid it aside, to which he was also induced by the necessity of his immediate attention to his field and his vines.

The severe winter which happened in the year 1740, obliged him to keep long within his cottage, and there having no employment either for his body or his mind, he had once more recourse to his book of geometry; and having at length comprehended some of the leading principles, he procured a little box ruler and an old pair of compasses, on one end of which he mounted the end of a quill cut into a pen. With these instruments he employed himself incessantly in making various geometrical figures on paper, to illustrate the theory by a solution of the problems. He was thus busied in his cot till March, and the joy arising from the knowledge he had acquired was exceeded only by his desire of knowing more.

He was now necessarily recalled to that labor by which alone he could procure himself food, and was besides without money to procure such books and instruments as were absolutely necessary to pursue his geometrical studies. However, with the assistance of a neighboring artificer, he procured the figures which he found represented by the diagrams in his book, to be made in wood, and with these he went to work

at every interval of leisure, which now only happened once a week, after divine service on a Sunday. He was still in want of a new book, and having laid by a little sum for that purpose against the time of the fair, where alone he had access to a bookseller's shop, he made a purchase of three small volumes, from which he acquired a complete knowledge of trigonometry. After this acquisition he could not rest till he had begun to study astronomy; his next purchase, therefore, was an introduction to that science, which he read with indefatigable diligence, and invented innumerable expedients to supply the want of proper instruments, and in which he was not less successful than Robinson Crusoe, who, in an island of which he was the only rational inhabitant, found means to supply himself not only with the necessaries, but the conveniencies of life.

During his study of geometry and astronomy, he had frequently met with the word *philosophy*, and this became more and more the object of his attention. He conceived it was the name of some science of great importance and extent, with which he was as yet wholly unacquainted; he became therefore impatient in the highest degree to make himself acquainted with philosophy; and being continually on the watch for such assistance as offered, he at last picked up a book, called, "An Introduction to the Knowledge of God, of Man, and of the Universe." In reading this work he was struck with a va-

riety of objects that were equally interesting and new.

But as this book contained only general principles, he went to Dresden, and enquired among the booksellers, who was the most celebrated author that had written on philosophy. By the booksellers he was recommended to the works of Wolfius, written in the German language; and Wolfius having been mentioned in several books he had read, as one of the most able men of his age, he readily took him for his guide in the regions of philosophy.

The first purchase that he made of Wolfius's works, was the Logic, and at this he labored a full year, still attending to his other studies, so as not to lose what he had gained before. In this book he found himself referred to another, written by the same author, called Mathematical Principles, as the fittest to give just ideas of things, and facilitate the practice of logic; he therefore enquired after this book with a design to buy it, but finding it too dear for his finances he was obliged to content himself with an abridgment of it, which he purchased in the autumn of 1743. From this book he derived much pleasure and much profit, and it employed him from October, 1743, to February, 1745.

He then proceeded to metaphysics, at which he labored till the October following, and he would fain have entered on the study of physics, but his indigence was an insuperable impediment;

and he was obliged to content himself with his author's ethics, politics, and remarks on metaphysics, which employed him to July, 1746; by this time he had scraped together a sum sufficient to buy the physics, which he had so earnestly desired, and this work he read twice within the year.

About this time a dealer in old books sold him a volume of Wolfius's Mathematical Principles at large, and the spherical trigonometry which he found in that book was a new treasure, which he was very desirous to make his own. This, however, cost him incredible labor, and filled every moment that he could spare from his business and his sleep, for something more than a year. Such was the progress he had made when he was discovered by Mr. Hoffman.

It happened that before Ludwig went home, there was an eclipse of the sun, and Mr. Hoffman proposed to his guest that he should observe this phenomenon as an astronomer, and for that purpose furnished him with proper instruments. He had hitherto been acquainted with the planetary world only by books and a view of the heavens with the naked eye; he had never yet looked through a telescope, and the anticipation of the pleasure which the new observation would yield him, scarcely suffered him either to eat or sleep; but it unfortunately happened, that just before the eclipse came on, the sky became cloudy, and continued so during the whole time

of its continuance: this misfortune was more than the philosophy even of Ludwig could bear; as the cloud came on he looked up at it in the agony of a man that expected the dissolution of nature to follow: when it came over the sun, he stood fixed in a consternation not to be described, and when he knew the eclipse was past, his disappointment and grief were little short of distraction.

Mr. Hoffman soon after went in his turn to visit Mr. Ludwig, and to take a view of his dwelling, his library, his study, and his instruments. He found an old crazy cottage, the inside of which had been long blacked with smoke; the walls were covered with propositions and diagrams written with chalk. In one corner was a bed, in another a cradle, and under a little window at the side, three pieces of board, laid side by side over two tressels, made a writing-table for the philosopher, upon which were scattered some pieces of writing-paper, containing extracts of books, various calculations and geometrical figures; the books which have been mentioned before were placed on a shelf, with the compass and ruler that have been described, which, with a wooden square and a pair of six-inch globes, constituted the library and museum of the truly celebrated John Ludwig. In this hovel he lived till the year 1754, and while he was pursuing the study of philosophy at his leisure hours, he was indefatigable in his day labor as a peasant.

Mr. Hoffman, when he dismissed him, presented him with a hundred crowns, which filled all his wishes, and made him the happiest man in the world. With this sum he built himself a more commodious habitation in the middle of his vineyard, and procured a very considerable addition to his library, an article so essential to his happiness, that he declared to Mr. Hoffman, he would not accept the whole province in which he lived upon condition that he should renounce his studies, and that he had rather live on bread and water than withhold from his mind that food which his intellectual hunger perpetually required.

Here we are obliged to take leave of this extraordinary man, concerning the subsequent part of whose life we have no farther information. Had fortune placed him in a condition to enjoy the benefits of education, it is not improbable that he would now be classed with a Bacon, a Locke, a Newton, a Leibnitz, a Wolff—in a word, among the most distinguished luminaries of modern science.

THE

DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

FEW females have, in their time, attracted so large a portion of public notice as this celebrated lady, who was the daughter of Colonel Chudleigh, the descendant of an ancient family in the county of Devon. Her father dying while she was very young, the care of this his only daughter devolved on her mother, who had little more than the usual pension allotted to the widow of an officer for their mutual subsistence. Under these circumstances, Mrs. Chudleigh prudently availed herself of the best substitute for money —good connections. These the rank, situation, and habits of her husband had placed within her power. She hired a house fit, at that less refined period, for a fashionable town residence; and accommodated an inmate for the purpose of adding to the scantiness of her income.

Her daughter Elizabeth was soon distinguished for a brilliancy of repartee, and for other qualities highly recommendatory, because extremely pleasing. An opportunity offered for the display of them to every advantage. The father of our present gracious sovereign had his court at Leicester-House. Mr. Pulteney, who then

blazed as a meteor in the opposition, was honored with the particular regard of the Prince of Wales. Miss Chudleigh was introduced to Mr. Pulteney; and he obtained for her, at the age of about eighteen, the appointment of maid of honor to the Princess of Wales. Mr. Pulteney did more than thus place her in an elevated station; he endeavored to cultivate her understanding. To him Miss Chudleigh read; and with him, when separated by distance, she actually corresponded. Some improvement she obtained by this advantage, but the extreme vivacity of her disposition prevented her from making any considerable acquirements. Her maxim on every subject was, according to her own expression, to be "short, clear, and surprising." A voluminous author was, consequently, her aversion; and a prolix story, however interesting, disgusted her, merely from the circumstance of its prolixity. With such a pupil Mr. Pulteney could laugh, and, in despair of his literary instruction making any deep impression on the mind of his adopted fair one, he changed the scene, and endeavored to initiate her in the science of economy instead of books.

The station to which Miss Chudleigh was advanced, combined with many personal attractions, produced a number of admirers: some with titles, and others in the expectation of them. Among the former was his grace the Duke of Hamilton, whom Miss Gunning had afterwards the good fortune to obtain for a con-

sort. The duke was passionately fond of Miss Chudleigh, and pressed his suit with such ardor, as to obtain a solemn engagement on her part, that on his return from a tour, for which he was preparing, she would become his wife.—There were reasons why this event should not immediately take place; that the engagement would be fulfilled at the specified time, both parties considered as a moral certainty. A mutual pledge was given and accepted; the duke commenced his proposed tour, and the parting condition was, that he should write by every opportunity; Miss Chudleigh, of course, was bound to answer his epistles. Thus the arrangement of fortune seemed to have united a pair, who possibly might have experienced much happiness in the union; for between the Duke of Hamilton and Miss Chudleigh there was a similarity of disposition. Fate, however, had not destined them for each other.

Miss Chudleigh had an aunt whose name was Hanmer; at her house the Hon Mr. Hervey, son of the Earl of Bristol, and a captain in the royal navy, was a visitor. To this gentleman, Mrs. Hanmer became so exceedingly partial, that she favored his views on her niece, and engaged her efforts to effect, if possible, a matrimonial connection. There were two difficulties which would have been insurmountable, had they not been opposed by the fertile genius of a female. Miss Chudleigh disliked Captain Hervey, and she was betrothed to the Duke of Ha-

milton. To render this affiance nugatory, the letters of his grace were intercepted by Mrs. Hanmer; and, his supposed silence giving offence to her niece, she worked so successfully on her pride, as to induce her to abandon all thoughts of her lover, whose passion she had cherished with delight. A conduct the reverse of that imputed to the duke was observed by Captain Hervey. He was all that assiduity could dictate, or attention perform. He had daily access to Miss Chudleigh, and each interview was artfully improved by the aunt, to the promotion of her own views. The letters of his Grace of Hamilton, which regularly arrived, were as regularly suppressed; until, piqued beyond endurance, Miss Chudleigh was prevailed on to accept the hand of Captain Hervey; and, by a private marriage, to ensure the participation of his future honors and fortune. The ceremony was performed in a private chapel adjoining the country mansion of Mr. Merrill, at Lainston, near Winchester, in Hampshire.

On a review of life, every reflecting mind may easily trace the predominant evil experienced, to some wilful error, or injudicious mistake, which operated as a determinate cause, and gave the color to our fate. This was the case with Miss Chudleigh; for the hour she became united with Captain Hervey proved to her the origin of every subsequent unhappiness. The connubial rites were attended with consequences injurious to health, as well as unproductive of fecun-

dity; and, from the night following the day on which the marriage was solemnized, Miss Chudleigh resolved never to have further connection with her husband. To prevail on him not to claim her as his wife, required all the art of which she was mistress. The best dissuasive argument was, the loss of her situation as maid of honor, should the marriage be publicly known. The finances of Captain Hervey not enabling him, at the time, to compensate such a loss, this, most probably, operated as a prudential motive for his yielding to the entreaties of his wife. He did yield; but in a manner which, at times, indicated a strong desire to play the tyrant. In fact, as she frequently expressed herself:—"Her misery commenced with the arrival of Captain Hervey in England, and the greatest joy she experienced was the intelligence of his departure." Hence, while his ship remained at Spithead, or in the Downs, she trembled with apprehension lest the destination might be countermanded. A fair wind out of the Channel was the soother of her mind; and she was always extremely inquisitive as to the duration of the voyage, or cruise, as well as to the probable intervening accidents which might still retard it. Such were some of the immediate consequences of an union, brought about by artifice, effected clandestinely, and originating, in the one party from pique, in the other from a more reprehensible passion.

Miss Chudleigh, now Mrs. Hervey, a maid in appearance, a wife in disguise, seemed to those who judge from externals only, to be in an enviable situation. Of the higher circles she was the attractive centre; of gayer life, the invigorating spirit. Her royal mistress not only smiled on, but actually approved her. A few friendships she cemented, and conquests she made in such abundance, that, like Cæsar in triumph, she had a train of captives at her heels. Yet, with all this appearance of happiness, she wanted that, without which there is no happiness on earth—peace of mind. Her husband, quieted for a time, grew obstreperous as she became more the object of admiration. He felt his right, and was determined to assert it. She endeavored, by letter, to soothe him into peace; but her efforts were not successful. He demanded a private interview, and enforcing his demand by threats of exposure in case of refusal, she complied through compulsion. The meeting was at the apartment of Captain Hervey; a black servant only was in the house. On entering the room where he was, his first care was to prevent her retreat by locking the door. What passed may be easily imagined. Here was a wife burning with rage for past injuries sustained in her health, yet obliged to smother the flame of resentment, and assume the mildness of complacency—there a husband that felt himself the lord paramount over a defenceless woman, whose

hopes he had blasted, whose person he had defiled. "This," as the lady, when speaking of it, with tears in her eyes, used to say, "was an assignation with a vengeance." It ended, like every other interview which she had with Captain Hervey, unhappily for her. The fruit of this meeting was the addition of a boy to the human race. Cæsar Hawkins became the professional confidant on this occasion. Miss Chudleigh removed to Chelsea for a change of air, and returned to Leicester-house perfectly recovered from her indisposition. The infant soon sunk into the arms of death, leaving only the tale of its existence to be related.

While these and a variety of other circumstances were passing between Miss Chudleigh and her husband, the Duke of Hamilton arrived from his travels. He lost not a moment in paying his homage to the idol of his affections, and obtaining an explanation of the reason why his letters were unanswered. Flighty as he was in other respects, to Miss Chudleigh his constancy remained unshaken. The interview developed the whole, and placed Mrs. Hanmer in her true light, that of the authoress of mischief. But, as a palliation of past evil, the duke made a generous tender of his hand, where his heart was already centered. The rejection of this offer, which it was impossible to accept, and almost as impossible to explain the reason why it was rejected, occasioned emotions in the duke, which the imagination may conceive better than the

pen explain. Miss Chudleigh was even compelled to prohibit his visits. Several other nobles experienced a similar fate. This astonished the fashionable world: and the mother of Miss Chudleigh, who was a total stranger to the private marriage of her daughter, reprehended her folly in proper terms.

In order to relieve herself, at least for a time, from the embarrassments which environed her, Miss Chudleigh determined to travel. She embarked for the continent, and chose Germany for the theatre of her perigrinations. She resided some time at Berlin, then went to Dresden; and, as she aspired to the acquaintance of crowned heads, she was gratified by that of the Great Frederic of Prussia, who not only conversed but corresponded with her. In the Electress of Saxony she found a friend whose affection for her continued to the latest period of life. The electress was a woman of sense, honor, virtue and religion. Her letters were replete with kindness; while her hand distributed presents to Miss Chudleigh out of the treasury of abundance, her heart was interested for her happiness. This she afterwards evinced during her prosecution; for, at that time, a letter from the electress contained the following passage.—"You have long experienced my love; my revenue, my protection, my every thing you may command. Come then, my dear life, to an asylum of peace. Quit a country where, if you are bequeathed a cloak, some pretender may start up, and ruin you

by law, to prove it not your property. Let me have you at Dresden."

On her return from the continent, Miss Chudleigh ran the career of pleasure, enlivened the court circles, and each year became more ingratiated with the mistress whom she served; she was the leader of fashion; played whist with Lord Chesterfield, and revelled with Lady Harrington and Miss Ashe. She was a constant visitant at all public places, and in 1742, appeared at a masqued ball in the character of Iphigenia. The ready pencil of an ingenious artist was employed on this occasion, and the portrait which accompanies this memoir is taken from the drawing that was then executed.

Reflection, however put off for the day, too frequently intruded an unwelcome visit at night. Captain Hervey, like a perturbed spirit, was eternally crossing the path trodden by his wife. Was she in the rooms at Bath, he was sure to be there. At a rout, ridotto, or ball, this destroyer of peace embittered every pleasure, and blighted the fruit of happiness by the malignancy of his presence. As a proof of his disposition to annoy, he menaced his wife with an intimation that he would disclose the marriage to the Princess of Wales. In this Miss Chudleigh anticipated him, by being the first relater of the circumstance. Her royal mistress heard and pitied her. She continued her patronage to the hour of her death.

At length stratagem was either suggested, or it occurred to Miss Chudleigh, at once to deprive Captain Hervey of the power to claim her as his wife. The clergyman who had married them was dead. The register-book was in careless hands. A handsome compliment was paid for the inspection, and, while the person in whose custody it was listened to an amusing story, Miss Chudleigh tore out the register. Thus imagining the business accomplished, she for a time bade defiance to her husband, whose taste for the softer sex subsiding from some unaccountable cause, occasioned Miss Chudleigh a cessation of inquietude. Her better fate influenced in her favor the heart of a man who was the exemplar of amiability. This was the late Duke of Kingston. Meanwhile Captain Hervey had succeeded to the earldom of Bristol. With rank he obtained fortune; and both were inviting objects to the mind of our heroine. When a succession to the family honors and revenue became highly probable, a short period before it took place, Miss Chudleigh went to the house of Mr. Merrill, in whose chapel she was married. Her ostensible reason was a jaunt out of town; her real design was to procure, if possible, the insertion of her marriage with Captain Hervey in the book, which, in order to destroy the written evidence of that marriage, she had formerly mutilated. With this view she dealt out promises with a liberal hand. The officiating clerk, who

was a person of various avocations, was to be promoted to the extent of his wishes. The book was managed by the lady to her content, and she returned to London, secretly exulting in the excellence and success of her machination. She did, it is true, succeed, but it was in laying the ground-work of that very evidence which operated afterwards to her conviction.

Such was the situation of Miss Chudleigh, when the Duke of Kingston became her admirer. Re-married, as it were, by her own stratagem, the participation of ducal honors became legally impossible. The chains of wedlock, which the lady had been so industrious in shaking off, or putting on, as seemed most suitable to her views, were now galling to an excess. Every advice was taken, but the means of liberation were beyond the power of human device. To acquiesce in that which could not be remedied, seemed the only alternative. The Duke of Kingston's attachment was ardent, and truly sincere. He mingled the friend with the lover; nor was there an endearing title under heaven he would not have assumed, could but the assumption have really advanced the happiness of Miss Chudleigh. For a series of years they cohabited, yet with such observance of external decorum, that, although their intimacy was a moral, it was not an evidenced certainty. That the felicity of the duke was in any measure promoted by this union, cannot be asserted consistently with truth. The characters of the parties were diametrically oppo-

site. The duke was mild, gracious, unassuming and bashful in the extreme. He had every grace that is expected in a man of rank. Ostentation he so much detested, that it was his custom in perambulating the streets to fold back the front of his coat, so as to hide the star; and, whenever by accident it was discovered, the disclosure caused an involuntary blush. His lady possessed very different qualities. In vociferating anger she might have vied with Juno. She was ostentatious to an excess; and so little refined were her feelings, that the grossest flattery was an animating cordial to her spirits. It revived her, when more rational succors failed of effect. Thus contrarily gifted and disposed, the duke and Miss Chudleigh were frequently on discordant terms—but she had a strong hold on his mind, and the use made of it was finally to ruin herself.

The Earl of Bristol, by time and attachments had grown so weary of the connubial state, as to be cordially desirous of a change. At first, when sounded on the subject of a divorce, he had used this expression—"I will see the b——h at the devil, before her vanity shall be gratified by being a duchess." Afterwards, however, there being a lady to whom he wished to offer his hand, he so altered his tone, as to express a readiness to consent to any possible means of annihilating the union subsisting between him and Miss Chudleigh. The civilians were consulted; a jactitation suit was instituted. The evidence

that could prove the marriage was kept back. Lord Bristol failing, as it was designed he should fail, in substantiating the marriage, a sentence of the court pronouncing the nullity of the claim, concluded the business. The object now to be obtained was, a legal opinion as to the operative power of such a sentence; and the civilians, highly tenacious of the rights of their own courts, adjudged the decree not liable to be disturbed by the interference of any extrinsic court of judicature. Under conviction of perfect safety, therefore, the marriage between his grace of Kingston and Miss Chudleigh was publicly solemnized. The favors were worn by the highest personages in the kingdom; and, during the life of the duke, not any attempt was made to dispute the legality of the procedure. The fortune was not entailed; his grace had, therefore, the option to bequeath it as seemed best to his own inclination. The heirs since, were then expectants; the claims rested on hope, not certainty. The duchess figured without apprehension or control. She was raised to the pinnacle of her fortune, and for a very few years did she enjoy that which the chicanery of her life had been directed to accomplish, the parade of title, without that honor which alone can ennoble.

To check her in the career of enjoyment, and finally put an end to all her greatness, the Duke of Kingston died. His will, excluding from every benefit an elder, and preferring a younger nephew as his heir in tail, gave rise to a prosecu-

cution of the duchess, which ended in the beggary of her prosecutor, and the exile of herself. The demise of the Duke of Kingston was not sudden or unexpected. Being attacked with a paralytic affection, he lingered but a short time, and that time was employed by his consort in journeying his grace about, under the futile idea of prolonging his life by change of air and situation. At last, when real danger seemed to threaten, even in the opinion of the duchess, she dispatched one of her swiftest-footed messengers to her solicitor, Mr. Field, of the Temple, requiring his immediate attendance. He obeyed the summons, and, arriving at the house, the duchess privately imparted her wishes, which were, that he would procure the duke to execute, and be himself a subscribing witness, to a will made without his knowledge, and more to the taste of the duchess, than that which he had executed. The difference between these two wills was this. The duke had bequeathed the income of his estates to his relict during her life, and expressly under condition of her continuing in a state of widowhood. Perfectly satisfied, however, as the duchess appeared, with whatever was the inclination of her dearest lord, she could not resist the seeming opportunity of carrying her secret wishes into effect. She did not relish the temple of Hymen being shut against her. Earnestly, therefore, did she press Mr. Field to have her own will immediately executed, which left her at liberty to give her hand to the

conqueror of her heart. The duchess, in her anxiety to have the restraint shaken off, had nearly deprived herself of every benefit derivable from the demise of the duke. When Mr. Field was introduced to his grace, his intellects were perceptibly affected. He knew the friends who approached him, and a transient knowledge of their persons was the only indication of mental exertion which seemed to be left him. Mr. Field very properly remonstrated on the impropriety of introducing a will for execution to a man in such a state. This occasioned a severe reprehension from the duchess, who reminded him that his business was only to obey the instructions of his employer. Feeling, however, for his professional character, he positively refused either to tender the will, or be in any manner concerned in endeavoring to procure the execution. With this refusal he quitted the house, the duchess beholding him with an indignant eye as the annoyer of her scheme, when, in fact, by not complying with it, he was rendering her an essential service: for, had the will she proposed been executed, it would most indubitably have been set aside. The heirs would consequently have excluded the relict from every thing, except that to which the right of dower entitled her; and, the marriage being invalidated, the lady in this, as in other respects, would have been ruined by her own stratagem. Soon after the frustration of this attempt, the duke of Kingston expired.

No sooner were the funeral rites performed, than the duchess adjusted her affairs, and embarked for the continent, proposing Rome for her temporary residence. Ganganelli at that time filled the papal see. From the moderation of his principles, the tolerant spirit which he on every occasion displayed, and the marked attention he bestowed on the English, he acquired the title of the Protestant Pope. To such a character the duchess was a welcome visitor. Ganganelli treated her with the utmost civility, gave her, as a sovereign prince, many privileges, and she was lodged in the palace of one of the cardinals. Her vanity being thus gratified, her grace, in return, treated the Romans with a public spectacle. She had built an elegant pleasure-yacht; a gentleman who had served in the navy, was the commander; under her orders he sailed for Italy; and the vessel, at considerable trouble and some expense, was conveyed up the Tiber. The sight of an English yacht there was uncommon. It drew the people in crowds to the shore, and the applause was general through the city. This seemed to be the æra of festivity and happiness; but, while the bark floated triumphantly on the undulations of the Tiber, a business was transacting in England, which put an end to all momentary bliss.

Mrs. Cradock, who, in the capacity of a domestic, had been present during the ceremony of marriage between Miss Chudleigh and Lord Bristol, found herself so reduced in circum-

stances that she applied to Mr. Field for pecuniary relief. He saw her, and most injudiciously refused her every succor. In vain she urged her distress, and the absence of the duchess, who was the only person on whose munificence she had the justest claim. Field was deaf to her intreaties; she then told him what was in her power to discover. To many circumstances which she related he was an entire stranger, and he affected to discredit the rest. Mrs. Cradock ended the interview with a menace that she would make the relations of the Duke of Kingston acquainted with every important particular. Field set her at defiance: and, thus exposed to penury, she was exasperated to vengeance, and instantly set about the work of ruin.

His grace of Kingston had borne a marked dislike to one of his nephews, Mr. Evelyn Meadows, one of the sons of his sister, Lady Frances Pierpoint. This gentleman being excluded from the presumptive heirship, joyfully received the information that a method of doing himself substantial justice yet remained. He saw Mrs. Cradock; heard the detail of evidence which she offered: and perfectly satisfied as to its accuracy, he had a bill of indictment for bigamy preferred against the reputed widow of the Duke of Kingston. The bill was found. Mr. Field had notice of the procedure, and the duchess was properly advised to return instantly to England and appear to the indictment, to prevent an outlawry.

An immediate return to England was the only measure that could now be adopted by her grace, who, on recovering the little of her judgment which was left, drove to the house of Mr. Jenkins, at that time banker to all the British travellers who visited the Roman capital. The opponents of the duchess endeavored to prevent her return to England, by a species of artful policy, exactly suited to the lady with whom they had to deal. The duchess had placed securities in the hands of Mr. Jenkins for the sums she might occasionally require. He was perfectly safe in regard to any advance he might make.—Yet, apprized that the duchess would call on him for money to defray the expense of her journey to England, he avoided seeing her. On the first announcement of his not being at home, it was passed over as a mere unfortunate incident: but on the visits being repeated, and the denials being as frequent, the conduct was justly imputed to design. The scheme was to delay the return of the duchess, so that an outlawry might be obtained, which, in the eye of imagination, appeared the probable method of acquiring the estates of the late duke. This was folly; because the will of his grace, in his own hand writing, was so guarded, as not to be attacked with the remotest possibility of success. Such, however, was the idea; and, from whatever presumable motive it originated, Mr. Jenkins assuredly coincided in the plan. Aware of this, the duchess was incessant in her applications: and, finding

all her effortsto see Mr. Jenkins fail, she pocketed a brace of pistols, returned to his house, and, receiving the usual answer that he was not at home, she seated herself on the steps of the door, and declared her determination there to remain until he returned, were it for a week, a month, or a year. She knew that business would compel his return, and, finding it impracticable any longer to elude an interview, Mr. Jenkins appeared. As the duchess possessed that blessed gift of utterance for which ladies of spirit are sometimes so eminent, it may be supposed that the conversation with the banker was not of the mildest kind. Money was demanded, not asked. A little prevarication ensued; but the production of a pistol served as the most powerful mode of reasoning; the necessary sum was instantly obtained, and the duchess quitted Rome.

We are now to behold the object of our history in a light pitiable in the extreme. About to combat a prosecution, the event of which the monitor within must inform the culprit would be fatal; attended only by domestics, and wanting the consolation of a friend, each step was a nearer approach to misery, and every hour was filled with the anticipation of future woe. This was enough to overpower nature; nor will it be deemed surprising that, under such oppressive circumstances, the health of the duchess should be considerably impaired. Her journey was retarded before she reached the Alps. A violent fever seemed to seize on her

vitals: but she recovered, to the astonishment of her attendants. An abscess then formed in her side, which rendering it impossible for her to endure the motion of the carriage, a kind of litter was provided, in which she slowly travelled. In this situation, nature was relieved by the breaking of the abscess: and, after a tediously painful journey, the duchess reached Calais. At that place she made a pause, and there it was that her apprehension got the better of her reason. In idea she was fettered, and incarcerated in the worst cell of the worst prison in London. She was totally ignorant of the bailable nature of her offence, and by consequence expected the utmost that can be imagined. Colonel West, a brother of the late Lord Delaware, whom the duchess had known in England, became her principal associate; but he was not lawyer enough to satisfy her doubts. By the means of former connections, and through a benevolence in his own nature, the Earl of Mansfield had a private meeting with the duchess. The venerable peer conducted himself in a manner which did honor to his heart and character.

Her spirits being soothed by the interview, the duchess embarked for Dover, landed, drove post to Kingston-House, and found friends displaying both zeal and alacrity in her cause. The first measure taken was to have the duchess bailed. This was done before Lord Mansfield; his Grace of Newcastle, Lord Mountstuart, Mr. Glover, and other characters of rank, attending. The

manner of adjusting this disagreeable matter was such as to solace the mind, and prepare it for a greater encounter. The prosecution and consequent trial of the duchess, becoming objects of magnitude, the public curiosity and expectation were proportionably excited. The duchess had through life distinguished herself as a most eccentric character. Her turn of mind was original, and many of her actions were without a parallel: even when she moved in the sphere of amusement, it was in a style peculiarly her own. If others invited admiration by a partial display of their charms at a masquerade, she at once threw off the veil, and set censure at defiance. Thus at a midnight assembly, where Bacchus revelled, and the altars of Venus were encircled by the votaries of love, the duchess, then Miss Chudleigh, appeared almost in the unadorned simplicity of primitive nature.

The dilemma, therefore, into which she was thrown by the pending prosecution, was to such a character of the most perplexing kind. She had in a manner invited the disgrace, by neglecting the means of preventing it. Mrs. Cradock, the only existing evidence against her, had personally solicited a maintenance for the remaining years of her life; and had voluntarily offered, in case an annual stipend should be settled on her, to retire to her native village, and never more intrude. The offer was rejected by the duchess, who would only consent to allow her twenty pounds a year, on condition of her

sequestering herself in some place near the Peak of Derbyshire. This the duchess considered as a most liberal offer; and she expressed her astonishment that the "Old D—— l," as she used to call her, should have had the assurance to reject it. It was, however, rejected with the utmost scorn: and she who was refused a paltry pittance, except on condition of banishing herself for life, might afterwards have received thousands to abscond.

Under the assurances of her lawyers, the duchess was as quiet as the troublesome monitor in her bosom would permit her to be. Reconciled therefore, in some measure, to the encounter, the repose of the duchess was on a sudden interrupted by an adversary from a different quarter. This was the celebrated Foote, who, mixing in the first circles of fashion, was perfectly acquainted with the leading transactions of the duchess's life. Besides this, he had received much private information from some person who had been intimate with her, and resolved to turn it to his advantage. As, in the opinion of Mandeville, private vices are public benefits: so Foote deemed the crimes and vices of individuals lawful game for his wit. On this principle he proceeded with the Duchess of Kingston. He wrote a piece entitled, "A Trip to Calais." The scenes were humorous, the character of the duchess was most admirably drawn, and the object was accomplished, namely, to make her ashamed of herself. The real design, however, of Foote,

was to obtain money from the duchess for suppressing the piece. With this view he contrived to have it communicated to her grace, that the Haymarket Theatre would open with an entertainment, in which she was taken off to the life. Alarmed at this, she sent for Foote, who attended with the piece in his pocket. She desired him to read part of it; he obeyed; and proceeding in the character of Lady Kitty Crocodile, the duchess could no longer forbear. She rose in a violent passion, and exclaimed, "This is scandalous, Mr. Foote! Why, what a wretch you have made me!"—"You!" replied the humorist, "this is not designed for your grace; it is not you!" After a few turns about the room, the duchess became more composed, and, assuming a smile, entreated as a favor that Mr. Foote would leave the piece for her perusal, engaging at the same time to return it on the ensuing morning. He readily complied, and took his leave. Being thus left to consider her own picture, so much did her grace dislike it, that she determined, if possible, to prevent its exposure to public view. As the artist had no objection to sell it, she was inclined to be the purchaser. This was the next morning made known to Foote, who was questioned as to the sum which would satisfy him for suppressing the piece. Proportioning his expectations to her power of gratifying them, he demanded two thousand pounds, and a certain sum in compensation for a loss which, he pretended, would be

sustained by the scenes designed for the "Trip to Calais" being appropriated to other uses.—The magnitude of this demand staggered the duchess. She intimated her extreme surprize, and a wish that the request were moderated within the boundary of reason. Concluding that she must at last comply, Foote would not abate one guinea. She offered fourteen, then sixteen hundred pounds, and had actually signed a draft on Messrs. Drummond and Co. for that sum for his acceptance. This compliance induced Foote to think he should finally succeed, till, by grasping at too much, he overstood his market, and lost every thing.

The demand of Foote might at any other time have passed among the indifferent events of the hour, as wholly undeserving of the public notice. Those long connected with the duchess, and in habits of intimacy, felt the attack made on her, as directed by a ruffian hand, at a moment when she was least able to make any resistance. His grace the Duke of Newcastle was consulted. The chamberlain of the household was apprized of the circumstance; and his prohibitory interference was earnestly solicited. He sent for the manuscript copy of "The Trip to Calais," perused and censured it. This occasioned a remonstrating letter from Foote to the Earl of Hertford, at that time in office.

Besides these, and other powerful aids, the duchess called in professional advice. The sages of the robe were consulted, and their opinions

were, "That the piece was a malicious libel; and that, should it be represented, a short-hand writer ought to be employed by the duchess to attend on the night of representation, to minute each offensive passage, as the ground-work of a prosecution." This advice was followed. Blanchard was the person selected, and his admission fee being properly guaranteed, a complete entrapment was supposed to be laid for Foote. Whether he received private intimation of the scheme, or whether he found that his attempt on the purse of the duchess excited the displeasure of those whose favors were of consequence to him; he certainly began to be intimidated. He denied that he had ever made so exorbitant a demand as two thousand pounds for the suppression of the piece. This denial contributed to his injury, because the Rev. Mr. Foster, a clergyman of respectability, considerably advanced in years, and who had, through life, mingled with the great world, voluntarily came forward, and made an affidavit of the following facts: "That, in consequence of the threat to perform the "Trip to Calais," he waited upon Mr. Foote, and remonstrated with him on the extreme barbarity of such an attack, at such a particular juncture: that Mr. Foote had only agreed to suppress the piece on condition of his receiving from the duchess the sum of two thousand pounds." This affidavit was so complete a refutation of the denial, as not to leave it in the power of ingenuity to retort; and the pub-

lic testimony of Mr. Foster had every desired effect.

Thus defeated in point of fact, Foote found himself baffled also in point of design. The chamberlain would not permit the piece to be represented. Foote now had recourse to another expedient. He caused it to be intimated to her, "that it was in his power to publish if not to perform: but were his expences reimbursed (and the sum which her grace had formerly offered would do the business) he would desist." This being communicated to the duchess, she in this, as in too many cases, asked the opinion of her friends, with a secret determination to follow her own. Foote, finding that she began to yield, pressed his desire incessantly: and she had actually provided bills to the amount of 1600l., which she would have given Foote, but for the following circumstance:— The late Earl of Peterborough, Doctor Isaac Schomberg, the Rev. Mr. Foster, and Mr. Field the solicitor, were alternately consulted, and they severally reprobated the demand as a scandalous imposition, with which it would be weakness to comply. Doctor Schomberg, in particular declared, "That although he had been for many years intimate with Foote, and had spent some of the pleasantest hours of his life in his company, yet he would tell him to his face, as a man, that he deserved to be run through the body for such an attempt. It was more ignoble than the conduct of a highwayman."

This pointed language, dictated by the feelings of an honorable heart, had considerable effect; but still the duchess dreaded the pen, almost as much as the personified humor of Foote; and of the powers of literary defence she was herself entirely destitute. At this juncture the Rev. Mr. Jackson being asked his opinion of the demand of Foote, returned this answer: "Instead of complying with it, your grace should obtain complete evidence of the menace and demand, and then consult your counsel whether a prosecution will not lie for endeavoring to extort money by threats. Your grace must remember the attack on the first Duke of Marlborough, whom a stranger, who had formed a design either on his purse or his interest, endeavored to menace into a compliance."

This answer struck the Earl of Peterborough and Mr. Foster very forcibly, as in perfect coincidence with their own opinions. Mr. Jackson was then solicited to wait on Mr. Foote; Mr. Foster, the chaplain of the duchess, professing himself to be too far advanced in years to enter into the field of literary combat. Mr. Jackson consented to be the champion on the following condition, "That the duchess would give her honor never to retract her determination not to let Foote extort from her a single guinea." Her grace subscribing to this condition, Mr. Jackson waited on Mr. Foote at his house in Suffolk-street. After the usual compliments,

Mr. Jackson told him, "That he came as a friend of the Duchess of Kingston, and wished to be favored with a categorical answer to this question: Whether Mr. Foote meant to publish the piece which the chamberlain had refused to licence, called, "A Trip to Calais?" Mr. Foote was about to enter into a long detail respecting the vast expence which had been incurred, when Mr. Jackson interrupted him thus:—"If, sir, you mean to intimate an expectation that the whole, or any part of it, should be defrayed by the duchess I fairly tell you that you will find yourself mistaken; she will not give you one guinea." Foote endeavored to turn this off by a laugh; and, instead of replying to the point, he begged Mr. Jackson would hear him read a letter, which he had written to the Earl of Hertford, complaining of the hardship of prohibiting the representation of a piece merely because some lady of quality might suppose herself ridiculed for pinning her tucker awry. There was point, wit, and brilliancy, in the letter, but it was not an answer to the question. Mr. Jackson, therefore, finally repeated it, when Mr. Foote said, "Oh, I shall certainly publish the piece, unless the duchess will consider the heavy loss which I shall sustain. But why the devil does Isaac Schomberg interfere? We shall hunt down these reps of quality in couples. Besides, Lady Kitty Crocodile will suit nine out of ten widows of fashion in the kingdom. Their d—d

tears are like a shower in sunshine, refreshing their weeds, and making their faces look the brighter." Mr. Jackson was about to retire, when Foote said, "What! and so I am to be attacked if I publish the Trip to Calais." Mr. Jackson replied, "The publication will be an attack from you, Mr. Foote; the effect of which, I, as the friend of the duchess, will do my utmost to prevent." Here the interview ended.

Foote, however, still wished to have matters compromised. To this end he addressed a letter to the duchess, which began with stating, "That a member of the privy-council, and a friend of her grace, (by whom he meant the Duke of Newcastle) had conversed with him on the subject of the dispute between them; and that for himself, he was ready to have every thing adjusted." This letter afforded the duchess a triumph. There was a concession in every line. She sent for Mr. Jackson; thanked him ten thousand times for his interference; declared that he had saved her 1600l. She shewed him the letter which she had received from Foote, and desired him, in her name, to answer it, and publish both. This he declined, alledging that a newspaper controversy would degrade her. She, however, thought otherwise. Foote's letter, her grace's answer, and the rejoinder of the wit, appeared. In the latter, Foote compared the duchess to the weeping widow renowned in ancient story, converting her weeds into canonicals for Mr. Jackson, and applied the following line,

as applicable to her supposed amorous condition:—

"So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love."

This farce served to turn, for a time, the current of attention into a different channel: but it becoming necessary, in the progress of events, to adopt some serious measures, either to evade or to meet the pending prosecution, the duchess openly affected an earnest desire to have the trial, if possible, accelerated. Secretly, however, she was employed in trying every stratagem which art could devise to elude the measures taken against her. A very favorable opportunity offered, which, had she embraced it, her purpose would have been accomplished. It became a matter of debate in the house of peers, whether the trial of her grace should, or should not, be carried on in Westminster-hall. The expense to be incurred by the nation was, by several peers, considered as introducing a burden wholly unnecessary. Lord Mansfield endeavored to avail himself of this objection in favor of the duchess, whom it was his private wish to have saved from the exposure of a trial, and the ignominy of what he well knew must follow, a conviction. Here then was the critical instant in which the duchess might have extricated herself. A hint was privately conveyed to her that the sum of 10,000l. would satisfy every expectation, and put an end to the prosecution. This hint was improved into an authoritative proposal.

The duchess was entreated by her friends to embrace the measure; but through a fatal confidence, either in her legal advisers, her own machinations, or in both, she refused the proposal with an air of insult. This was folly in the extreme, and yet it was deserving pity, because it was folly misguided. Under every assurance of safety, the duchess assumed an air of indifference about the business, which but ill accorded with her situation. She talked of the absolute necessity of setting out for Rome: affected to have some material business to transact with the pope; and took, in consequence, every measure in her power, to accelerate the trial, as if the regular pace of justice were not swift enough to overtake her. She did not, however, abandon her manœuvring. On the contrary, at the moment in which she had claimed her privilege as a peeress, and petitioned for a speedy trial, she was busied in a scheme to get rid of the principal evidence, Mrs. Cradock, and prevail on her to quit the kingdom. A near relation of this woman was a deliverer of penny-post letters. He was spoken to, and he engaged to let the duchess have an interview with Mrs. Cradock; but her grace was to be disguised, and to reveal herself only after some conversation. The stratagem was adopted. The duchess changed her sex in appearance, and waited at the appointed hour and place without seeing either Mrs. Cradock or the person who had promised to effect the meeting. The fact was, that every particular of this

business had been communicated to the prosecutors, who instructed the letter-carrier to pretend an acquiescence in the scheme.

Thus baffled in a prospect which had a plausible appearance of success, the only method left was the best possible arrangement of matters preparatory to the trial. On the 15th day of April, 1776, the business came on in Westminster-hall. It was of five days continuance, and the principal object argued was the admission, or not, of a sentence of the spiritual court, in a suit of jactitation of marriage, so as to stop the proof of a marriage in an indictment for polygamy. The judges deciding against the admission of such a sentence in bar to evidence, the fact of the two marriages was most clearly proved, and a conviction of course followed. The solemn business being concluded, the prosecutors had a plan in embryo to confine the Countess of Bristol (for so, after conviction, she in reality was) to this country; and to have her deprived of her personal property. A writ of "*Ne exeat regno*" was preparing, of which the lady received private notice; and, being advised instantaneously to leave the kingdom, she caused her carriage to be driven about the most public streets of the metropolis, invited a select party to dine at Kingston-house, the better to cover her design, while in an hired post-chaise she travelled to Dover. Mr. Harding, the captain of her yacht, was there, and he conveyed her in the first open boat that could be obtained, to Calais.

Mons. Dessein, to whose hotel she proceeded, received her with more complaisance than cordiality: for, in France, the conviction was understood to have deprived her of all her possessions, real and personal. Dessein, therefore, intimated that he was highly honored in the choice she had made of his hotel, but that he could not accommodate her with a suite of rooms. She was fatigued both in body and mind; rest, therefore, even in a room on the attic story, would have been most welcome. While the duchess retired, Dessein contrived means to investigate the state of her finances; and, being informed that she was still in receipt of the income from her estates, he, next morning, brightened up his features, and was the happiest being on earth to acquaint her, that the company who had occupied apartments suitable in every respect for *Madame la Duchesse*, were gone to Paris, and, consequently, they were devoted to her use, if she should so please. This complaisance answered Dessein's purpose. She remained at the hotel long enough to lend him a thousand pounds, when he complained of her parsimony, and compelled her, by disrespectful treatment, to seek another abode. The money lent Dessein was not forthcoming. The only accommodation which the duchess could ever obtain, was to take the demand out in *fire-wood*. If a pun be excusable, this was a *burning* shame in Mons. Dessein.

During her absence some incidents had happened at Rome, of which she received advice, and which rendered it necessary for her once more to visit that renowned city. In the public bank she had deposited her plate for safety, when she set out for England; and in her palace she had left a Spanish friar, and an English girl, whom she had carried with her to Italy. The friar found means to seduce the girl, and to convert great part of the moveables to his own advantage, after which he absconded.

Of these transactions the duchess was informed by letter. The necessity of an immediate journey to Rome was urgent, and she set out as soon as she could expedite the necessary preparations. On her arrival, she was waited on by Cardinal Albini, to whom he communicated the particulars of the behavior of the friar, prudently reserving the circumstance of the attack made by one of the cardinal's brotherhood on the chastity of the girl. Her situation was not the present object of thought. The question was, how the property embezzled by the friar could be re-obtained. The girl sobbed, shed tears in abundance, and on her knees entreated forgiveness; but, with all this submissive penitence, she could scarcely obtain the attention of a moment. All hope of regaining the valuables becoming visionary, to withdraw the plate out of the public bank, and transport it safely from Italy, was the sole object of negociation; in this the du-

chess proving successful, she returned to Calais.

The expeditious communication between that place and England afforded the earliest intelligence relative to the proceedings of her opponents. Their business was now to set aside, if possible, the will of the Duke of Kingston. There was not a probability of their succeeding in the attempt; but still the attempt was to be made. This kept alive the apprehension of danger in the mind of the duchess: and, so long as that apprehension subsisted, it was necessary, in policy, to affect a particular regard for certain persons in England, who had the power of rendering her a service. Among these was Dr. Schomberg, who in return for the zeal he manifested in her cause, was presented in her name with a ring brilliantly encircled, the stone a deep blue, and upon it the words *Pour l'Amitié*. The intrinsic value was never once considered by Schomberg; it was the presumable tribute of gratitude which affected the mind. He wore the ring, and almost in every company he proclaimed the donor. But a short portion of time elapsed before one of the encircling brilliants fell out, and, to have it replaced, a jeweller was sent for. When he came, he looked first at the ring, then at Doctor Schomberg; and, on being asked when he could do what was necessary, the jeweller answered: "I hope you will not be offended, Sir; but it is not really worth your

while to have any thing done; the middle stone is a composition, and the whole did not cost more in Paris than six-and-thirty shillings."—"Is that the case?" said the doctor; "then I will soon dispose of it." He first trampled the contemptible bauble under his feet, and then threw it out of the window.

The will of his grace of Kingston receiving every confirmation which the courts of justice could give; to dissipate, rather than expend, the income of his estates, appeared to be the leading rule of her life. A house which she had purchased at Calais was not sufficient for the purpose of perplexities; a mansion at Mont Martre, near Paris, was fixed on, and the purchase of it negociated in as short a time as the duchess could desire. There were only a few obstacles to enjoyment, which were not considered until the purchase was completed. The house was in so ruinous a condition, as to be in momentary danger of falling. The land was more like the field of the slothful than the vineyard of the industrious. These evils were not perceived by the duchess till she was in possession of her wishes. A law suit with the owner of the estate was the consequence of the agreement. The duchess went to Petersburgh, and returned to France before it was finished. The manner in which this suit was adjudicated, proved the ultimate cause of her death.

Besides this trivial purchase, another was

made by the duchess, the scale of which was truly grand. The brother of the then French monarch was the owner of a domain, according in every respect with his dignity. This was the territory of St. Assize, at a pleasant distance from Paris, abounding in game of different species, and rich in all the luxuriant embellishments of nature. The mansion was fit for the brother of a king; it contained three hundred beds. The value of such an estate was too considerable to be expected in one payment; she therefore agreed to discharge the whole of the sum demanded, which was fifty-five thousand pounds, by instalments. The purchase on the part of the duchess was a good one. It afforded not only game, but rabbits in plenty; and, finding them to be of superior quality and flavour, the duchess, during the first week of her possession, had as many killed and sold as brought her three hundred guineas. At Petersburgh, she had been a distiller of brandy, and now at Paris, she turned rabbit-merchant.

Such was her situation, when one day while she was at dinner, her servants received the intelligence that judgment respecting the house near Paris had been awarded against her. The sudden communication of the news produced an agitation of her whole frame. She flew into a violent passion, and burst an internal blood-vessel; even this, however, she appeared to have surmounted, until a few days afterwards, when preparing to rise from her bed, a servant who

had long been with her, endeavored to dissuade her from it. The duchess addressed her thus: "I am not very well, but I will rise." On a remonstrance being attempted, she said, "At your peril disobey me: I will get up and walk about the room; ring for the secretary to assist me." She was obeyed, dressed, and the secretary entered the chamber. The duchess then walked about, complained of thirst, and said, "I could drink a glass of my fine Madeira, and eat a slice of toasted bread. I shall be quite well afterwards; but let it be a large glass of wine."—The attendant reluctantly brought, and the duchess drank the wine. She then said, "I am perfectly recovered; I knew the Madeira would do me good. My heart feels oddly. I will have another glass." The servant here observed, that such a quantity of wine in the morning might intoxicate rather than benefit. The duchess persisted in her orders, and, the second glass of Madeira being produced, she drank that also, and pronounced herself to be charmingly indeed. She then walked a little about the room, and afterwards said, "I will lie down on the couch; I can sleep, and after that I shall be entirely recovered." She seated herself on the couch, a female having hold of each hand. In this situation she soon appeared to have fallen into a sound sleep, until the women felt her hands colder than ordinary; and the duchess was found to have expired as the wearied labourer sinks into the arms of rest. She died August 26, 1796.

THOMAS PARR.

THE celebrated Thomas Par, or Parr, was one of the oldest post-diluvians, of whom we have any authentic account. In the year 1635, John Taylor, commonly called the Water Poet, published a pamphlet, entitled, "The Olde, Olde, Very Olde Man: Or, The Age, and Long Life of Thomas Par, the Sonne of John Parr, of Winnington, in the Parish of Alberbury, in the County of Salopp (or Shropshire) who was born in the reign of King Edward the IVth. and is now living in the Strand, being aged 152 years and odd monthes. His manner of life and conversation in so long a pilgrimage; his marriages, and his bringing up to London about the end of September last, 1635."

From this scarce performance, which is almost the only work of authenticity that contains any particulars concerning the venerable subject of this article, we shall present the reader with a few extracts.

"The right honorable Thomas Earl of Arundell and Surrey, earl marshall of England, &c. being lately in Shropshire to visit some lands and manors, which his lordship holds in that county; or, for some other occasions of importance, the

report of this aged man was certified to his honor; who hearing of so remarkable a piece of antiquity, his lordship was pleased to see him, and in his innate noble and Christian piety, he took him into his charitable tuition and protection; commanding a litter and two horses, (for the more easy carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with age) to be provided for him; also, that a daughter-in-law of his (named Lucye) should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her owne riding with him; and to cheere up the olde man, and make him merry; there was an antique-faced fellow, called Jacke, or John the Foole, with a high and mighty no beard, that had also a horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the country to London, by easie journies, the charges being allowed by his lordship: and likewise one of his honour's own servants, named Brian Kelly, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expences; all which was done accordingly as followeth.

"Winnington is a hamlet in the parish of Alberbury, near a place called the Welsh Poole, eight miles from Shrewsbury; from whence he was carried to Wim, a towne of the earle's aforesaid; and the next day to Sheffnall, a (mannour house of his lordship's) where they likewise staied one night; from Sheffnall they came to Woolverhampton, and the next day to Brimicham, from thence to Coventry, and although Master Kelley had much to do, to keepe the people off

that pressed upon him, in all places where he came, yet at Coventry he was most opprest: for they came in such multitudes to see the olde man, that those who defended him were almost quite tyred and spent, and the aged man in danger to have been stifeled; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly, that Bryan was in doubt he should bring his charge no further; (so greedy are the vulgar to hearken to, or gaze after novelties.)

"The trouble being over, the next day they passed to Daventry, to Stony Stratford, to Redburn, and so to London, where he is well entertained and accommodated with all things, having all the aforesaid attendants, at the sole charge and cost of his lordship."

The above-mentioned writer then proceeds to inform us in verse, that "John Parr, (a man that lived by husbandry)

"Begot this Thomas Parr, and born was hee
The yeare of fourteen hundred, eighty three.
And as his father's living and his trade,
Was plough and cart, scithe, sickle, bill, and spade;
The harrow, mattock, flayle, rake, fork, and goad,
And whip, and how to load and to unload:
Old Tom hath shew'd himself the son of John,
And from his father's function has not gone."

He then continues:

"Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by record appeares.
Nine monthes, one hundred and two yeares.
For by records, and true c e,
From Shropshiere late, el
That hee lived sev John father,
And eighteen with r

To be full thirty-five; his sire's decease
Left him foure yeares possession of a lease;
Which past, Lewis Porter gentleman, did then
For twenty-one yeares grant his lease agen;
That lease expir'd, the son of Lewis, called John,
Let him the like lease, and that time being gone,
Then Hugh, the son of John, (last nam'd before)
For one and twenty years, sold one lease more.
And lastly, he hath held from John, Hugh's son,
A lease for's life these fifty years outrun;
And till olde Thomas Parr, to earth againe
Returne, the last lease must his owne remaine."

John Taylor then relates the following curious anecdote of Olde Parr's craft in endeavouring to over-reach his landlord.

"His three leases of sixty-three yeares being expired, he took his last lease of his landlord, (one Master John Porter) for his life, with which lease hee hath lived more than fifty yeares; but this olde man would (for his wife's sake) renew his lease for yeares, which his landlord would not consent unto; wherefore old Parr, (having beene long blind) sitting in his chair by the fire, his wife look'd out of the window, and perceiv'd Master Edward Porter, son of his landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband; saying, husband, our young landlord is coming hither. Is he so? said old Parr, I prithee wife lay a pin on the ground neere my foot, or at my right toe, which she did, and when Master Porter, (yet forty yeares old) was come into the house, after salutations between them, the olde man said, wife, is not that a pin which lyes at my foot? Truly husband, quoth

she, it is a pin indeede, so she tooke up the pin, and Master Porter was half in a maze that the olde man had recovered his sight again; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, thereby to have them suppose him to be more lively than hee was, because he hop'd to have his lease renew'd for his wife's sake, as aforesaid."

With respect to his matrimonial connections, Taylor says:

"A tedious time a batchelour hee tarried,
Full eightie years of age before he married:
His continence to question I'll not call,
Man's frailtie's weak, and oft doth slip and fall.
No doubt but hee in fourscore years might find,
In Salop's countie, females fair and kind:
But what have I to do with that? let passe,
At th' age aforesaid hee first married was
To Jane, John Taylor's daughter; and 'tis said,
That shee, (before hee had her) was a mayd.
With her hee liv'd yeares three times ten and two,
And then she dy'd (as all good wives will doe.)
Shee dead, hee ten yeares did a widdower stay,
Then once more ventred in the wedlock way:
And in affection to his first wife Jane,
He tooke another of that name againe:
(With whom hee now doth live) she was a widow
To one nam'd Anthony (and surnam'd Adda)
She was (as by report it doth appeare)
Of Gillsett's parish, in Montgom'ry-shiere,
The daughter of John Floyde (corruptly Flood)
Of ancient house, and gentle Cambrian blood."

Of Thomas Parr's issue, the same writer says, in plain prose, "Hee hath had two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter; the boyes name was John, and lived but ten weekes, the girle

was named Joan, and she lived but three weekes."

A story of an intrigue for which Old Thomas was chastised by the church, is thus versified by Taylor:

" ——————————— In's first wife's time,
Hee frayly, foully, fell into a crime,
Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,
More base, more noble, weaker men, and stronger
Have falne into. ———————
For from the emp'rour to the russet clown,
All states, each sex, from cottage to the crowne,
Have in all ages since the first creation,
Bin foyl'd, and overthrown with love's temptation:
So was Old Thomas, for he chanc'd to spy
A beauty, and love enter'd at his eye;
Whose pow'rfull motion drew on sweet consent,
Consent drew action; action drew content;
But when the period of those joys were past,
Those sweet delights were sourly sauc'd at last.
Faire Katharin Milton was this beauty bright,
(Faire like an angell, but in weight too light)
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far,
The ardent fervour of old Thomas Parr,
That for lawes satisfaction, 'twas thought meet,
He should be purg'd, by standing in a sheet;
Which aged (he) one hundred and five yeare,
In Alberbury's parish church did weare.
Should all that so offend such pennaunce doe,
Oh, what a price would linen rise unto:
All would be turn'd to sheets; our shirts and smocks,
Our table linen, very porters frocks
Would hardly scape transforming."

The Reverend Mr. Granger, in his Biographical History of England, says, that "At an hundred and twenty he married Catharine Mil-

ton, his second wife, whom he got with child; and was, after that æra of his life, employed in threshing, and other husbandry work. When he was about an hundred and fifty two years of age, he was brought up to London, by Thomas, earl of Arundel, and carried to court. The king (Charles I.) said to him, "you have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other men?" He replied, "I did penance when I was an hundred years old."

The concluding scene of Old Parr's life is thus described by Taylor:

"——— His limbs their strength have left,
His teeth all gone (but one) his sight bereft,
His sinews shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,
Small solace, imperfections manifold:
Yet still his sp'rits possesse his mortall trunk,
Nor are his senses in his rũines shrunk;
But that his hearing's quicke, his stomacke good,
Hee'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.
Hee will speak heartily, laugh and be merry;
Drink ale, and now and then a cup of sherry;
Loves company, and understanding talke,
And, on both sides held up, will sometimes walk.
And, though old age his face with wrinkles fill,
Hee hath ben handsome, and is comely still;
Well fac'd; and though his beard not nit corrected,
Yet neate it grows, not like a beard neglected."

Thomas Parr seems to have been a man of very different stamina from the rest of mankind, as Dr. Fuller tells us that he was thus "characterized by an eye-witness:"

"From head to heel, his body hath all over
A quick-set, thick-set, nat'rall hairy cover."

John Taylor concludes his account of this wonderful old man, by saying, "that it appeares hee hath out-lived the most part of the people near there (meaning Alberbury) three times over."

Old Parr did not long survive his removal to the metropolis, where he died on the 15th of November, 1635, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. It is conceived that the change of air and diet, together with the trouble of numerous visitors, must have accelerated his death.

ELIZABETH RUSSEL.

UNDER this name the reader will undoubtedly expect to find recorded the adventures of a female, but in this he will find himself totally mistaken. The extraordinary person, some particulars of whom are here collected, passed during a long life for a woman, and was not discovered before his decease to belong to the other sex. In the following account it will be necessary, in order to avoid confusion among the relative pronouns, to make constant use of the masculine gender, however oddly it may be sometimes combined.

The various adventures of Russel's life, had they been collected by a contemporary, would have formed a volume as entertaining as those of the celebrated Bampfylde Moore Carew, whom he accompanied in many of his rambles, and

from whom probably he first took the hint of disguising his sex to answer some temporary purpose.

It appears from the register of the parish of Streatham, that John Russel (a younger branch of the Bedford family) had three daughters and two sons. William born in 1668, and Thomas 1672. There is little doubt therefore that the person here recorded is one of the two, and that when he assumed the female dress, he assumed also the name of his sister Elizabeth, who died in her infancy; under this name in the year 1770, he applied for a certificate of his baptism. He attached himself at an early period of life to the gypsies, and being of a rambling disposition, visited most parts of the continent as a stroller or vagabond; when advanced in years he settled at Chipsted in Kent, where he kept a large shop. Sometimes he travelled the country with goods in the character of a married woman, having changed his *maiden* name for that of his husband who carried the pack, and to his death was his reputed widow, being known by the familiar appellation of Bet Page. In the course of his travels he attached himself much to itinerant physicians, learned their nostrums, and practised their arts. His long experience gained him the character of a *doctress*, to which profession he added that of astrologer, and practised both with great profit; yet such was his extravagance that he died worth six shillings only. It was a common custom with him to spend whatever he

had in his pocket at an alehouse, where he usually treated his companions. About twelve months before his death he came to reside at his native place, Streatham. His extraordinary age procured him the notice of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, particularly that of Mr. Thrale, in whose kitchen he was frequently entertained. Doctor Johnson, who found him a shrewd sensible person with a good memory, was very fond of conversing with him. His faculties indeed were so little impaired by age, that a few days before he died he had planned another ramble, in which his landlord's son was to have accompanied him. His death was very sudden: the surprise of the neighbours may well be imagined upon finding that the person who, as long as the memory of any person then living could reach, had been always esteemed and reputed to be a woman, was discovered to be a man; and the wonder was the greater, as he had lived much among women, and had frequently been his landlady's bed-fellow when an unexpected visitor came to the house.

Among other precautions to prevent the discovery of his sex, he constantly wore a cloth tied under his chin. And his neighbours not having the penetration of Sir Hugh Evans, who spied Falstaff's beard through his muffler, the motive was unsuspected. After his death a large pair of nippers was found in his pocket, with which, it is supposed, he endeavoured to remove by degrees all tokens of manhood from his face.

It may be observed, that supposing him to be the younger son of John Russel, he would have been 100 years of age: if we suppose him to have been the elder, his age would have been 104. He himself used to aver that he was 108. He had a mixture of the habits and employments of both sexes; for though he would drink hard with men, whose company indeed he chiefly affected, yet he was an excellent *sempstress*, and celebrated for making a good shirt. There was a wildness and eccentricity in his general conduct, which frequently bordered on insanity; and at least we may fairly conclude, to use a favourite expression of Anthony Wood, the Oxford biographer, that he had "a rambling head, and a crazy pate."

The following is an extract from the parish register of Streatham, relative to this singular character:

"—— Russell, buried April 14, 1772. N. B. This person was always known under the guise and habit of a woman, and answered to the name of Elizabeth, as registered in this parish, Nov. 21, 1669, but at death proved to be a man."

ALEXANDER CRUDEN.

THIS gentleman, whose eccentric conduct through life no less entitles him to a place in these volumes, than his literary labors claim for him the veneration of all the students of the sacred writings, was the second son of Mr. William Cruden, merchant, and one of the bailies of Aberdeen, an officer similar to that of alderman in England. He was born in 1701, and received his education at the grammar-school of Aberdeen, where he had for his school-fellows the late Earl Marischal, and his brother the celebrated field-marshal Keith. In due time Mr. Cruden entered as student of Marischal College, and from his close attendance at the divinity lectures, he appears to have had thoughts of embracing the clerical profession.

This intention was, however, frustrated by the melancholy change which took place about this time; though he retained as long as he lived the impression that he was appointed by Heaven to preach the gospel and to reform mankind. It is uncertain to what cause that wildness and incoherence which now began to appear in his words and actions, and which, with few intervals, accompanied him to his grave, are to be ascribed.

Some thought that they were occasioned by the bite of a mad dog, but nothing can be gathered from the history of this dreadful distemper which favors such an opinion. Others derived his insanity from disappointment in love, but whether this acted as a cause or confirmation of the malady is uncertain.

The object of his affection was the daughter of a clergyman of Aberdeen. Cruden courted her with ardor and perseverance; but the lady thought proper to reject his addresses, and his behaviour becoming outrageous and troublesome, her father ordered his doors to be shut against him. This only served to strengthen his passion, and his friends soon found it necessary to confine him for a considerable time. Meanwhile the young lady became pregnant, and, as it was with too much reason surmised, in consequence of a criminal intercourse with her own brother. She was sent into the country, whence she never returned. That Mr. Cruden shared in the general horror produced by this event may easily be conceived. He never mentioned the name of the unhappy woman but with the bitterest grief and most tender compassion.

On his release from confinement, he relinquished the pursuit of his studies at Aberdeen, and resolved to leave his native country. In the year 1722 he repaired to London, and engaged in several families as private tutor to young persons at school, or who were intended for the university. In this employment he spent some

years in the Isle of Man. In the year 1732, we find him again in London, as corrector of the press, and bookseller. His shop was under the Royal Exchange, and while in this situation the following remarkable incident happened. A gentleman from Aberdeen, wishing to serve Cruden, offered to introduce him to a merchant near the Exchange, a near relation of the young lady to whom he had been attached. They knocked at the door of the merchant, and who should open it but the very female herself, who, unknown to Mr. Cruden or his friend, had there found an asylum. Mr. Cruden started back with visible signs of wonder and agony, and grasping his friend's hand, wildly exclaimed, "Ah! she has still her fine black eyes!" All hopes of intimacy with this family were now at an end; he did not then or ever afterwards enter the house, or court the acquaintance of the owner, who was a younger brother of the lady.

The following year he began to compile the great work which he had long meditated, "A complete Concordance to the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament," a work that required extraordinary labor and perseverance. Mr. Cruden was well qualified for such an undertaking, for habits of industry were familiar to him, and inclination led him to form the plan, and indeed to execute the whole, before he received any encouragement from the public. The first edition was published in 1737, and was dedicated to Queen Caroline, who had given the

anthor some reason to expect a gratuity on the presentation of the book to her. Unfortunately for Cruden, he lost his patroness a very few days before the publication of the work, by the death of the queen. His affairs were embarrassed; the time he had bestowed upon his book was not productive of immediate profit, and his reward was no longer to be expected; for that he did expect a reward from her majesty appeared by visible symptoms of the keenest disappointment.

He now disposed of his stock in trade, and shut up his shop. Without employment, without friends, and without hope, he again became a prey to his malady, and it was found necessary to confine him in a private mad-house, at Bethnal Green. As soon as he was released, he took revenge on his keepers, and on those who were the cause of his confinement, by publishing a pamphlet, entitled "The London Citizen materially injured, giving an account of his adventures during the time of his severe and long campaign at Bethnal Green, for nine weeks and six days, the citizen being sent thither in March 1738, by Robert Wightman, a notoriously conceited, whimsical man, where he was chained, hand-cuffed, strait-waistcoated, and imprisoned, &c." He also commenced an action against Dr. Monro and other defendants, which was tried at Westminster-hall, July 17, 1738, when a verdict was given in favor of the defendants. After the verdict was given, Cruden said, "I trust in

God." The chief justice, Sir William Lee, replied, "I wish you had trusted more in God, and not have come hither." Cruden had recourse again to his pen, and published an account of the trial, with remarks on the economy of private mad-houses, which he dedicated to the king.

His principal occupation after this was correcting the press, and under his inspection several very accurate editions of the Greek and Roman classics were published. He rendered himself useful to the booksellers and printers in various ways. His manners were inoffensive; he was always to be trusted, and performed his engagements with strict fidelity. In this kind of employment he spent several years, until another return of his disorder obliged his friends to shut him up a third time in a mad-house. When he was released he published his case, under the whimsical title of "The Adventures of Alexander the Corrector." Three parts afterwards appeared under the same title. It is rather difficult to characterize these performances. They are a faithful transcript of a wild mind, unequal, whimsical, serious, and jocose. His madness was *sui generis*. Nothing like it can be found in the annals of medicine, nor can it be accounted for on the known principles of physiology. The faculty are seldom called in, and seldom attend to cases like that of Cruden: the world either laughed at or pitied him. In his worst paroxysms he was perfectly harmless, and it is

more than probable that the severity of his confinement unnecessarily aggravated his disorder.

At his last release in 1753, he undertook what was more difficult to effect than all his former attempts. He endeavored to persuade one or two of his friends who had confined him, to submit to be imprisoned in Newgate, as a compensation for the injuries they had brought upon him. To his sister he proposed what he thought very mild terms; she was to have her choice of four prisons; Newgate, Reading, and Aylesbury jails, and the prison in Windsor Castle. Finding that his persuasions were of no avail, he commenced an action against her and three others, and stated his damages at ten thousand pounds. The cause was tried in February 1754, and a verdict given in favour of the defendants. Cruden had now no other remedy than an appeal to the public: he accordingly published the account of this trial in a sixpenny pamphlet, dedicated to the king. He went to St. James's palace to present it, but he was prevented, and denied the honor of knighthood, to which, at this time, he aspired.

His phrenzy was now at its height. He called himself "Alexander the Corrector," and gave out that he was commissioned by heaven to reform the manners of the age, and particularly to restore a due observance of the sabbath. To turn the popular opinion in his favor, he produced and printed certain prophecies of eminent ministers and others, all anonymous, or with the

initials only of names. The substance of these predictions was, that Mr. Cruden was to be a second Joseph, to be a great man at court, and to perform great things for the spiritual Israel in this spiritual Egypt. Furnished with such credentials, he went to Oxford and Cambridge, and exhorted the ladies and gentlemen whom he found in the public walks on the sabbath, to go home and keep that day holy. His advice, however, was not welcomed as he wished. On one occasion, indeed, he narrowly escaped corporal chastisement for having been too bold in his addresses to a young lady, who happened to be walking with a student in Clare-hall walks. He generally followed up his advice with a denunciation of eternal wrath in case of non-compliance.

On Mr. Cruden's return to London, his ambition increased: for ambition he certainly indulged, under the idea that he was destined to a superior station in life. The general election approaching, he determined to stand candidate for the city of London, and was accordingly nominated in a common hall by Mr. Sheriff Chitty, whom he had importuned to perform this office for him. It may perhaps be thought remarkable that Mr. Cruden had the satisfaction to see several hands held up for him; but he declined the poll, which was instituted by the other party. He had actually received promises of support; and, as he himself observed, was comforted by the reflection, that, if he had not the hands, he

had the hearts of the citizens. The following is one of the advertisements published by him on this occasion. It is too curious not to be preserved, as it affords a specimen of his manner of speaking and writing when his phrenzy was at its height.

"Gentlemen of the livery,

"I have acquainted the sheriffs of my humbly proposing to be a candidate for one of the representatives of the city of London: which may be looked upon as an extraordinary step. This is not denied, but I trust I am under the direction of a gracious Providence, and I desire to be entirely resigned to the will of God, the supreme disposer of all things. In the appendix to Alexander the Corrector's adventures, I have acquainted you with some of my motives for being a candidate, which are such as I hope will be approved by every good man, as they are by my own conscience.

"If there is any just ground to hope that God will be pleased to make the Corrector an instrument to reform the nation, and particularly to promote the reformation, the peace and prosperity of this great city, and to bring its inhabitants to a more religious temper and conduct, no good man in such an extraordinary case will deny the Corrector his vote; and the Corrector's election may be the means to pave the way to his being a Joseph, and an useful, prosperous man.

"May God be pleased to give a happy turn to the minds of the electors to act from the best principles, and to choose those who will be faithful to their trust, and study to promote the temporal and eternal happiness of the people.

"My earnest prayers are put up from time to time for your happiness in this world, and the world to come, through Jesus Christ.

"I am, very respectfully,
"Gentlemen,
"Your most obedient
"And affectionate humble servant,
ALEX. CRUDEN."

"North's Coffee-House,
"Near Guildhall,
"April 25, 1754."

About this time Mr. Cruden paid his addresses to a lady; but he had occasion to lament, that in this, as in every other great design, he could not command success. Amid this series of wild attempts, he devoted his best hours to study. He was continually making additions to his Concordance, the second edition of which was published in 1761. At this time he was corrector of the press to the Public Advertiser. He was indeed incessantly employed; and apportioned his time so judiciously, that only when he appeared in public he could be said to do nothing. The business of the printing-office was rarely concluded before one o'clock in the morning; when the paper was put to press. Cruden sel-

dom slept more than four or five hours, and before six in the morning he might always be found turning over his Bible, adding to, amending, and improving his Concordance with scrupulous attention. In this manner was he engaged till evening, when he returned to the printing-office. This assiduous attention to useful objects would, it was hoped by his friends, restore his mind to a state of calm regularity; and this was, in some degree, the case.

His next appearance in public was in a character which did infinite honor to his heart. In 1762, Richard Potter, a sailor, was tried, and capitally condemned at the Old Bailey, for forging, or rather for uttering, knowing it to be forged, a seaman's will, a crime which at that time, as well as now, was rarely pardoned. It appeared, however, from the evidence, that Potter was a poor, illiterate creature, and, ignorant of the nature of the crime committed, had acted merely as the tool of another. Fortunately for him, Mr. Cruden happened to be in court, and was so firmly convinced that Potter was a proper object of royal clemency, that he determined to interfere in his behalf. To satisfy himself more fully, he visited Potter in Newgate, examined him, and found that his crime was the crime of ignorance, unaccompanied with any evil intention. But it was not only to save him from the sentence of the law that Cruden meditated. He prayed with him, exhorted him, instructed him in the principles of religion, and

awakened in him a proper sense of the wickedness of his past life, and the enormity of the crime for which he was condemned: in a word, he made a convert of a poor wretch who had scarcely ever heard of a God. He then began to devise means to obtain a pardon, and, improbable as it appeared, his repeated applications succeeded, and Potter's sentence was changed into transportation. Mr. Cruden accompanied his petition to the Earl of Halifax, then secretary of state, with a copy of the second edition of the Concordance, to which was prefixed an elegant Latin dedication to his lordship. The tenderness with which Mr. Cruden visited, exhorted, fed, and clothed his pupil, the anxiety he felt, and the unceasing importunity of his applications to every person that could be useful to Potter, produce a sincere respect for the character of this singular man, and are sufficient to reconcile us to all his oddities.

The success Mr. Cruden had experienced in reforming this poor criminal, induced him to continue his labors among the other felons in Newgate. He visited them every day, gave them new testaments, catechisms, &c. instructed them, and bestowed small pecuniary rewards on the most apt scholar. His labor, however, was lost; the books were soon exchanged for money, and the money was spent in drinking; and the benevolent Cruden discontinued his practice when he found that it produced no better effects. A regard for the eternal welfare of his fellow-

creatures was a predominant feature in his character; and it cannot be doubted that, had it not been for the malady with which he was afflicted, he would have been a most useful minister of religion, and a most valuable member of society.

He was particularly elated when he had succeeded in rescuing any wretched object from the barbarity of ignorance, or the practice of wickedness. Of this we have another instance, but at what period it happened cannot now be ascertained. Returning one Sunday evening from a place of divine worship, he accidentally met with a man whose looks betrayed anxiety, sorrow, melancholy, and, as Cruden imagined, despair. He immediately accosted the man, and drew from him a confession that the extreme poverty of his family and other causes had driven him to the desperate resolution of committing suicide. Mr. Cruden expostulated with him, convinced him of the wickedness of his intention, and administered such friendly consolation, accompanied with pecuniary assistance, and a promise of future support, that the poor man became cheerful, resigned, and hopeful. In acts of this kind Mr. Cruden delighted.

At the time when the whole nation was agitated by the disputes between the government and Mr. Wilkes, Cruden wrote a small pamphlet against that gentleman, whom he never could hear named with patience. This aversion he testified in a way peculiar to himself, by ef-

facing No. 45, wherever he found it chalked on doors or window-shutters. His instrument was a large piece of sponge which he carried in his pocket, partly for this purpose, and partly that no words offensive to good morals might be allowed to disgrace the walls, doors, &c. of the metropolis. This employment often rendered his walks through the city extremely tedious.

In the year 1769 he visited Aberdeen, the place of his nativity, and in a public hall delivered a lecture on the cause of reformation; contended that he was born to reform the age, and exhorted all ranks to amend their ways. In this advice there was nothing improper or absurd —but Mr. Cruden's manner was always at variance with his matter, and he met with no better success there than at other places. Many anecdotes are related of his labors during his residence at Aberdeen. Among others he printed the fourth commandment in the form of a handbill, which he presented to all persons without distinction, whom he met in the streets on Sunday. To a young clergyman whom he thought too spruce and conceited, he very gravely and formally presented a little catechism, used in Scotland, called the Mother's Catechism, dedicated to the young and ignorant. He always had his pockets full of religious tracts for young people; and these he bestowed with pleasure on such as promised to read them.

After residing about a year at Aberdeen, he returned to London, and took lodgings in Cam-

den-street, Islington, where he died. In the morning of the 1st of November, 1770, he was found dead on his knees, apparently in the posture of prayer. He had complained for some days of an asthmatic affection, but it did not seem to be attended with danger. As he never married, he bequeathed his moderate savings to his relations, except a certain sum to the city of Aberdeen, to be employed in the purchase of religious books for the use of the poor; and he founded a bursary, or exhibition, of five pounds per annum, to assist in educating a student in Marischal College. This exhibition was to be obtained on certain terms specified in his will, one of which was a perfect acquaintance with Vincent's Catechism.

In private life Mr. Cruden was courteous and affable; prone to give his opinions, and firm in all his religious persuasions. He had not, however, an intolerant spirit, and often censured with severity the principles and practices of narrow-minded men. To the poor he was as liberal of his money as of his advice; and seldom did he separate the one from the other. His concern for them must have been sincere, for interest he could have none; and his generosity must have been pure, for he often gave more than he retained for his own uses. To such young men as were recommended to him, especially if they were from Aberdeen, he acted like a father, an affectionate friend, or tutor. In conversation and in writing his style was stiff and awkward.

He does not appear to have had a prompt memory, and his words came slowly. Among men of genius he cannot be classed; but in his greatest labors he experienced no fatigue, and the utility of his literary projects will not admit of a dispute. His Concordance was his favorite work; and it is probable that the attention he bestowed upon it was favorable to the state of his mind, though it could not altogether prevent the return of that phrenzy which gave a certain color to all his actions, and suggested to him those whimsical plans of reformation, and those hopes of superiority, which were equally useless to himself and unprofitable to others.

JEMIMA WILKINSON.

THIS female, a native of Rhode Island, belonged to the community of Quakers, and manifested so fervent a zeal for religion, that at the age of twenty she was admitted to all the meetings of the society, which were held weekly, monthly, and quarterly, for settling the general concerns, and watching over the conduct of the brethren. She at length fancied herself called to act some extraordinary part, and in this persuasion formed the project of becoming the leader of a sect. In the course of a long and dangerous illness, she was suddenly seized with a lethargy, so that to her friends she appeared as

really dead. She continued several hours in this situation; and preparations were actually making for her interment, when she suddenly started up, and called for her clothes, declaring "that she had risen from the dead, and that she had cast off all her material substance, and retained only the spiritual." She went, accordingly, to the next meeting, as if with the authority of a celestial being, spoke there as one inspired, and gained some followers. She soon made some proselytes, and at the same time drew upon herself the displeasure of all who adhered to the old forms of the religion of the Quakers. She experienced, therefore, a very unfavorable reception for herself and doctrines, both in Philadelphia and New York. Wherever she went every Quaker turned away from her with abhorrence, as the enemy of his religion: and all other persons deemed her a fool or an enthusiast. This disposition of the public she called a persecution, and it was favourable to her ultimate views.

The number of her followers was now daily increasing; and, as she confidently trusted, it would become still more considerable, she thought they might, perhaps, be willing to follow her. Accordingly, she proposed to a number of them to flee from those regions of intolerance, and to settle in a place where they might worship God undisturbed, and free from that bitter spirit of persecution which men had introduced in opposition to the divine will. Soon after, the coun-

try about Lake Seneca and Crooked Lake was fixed upon as the place of their settlement. The company of New York, which had purchased this land from the Indians, entered into a treaty for the sale of it with these reformed Quakers. They were promised three tracts of land, containing each six thousand square acres, and which were to form three districts, and to which Jemima instantly gave the name of Jerusalem. Thirty families removed hither with her; but she had confidently expected three or four hundred more, of whom, however, not above twenty at last arrived. This society soon spread over the three districts which it was to occupy; but was not sufficiently numerous to replenish the fourth part of each. The enchantment, however, had already been broken by Jemima's absence, and with it had also vanished the zeal for peopling this new land of promise.

The most satisfactory, as well as most recent account of this singular woman, is that given by the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, who, a few years since travelled through this country, "We saw Jemima," says he, "and attended her meeting, which is held in her own house. We found there about thirty persons, men, women, and children. Jemima stood at the door of her bed-chamber, on a carpet, with an arm-chair behind her. She had on a white morning-gown, and waistcoat, such as men wear, and a petticoat of the same color. Her black hair was cut short, carefully combed, and divided behind into

three ringlets; she wore a stock, and white silk cravat, which was tied about her neck with affected negligence. In point of delivery, she preached with more ease than any other Quaker I have yet heard; but the subject of her discourse was an eternal repetition of the same topics—death, sin, and repentance. She is said to be about forty years of age, but she did not appear to be more than thirty. She is of a middle stature, well made, of a florid countenance, has fine teeth, and beautiful eyes. Her action is studied; she aims at simplicity, but there is somewhat pedantic in her manner.

"In her chamber we found her friend, Rachel Miller, a young woman about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, her follower and admirer, who is entirely devoted to her. All the land which Jemima possesses is purchased in the name of Rachel Miller, an advantage she owes to her influence over her adherents, and to her dexterity in captivating their affections. Jemima, or *the Friend*, (as she is called by way of eminence), inculcates, as her leading tenet, poverty and resignation of all earthly possessions. If you talk to her of her house, she always calls it "the house which I inhabit." This house, however, though built only of the trunks of trees, is extremely pretty and commodious. Her room is exquisitely neat, and resembles more the *boudoir* of a fine lady, than the cell of a nun. It contains a looking-glass, a clock, and an arm-chair, a good bed, a warming-pan, and a silver saucer.

Her garden is kept in good order; her spring house is full of milk, cheese, butter, butcher's meat, and game. Her hypocrisy may be traced in all her discourses, actions and conduct, and even in the very manner in which she manages her countenance. She seldom speaks without quoting the Bible, or introducing a serious sentence about death, and the necessity of making our peace with God. Whatever does not belong to her own sect, is with her an object of distaste and stedfast aversion. She sows dissensions in families, to deprive the lawful heir of his right of inheritance, in order to appropriate it to herself; and all this she does under the name and by the agency of her companion, who receives all the presents brought by the faithful, and preserves them for her reverend friend, who, being wholly absorbed in her communion with Christ, whose propheteſs she is, would absolutely forget the supply of her bodily wants, if she were not well taken care of.

"The number of her votaries has, of late, much decreased. Many of the families who followed her to Jerusalem, are no longer the dupes of her self-interested policy. Some still keep up the outward appearance of attachment to her; while others have openly disclaimed their connection with Jemima. Such, however, as still continue her adherents, appear to be entirely devoted to her. With these she passes for a propheteſs, an indescribable being; she is not Jemima Wilkinson, but a spirit of a peculiar

nature, which remains a profound secret to all, who are not true believers; she is the friend, the all-friend. Six or seven girls of different ages, but all young and handsome, wait upon her, with surprising emulation, to enjoy the peculiar satisfaction of being permitted to approach this celestial being. Her fields and her garden are ploughed and dug by the friends, who neglect their own business to take care of hers; and the all-friend is so condescending, as not to refuse their services; she comforts them with a kind word now and then, makes inquiries after and provides for their health and welfare, and has the art of effectually captivating their affections, the more, perhaps, because she knows how to keep her votaries at a respectful distance.

"When the service was over, Jemima invited us to dinner. The hope of watching her more narrowly induced us to accept the invitation; but we did not then know, that it forms a part of the character she acts, never to eat with any one. She soon left us; and locking herself up with her female friend, sat down without other company, to an excellent dinner; we did not get ours till after she had dined. When our dinner was over, and also another, which was served up after ours, the sanctuary was opened again. And now Jemima appeared once more at the door of her room, and conversed wish us, seated in an arm-chair. When strangers are with her, she never comes over the threshold of her bed-room; and when by herself, she is constantly engaged in de-

liberation how to improve the demesne of her friend.

"The house was, this day, very full. Our company consisted of exactly ten persons; after us dined another company of the same number; and as many dined in the kitchen. Our plates as well as the table-linen were perfectly clean and neat; our repast, although frugal, was yet better in quality than any of which we had partaken since we had left Philadelphia; it consisted of good fresh meat, with pudding, an excellent sallad, and a beverage of peculiar yet charming flavour, with which we were plentifully supplied out of Jemima's apartment where it was prepared. The devout guests observed all this while a profound silence; they either cast down their eyes, or lifted them up to heaven with a rapturous sigh: to me they appeared not unlike a party of the faithful, in the primitive ages, dining in a church.

"The all-friend, had by this time exchanged her former dress for that of a fine Indian lady, which, however, was cut out in the same fashion as the former. Her hair and eyebrows had again been combed. She did not utter a syllable respecting our dinner; nor did she offer to make any apology for her absence. Constantly engaged in personating the part she had assumed, she descanted in a sanctimonious, mystic tone on death, and on the happiness of having been an useful instrument to others in the way of their salvation. She afterwards gave us a rhapsody of prophecies to read, ascribed to one Dr. Love, who was beheaded

in Cromwell's time; wherein she clearly discerned, according to her accounts, the French revolution, the decline and downfal of popery, and the impending end of the world. Finding, however, that this conversation was but ill adapted to engage our attention, she cut short her harangue at once.

"We had, indeed, already seen more than enough to estimate the character of this bad actress, whose pretended sanctity also inspired us with contempt and disgust, and who is altogether incapable of imposing upon any persons of common understanding, unless those of the most simple minds, or downright enthusiasts. Her speeches are so strongly contradicted by the tenor of her actions; her whole conduct; her expense compared to that of other families within a circumference of fifty miles; her way of living, and her dress, form such a striking contrast with her harangues on the subject of condemning earthly enjoyments: and the extreme assiduity with which she is continually endeavouring to induce children, over whom she has any influence, to leave their parents, and form a part of her community; all those particulars so strongly militate against the doctrine of peace and universal love which she is incessantly preaching, that we were all actually struck with abhorrence of her duplicity and hypocrisy, as soon as the first emotions of our curiosity subsided. Her fraudulent conduct indeed, has been discovered by so many persons, and so much has been said against it, that it is dif-

ficult to account for her having had any adherents at all, even for a short time. And yet she will probably retain a sufficient number, to increase still further a fortune, which is already considerable for the country in which she resides, and fully adequate to the only end which she now seems anxious to attain; namely, to live independent, in a decent, plentiful, and even elegant manner. There are so many weak-minded religionists, and Jemima is so particularly careful to select her disciples among persons who are either very old or very young, that her imposture, however gross and palpable to the discerning, may yet be carried on for some time with success, sufficient to answer her ultimate purpose. If her credit should sink too low, she would find herself constrained to transplant her holiness to some other region; and, in fact, she had, last year, harboured the design of removing her family and establishment, and of settling in Carlton island, in the lake of Ontario, where she would enjoy the satisfaction of living under the English government, which, by her account, has offered a grant of land."

CHARLES PRICE.

THIS extraordinary impostor, whose artifices enabled him to commit unprecedented depredations on the publicy was born about the year 1730, in London. His father lived in Monmouth-street, and carried on the trade of a salesman in old clothes. In early life Charles manifested those traits of duplicity for which he was afterwards so greatly distinguished. One instance shall be mentioned. He ripped off some gold lace from a suit of old clothes in his father's shop, and putting on his elder brother's coat, went to sell it to a Jew. The Jew, unfortunately, came and offered it to the father for sale; he instantly knew it, and insisted on the Jew's declaring from whom he received it. The boys coming in, he pointed to the elder, on account of his *coat*, as the person of whom he bought it; and he was directly seized, and severely flogged. His protestations of innocence were in vain, the father was inflexible, whilst Charles, with an abominable relish for hypocrisy, secretly rejoiced in the castigation.

His father, tired of the tricks and knaveries of his son Charles, placed him with a hosier in St. James's street. Here he continued for a

short time; he robbed his father of an elegant suit of clothes, in which he dressed himself, went to his master in this disguise, purchased about ten pounds worth of silk stockings, left his address, Benjamin Bolingbroke, esq. Hanover-square, and ordered them to be sent him in an hour's time, when he would pay the person who brought them. His master did not know him, and, to complete the cheat, our hero came back in half an hour in his usual dress, was ordered to take the goods home, which he actually pretended to do, and thus were both master and father robbed. He was, however, soon afterwards found out and discarded.

Soon after this period he set off for Holland, under the assumed name of Johnson. Forging a recommendation to a Dutch merchant, he became his clerk, debauched his daughter, was offered her in marriage, robbed his master, and returned to England. He then contrived to become clerk in his majesty's small-beer brewhouse, near Gosport. At this place he behaved himself with so much propriety, that he was on the point of forming a matrimonial connection with his employer's daughter. This match, however, was prevented by an accidental discovery. The Jew, to whom he had formerly sold the gold lace, happened to live at Portsmouth, and by his means Price's character was soon disclosed, his hopes were blasted, and he was again thrown upon the world!

As his wits were never long unemployed for

some deceptive ends, he issued the following curious advertisement in the year 1775—

"WANTED,

"A partner of character, probity, and extensive acquaintance; upon a plan permanent and productive—*fifty per cent.* without risk, may be obtained. It is not necessary he should have any knowledge of the business, which the advertiser possesses in its fullest extent: but he must possess a capital of between 500 and 1000 pounds, to purchase materials, with which, to the knowledge of the advertiser, a large fortune must be made in a very short time.

"Address to P. C. Cardigan Head, Charing-Cross.

"P. S. None but principals, and those of liberal ideas, will be treated with."

To this advertisement the famous comedian, Samuel Foote, paid attention. Eager to seize what he thought a golden opportunity, he advanced the sum of 500l. for a brewery; we need not add, that the sum soon disappeared; and Foote was wrung with the anguish of disappointment. Price, however, had the impudence to apply to him again, wishing him to unite in the baking trade; the comedian archly replied: "As you have brewed, so you may bake; but I'll be cursed if ever you bake as you have brewed!"

After this unfortunate business, Mr. Price

turned methodist preacher, and in this character he defrauded several persons of large sums of money. Advertising in order to get gentlemen wives, he swindled a person of the name of Wigmore of fifty guineas, for which he was indicted; but having refunded a part, he effected his escape. These, and other fraudulent practices were long the objects of his ambition; though they are all the certain roads to infamy.

With astonishing impudence he again set up a brewery in Gray's Inn Lane; and after various frauds, he became a bankrupt in 1776. Ever fruitful in resources, he set out for Germany, but in Holland he was thrown into prison for a concern in a smuggling scheme, by which three hundred pounds were obtained. By his artful defence he escaped, and returned to his native country. Here he once more engaged in a sham brewery at Lambeth, where he was married. Continuing, however, to practise his deceptions, he was obliged to decamp, went actually to Copenhagen, and, after some time, came back to England, where he was doomed to close his days.

His breweries having failed, he now proceeded to study how in other ways he might most effectually plunder society. Under the pretence of charity, he obtained money, for which he was imprisoned; and having been liberated, he, as a clergyman, succeeded in various impositions. This eventually brought him to the King's Bench prison, from whose walls he dexterously extri-

cated himself. An account of all his tricks would fill a volume.

We now arrive at that period of his life, when he commenced his ravages upon the bank of England, which ended in his destruction. In the year 1780, (under the assumed name of Brank) Mr. Price engaged a servant, a plain simple honest fellow; by whose means he passed his notes without detection. The young man observing an advertisement respecting a situation which seemed likely to suit him, answered it, but he heard nothing of the advertiser for a whole week. One evening, however, just as it was dusk, a coachman enquired for the man who had answered the advertisement, saying, there was a gentleman over the way, in a coach, who wanted to speak with him. On this the young fellow was called, and went to the coach, where he was desired to step in. There he saw apparently an old man, affecting the foreigner, seemingly very gouty, wrapped up with five or six yards of flannel about his legs, a camblet surtout buttoned over his chin, close to his mouth, a large patch over his left eye, and every part of his face so hid that the young fellow could not see any part of it, except his nose, his right eye, and a small part of that cheek. To carry on the deception still better, Mr. Price thought proper to place the man on his left side, on which the patch was, so that he could take an askance look at the young man with his right eye, and by that means discover only a small portion of his face. He appeared by

his disguise, to be between sixty and seventy years of age; and afterwards, when the man saw him standing, not much under six feet high, owing to shoes or boots with heels very little less than three inches high. Added to this deception, he was so buttoned up and straitened, as to appear perfectly lank. He was in reality about five feet six inches high, a compact neat man, square shouldered; inclined to corpulency. His legs were firm and well set; but by nature his features made him look much older than he really was, which, at that time, was near fifty. His nose was aquiline, and his eyes small and grey; his mouth stood very much inwards, with very thin lips; his chin pointed and prominent, with a pale complexion; but what contributed as much as any thing to favor his disguise of speech, was his loss of teeth. He walked exceedingly upright, was very active and quick in his walk; and was something above what we describe a man to be, when we call him 'a dapper made man.

This simple and honest fellow Samuel, whom Mr. Price had engaged, was employed by him to negociate his forged bills, principally in the purchase of lottery-tickets, at the same time never fully disclosing to him his name, person, or history. Indeed the plan was devised and executed with uncommon ability. However, Samuel was at last detected, having passed bills to the amount of fourteen hundred pounds!! But his principal eluded discovery, and retired with

his booty into the shades of the deepest obscurity. The poor servant was imprisoned for near a twelvemonth, terrified out of his wits at being the innocent instrument of such complicated villainy.

Mr. Price having most probably exhausted his former acquisitions, sallied forth in the year 1782, after new game, with the most unparalleled audacity. For this purpose he obtained his second servant from a register-office: a smart active boy of the name of Power; his father was a Scots Presbyterian, and to ingratiate himself with him, Mr. Price made great pretensions to religion, expressing a hope that his son was well acquainted with the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. Our hero began his ravages upon Mr. Spilsbury of Soho-square, ordering large quantities of his drops. Wilmot was his assumed name, and he introduced himself to him as possessing all the symptoms of age and infirmity. He was wrapped up in a large camblet great coat; he had a slouched hat on, the brim of which was large, and bent downwards on each side of his head; a piece of red flannel covered his chin, and came up on each side of his face, almost as high as the cheek bones; he had a large bush wig on, and his legs were wrapped over with flannel. He had also a pair of green spectacles on his nose, with a green silk shade hanging down from his hat, but no patch on his eye. It is remarkable that Mr. Spilsbury knew Mr. Price, but not Mr.

Wilmot; nay, so complete was the deception, that sitting together in a coffee-house, Mr. S. complained to his coffee-house acquaintance of the notes which Wilmot had imposed upon him, Price kept crying out now and then, "Lack-a-day! Good God! who could suppose such knavery to exist?—What, and did the Bank refuse payment, Sir?" staring through his spectacles with as much seeming surprise as an honest man would have done.

Price had often been at the shop of a Mr. Roberts, grocer, in Oxford-street. Here he now and then bought a few articles, and took many opportunities of shewing his importance. One day he called there in a hackney coach, disguised as an old man, and bought some few things. A day or two afterwards he repeated his visit; and on a third day, when he knew Mr. Roberts was from home, he went again, with his face so painted that he seemed diseased with the yellow jaundice. The shopman, to whom he enumerated his complaints, gave him a prescription for that disorder, such as had cured his father of it. Price gladly accepted of the receipt, promising that if it succeeded, he would very liberally reward him for his civility. In a few days he called again, when he appeared perfectly free from the complaint, and acknowledged his great obligations to the shopman, to whom, after he had expatiated on his affluent circumstances, the short time he had to live in the world, and the few relations he had to leave

any thing to, he made a present of a ten pound Bank note. The reader need not be told it was a counterfeit one; but, at the same time, he said, that he wanted cash for another, which was a fifty pound note, and the obliging shopman got change for it of an opposite neighbor. The next day, in Mr. Roberts's absence, he called again, and entreated the lad to get five other fifty pound notes changed for small ones; who, telling him his master was not in the way, Price begged he would take them to his master's banker, and there get them changed. This request the servant complied with. The bankers, Harley, Burchall, and Co. complied with Mr. Roberts's supposed request, changed them without suspicion, and small notes were that day given for them to Mr. Price.

Having found out a fit object to practise his deceptions on in the person of Mr. E. who was an eminent merchant in the city; and having traced his connections at Amsterdam, even to the obtaining a letter which came from a merchant there to Mr. E.; he began his attack on that gentleman in the following manner. He accosted him on 'Change in another disguised character, and told him, that he had received a letter from a correspondent of their's at Amsterdam, whose name he mentioned, which informed him that a person of the name of Trevors, who frequented the 'Change, had defrauded the Dutch merchant of one thousand pounds, and that the latter requested Mr. E's assistance in

the recovery of the whole, or any part of it he could obtain. Having thus opened the business he then produced the letter to Mr. E. who having read it, did not entertain the least doubt of its being the hand-writing of his Amsterdam correspondent: he therefore offered his assistance most readily, in any plan that might be pursued to favor his Dutch friend. After thus paving the way, he began to advise Mr. E. how to manage the matter. "To-morrow," said Price, "Trevors most likely will be upon 'Change; he always frequents the Dutch walk and is dressed in a red surtout, with a white wig; he has also square-toed shoes, and very small buckles. Your best way will be to accost him, get into a conversation with him, introduce the mercantile affairs of Amsterdam, and, by pretending that he can be of service to you, invite him home to dinner. You may then mention the business, shew him the letter, and inform him, that unless he refunds the whole or part of the money immediately, you will expose the matter to the merchants. By such a step, you may, probably, procure a return of the greater part of the property, as he is rich, and has always cash or notes about him, and will rather pay than be exposed." Mr. E. highly approved of this plan, and was very much pleased with an opportunity of doing, as he thought, such an essential service to his Dutch friend. The next day apeared our hero on the Dutch walk, and in the dress he had so minutely

described the day before. Mr. E. followed the advice he had received: the result of which was, an invitation to dinner, and an acceptance on the part of our hero. When the cloth was removed, and the family retired from table, Mr. E. begged to open to Mr. Trevors, in as delicate a manner as he could, the purpose of the invitation. Our hero acknowledged the charge in part, affected great remorse, declared his intention was to pay, begged he might not be exposed on 'Change, and offered to pay five hundred pounds down, if Mr. E. would bury the matter in oblivion.—This being readily promised on Mr. E's part, Mr. Trevors then produced a thousand pound note, which he said he would give to Mr. E. if the latter would return to him the other moiety. Not having sufficient cash and notes in the house, Mr. E. gave him a draft for five hundred pounds on his banker, soon after which our hero took his leave. The next morning Mr. E. discovered that the thousand pound note he had received was a forged one, and ran to the bankers to stop the payment of his draft; but unfortunately too late; for a porter, who seemed to have been followed by a tall thin woman into the banking house, had obtained notes for the draft four hours before Mr. E's application to stop payment.

Upon Mr. Watt a hosier, Mr. Reeves, a colourman, and a great many other individuals, he practised frauds equally ingenious and successful, for in one day he negociated sixty ten pound notes,

for seven one hundred pound notes; indeed so multiplied are his tricks at this period, that the mind sickens at the recital of them. In his last attempt on the bank, which ended in his detection, he assumed the name of Palton, pretended he was an Irish linen factor, and employed two young men to circulate his notes, whilst he, still greatly disguised, kept back in obscurity. By means of a pawn-broker he was found out with great difficulty. On his seizure he solemnly declared his innocence, and before the magistrate behaved with insolence. This detection took place on the 14th of Jan. 1786; he was soon sworn to by more persons than one; and seeing no way of escape, he pretended, to his wife in particular, great penitence; but there was no ground for its reality. The Bank was fully intent on prosecuting him, and there was no doubt of his dying by the hands of the executioner. He, however, was found one evening hanging against the post of his door in his apartments, Tothill fields Bridewell.

In this situation he was discovered by the keeper of the prison who cut him down, and found in his bosom three letters. In one of these, addressed to the Bank Directors, he confessed every thing relative to the forgery, and the manner of circulating the notes; another to his wife was written in the most affecting style; and in the third, directed to the keeper he thanked him for the humane treatment he had experienced.

A coroner's inquest was summoned, as usual in

such cases, and returned a verdict of self-murder, on which his body was put into the ground in Tothill Fields, and a stake driven through it.

In a box belonging to Price were found after his death, two artificial noses very curiously executed in imitation of nature. These it is obvious he occasionally wore as a part of the various modes of his disguise, by which he had for such an extraordinary length of time eluded the hand of justice. The counterfeit copper-plates were found buried in a field near Tottenham court-road, the turf being replaced on the spot. His wife who had been confined with him was discharged after making a full confession of all she knew concerning the affair, and the rolling press, plates and other materials were destroyed by order of Sir Sampson Wright, who was, at that time, at the head of the police.

The depredations of this artful villain on society, amounted in the whole to upwards of one hundred thousand pounds; and yet, after his apprehension, he wrote a letter to a gentleman whom he had defrauded of more than two thousand pounds, recommending his wife and eight children to his protection. Price's disbursements must either have been great, or the prudence of his female coadjutor excessive; for at her lodgings were fixed all the apparatus for manufacturing the paper, and printing bank notes; the plates for which were also engraved by this ingenious culprit. Being thus paper-maker, engraver, printer, and circulator, we need not be surprized that he contrived to spin out existence

to the age of fifty-five; six years of which were passed in hostilities against the Bank Directors, whose emoluments by fire, shipwreck, and other accidents, Mr. Price conceived were much too enormous.

HANNAH SNELL.

THAT the weaker sex is endued with fortitude courage, and resolution in an equal degree with the stronger is a position which seems to be confirmed by numberless examples. The history of Portia, daughter of the virtuous Cato and partner of Brutus the patriot, of Arria, the wife of Thrasea Pætus, must be impressed on the recollection of every classical reader. The instances that might be collected from modern writers would furnish materials for many volumes. Among these we have accounts of women who have been induced by circumstances or inclination to disguise their sex, and embracing the military profession, have become familiarized with hardships and perils of every kind, with scenes of carnage and devastation. Truth however compels us to observe, that these heroines, in "overstepping the modesty of nature," almost invariably transgress those limits which are prescribed by virtue and morality; and that while they have the appearance of one sex with the reality of the other, they frequently unite in themselves the vices of both. These observations will be found to be verified in the history of the female to the particulars of whose life we now call the attention of the reader.

Hannah Snell was born in Fryer-Street, in the city of Worcester, on the 23d of April 1723. Her grand-father embracing the military profession, served under William III. and Queen Anne, and terminated his career at the battle of Malplaquet. Her father was a hosier and dyer, and had a family of three sons and six daughters, of whom our heroine was the youngest but one.

In the year 1740, having lost her father and mother, Hannah removed to London, where she for some time resided with one of her sisters, the wife of a Mr. Gray, carpenter in Ship-street, Wapping. Soon after her arrival in the metropolis, she became acquainted with a Dutch seaman, named James Summs, who paid his addresses to her, and they were married on the 6th of January, 1743. It was not long, however, before she found herself miserably deceived in the opinion she had formed of her husband. He abandoned her company for that of women of the lowest description, with whom he squandered the little property which his wife possessed, and having involved himself deeply in debt, he deserted her entirely, leaving her pregnant, to struggle with all the horrors of poverty. Two months after his departure, she was delivered of a girl, who died at the early age of seven months.

When her husband abandoned her, she again went to reside with her sister; but the death of her child, releasing her from every tie, she resolved to set out in quest of the man, whom, notwithstanding his ill usage, she still continued to love. In order to execute this design with a better

grace, and more chance of success, she put on a suit of her brother in law's clothes, assumed his name, James Gray, and set off on the 23d of November, 1743. Having travelled to Coventry, and being unable to procure any intelligence of her husband, she, on the 27th of the same month, inlisted into General Guise's regiment, and in the company belonging to Captain Miller.

She remained at Coventry about three weeks, during which time she made many fruitless enquiries after her husband. The north being then the seat of war, and her regiment being at Carlisle, she, with seventeen other recruits left Coventry, and joined the regiment after a march of three weeks, which she performed with as much ease as any one of her comrades.

On her arrival at Carlisle, she was instructed in the military exercise, and was soon able to perform it with great skill and dexterity. She had not been long in that city, when her serjeant whose name was Davis, having a criminal passion for a young woman in the town, and considering our adventurer as a proper person for promoting his design, applied to her to assist him in executing it. She appeared to acquiesce in his desire, but privately disclosed the whole affair to the intended victim, and warned her of her danger. By this conduct she gained the young woman's confidence and esteem, and being frequently in each other's company, the jealousy of Davis was excited, and he was inflamed with the desire of revenge. He accordingly seized an early opportunity of charging

his supposed rival before the commanding officer with neglect of duty; and she was sentenced to receive six hundred lashes. Five hundred, we are told, were inflicted, but the remaining hundred were remitted in consequence of the intercession of some of the officers.

The resentment of the jealous Davis was not yet satisfied with this cruel punishment; he omitted no opportunity to mortify her, and to put her on such duties as he knew to be difficult or disagreeable. For this treatment she however found some compensation in the increased affection of her female friend.

Not long after the above occurrence, another cause of uneasiness appeared. A fresh recruit, a native of Worcester, by trade a carpenter, and who had lodged in the house of her brother-in-law, having joined the regiment, she became justly apprehensive of a discovery of her sex, and her uneasiness increased to such a degree, that she at length resolved to desert. Having taken every possible precaution, she repaired to her female acquaintance, and informed her of her design. The latter endeavoured to dissuade her from such a dangerous enterprize; but finding her resolution fixed, she furnished her with money; and Hannah having taken leave of her affectionate friend, immediately commenced her journey on foot for Portsmouth. About a mile from Carlisle, perceiving a number of people employed in picking peas, and their clothes lying at some distance, she exchanged her regimental

coat for one of the old coats belonging to the men, and proceeded on her journey.

Arriving at Liverpool, Hannah stopped at a small public house, where she acted the gallant and rendered Boniface jealous of his wife. A battle was the consequence, in which the supposed gallant so completely drubbed her host, that he was obliged to keep his bed next day. From this place she suddenly decamped, and proceeded to Chester, where what she obtained from the landlady at Liverpool enabled her to appear in a more genteel style.

At Chester she took lodgings in a private house, in which likewise resided a young mantua-maker, with whom she soon contrived to ingratiate herself. She pushed her suit with much ardour, till at length on some pretence she obtained five guineas of the unsuspecting female, and then thought it time to leave Chester. In an intrigue in which she engaged with a widow at Winchester, our gallant was not quite so successful. Here she met for once, with her match; the widow had the art to empty her pockets, leaving her lover to ruminate on her folly, and to finish her journey on foot with the few shillings she had remaining.

Hannah was about a month in travelling from Carlisle to Portsmouth, where she soon inlisted as a marine in Colonel Fraser's regiment. Three weeks afterwards a draft was made from the regiment, for the East Indies, and Hannah among

the rest was ordered to embark in the Swallow sloop, one of the ships of Admiral Boscawen's fleet. She soon made herself remarkable on board by her dexterity and address in washing, mending, and cooking for her messmates; and these little good offices obtained her the particular notice of Mr. Wyegate, one of the lieutenants of the marines, who, in a very friendly manner, requested her to become one of their mess. This offer she readily accepted, and soon became a great favourite with the crew of the sloop.

The Swallow having sustained considerable damage in a storm, was obliged to put into the port of Lisbon to refit. A month having been occupied with the necessary repairs, the Swallow again put to sea, to rejoin the fleet; but the night after her departure, another tempest equally violent with the former, destroyed the greatest part of the rigging, so that she was reduced to a state very little better than a wreck. Hannah took her turn at the pump, which was kept constantly going, declined no office however dangerous, and established her character for courage, skill and intrepidity.

The ship was a second time repaired at Gibraltar, and having touched at Madeira, made the best of her way to the Cape of Good Hope, where having joined the rest of the squadron, they proceeded to make an attack on the Mauritius, which, however, proved unsuccessful.

The Admiral then bore away for Fort St. David, on the coast of Coromandel, where the fleet soon afterwards arrived.

The marines being disembarked, joined the English army; encamping before Areacopong they laid siege to the place, which on the tenth day surrendered. This adventure gave our heroine fresh spirits, and afforded her an opportunity of displaying her intrepidity, which she omitted no opportunity of doing, so that her conduct acquired the commendation of all her officers.

The army then proceeded to the attack of Pondicherry, and after lying before that place eleven weeks, and suffering very great hardships, they were obliged by the rainy season to abandon the siege. Our heroine was in the first party of English foot, who forded the river breast high, under an incessant fire from a French battery. She was likewise on the picket guard, continued on that duty seven nights successively, and laboured very hard about fourteen days at throwing up the trenches.

During this time she maintained her usual firmness, and her conduct was perfectly consistent with the character of bravery which has ever distinguished the British soldier. In one of the attacks, however, her career was well nigh terminated. She fired thirty-seven rounds during the engagement, and received, according to her account, six shots in her right leg, five in the left, and what was still more painful, a dangerous

wound in the abdomen. The latter gave her great uneasiness, as she feared lest it might lead to a discovery of her sex, which, even at the hazard of her life, she was determined not to reveal. It was therefore necessary, that she should conceal the knowledge of her wound from the surgeons, and this she knew it would be in vain to attempt without assistance. Intrusting her secret to a black woman who attended her, and who had access to the surgeon's medicines, the latter procured lint, salve, and other necessaries. The pain became extremely acute, and she endeavored to extract the ball, which she at length accomplished with no other instrument than her finger and thumb. Notwithstanding this painful and dangerous operation, she soon made a perfect cure.

Being removed to the hospital of Cuddalore, during her residence there, the greater part of the fleet sailed. As soon as she was completely cured, she was sent on board the Tartar pink, and continued to do the duty of a sailor till the return of the fleet from Madras. She was soon afterwards turned over to the Eltham man of war, commanded by Captain Lloyd, and sailed with that ship to Bombay. Here the vessel, which had sprung a leak on the passage, was heaved down to have her bottom thoroughly cleaned and repaired.

This operation lasted five weeks; the Captain remained on shore, while Hannah, in common with the rest of the crew had her turn on the

watch. On one of these occasions the lieutenant who commanded in the captain's absence, desired her to sing a song, but she excused herself, saying she was very unwell. The officer, however, being of a haughty and imperious disposition, peremptorily insisted that she should comply, which she as resolutely refused to do. She soon afterwards had occasion to regret her non-compliance, for being suspected of making free with a shirt belonging to one of her comrades, though no proof could be adduced, the lieutenant ordered her to be put in irons. After remaining in this situation five days, she was ordered to the gangway, and received twelve lashes. The shirt was found in the chest of the man who complained that he had lost it.

From Bombay the Eltham returned to Fort St. David, and on the 19th of November, 1749, that ship, together with the rest of the fleet, set sail for the Cape of Good Hope. Lieutenant Wyegate whose friendship for the subject of this narrative has already been mentioned, died the day after their departure. His loss was a severe stroke to our heroine, as she was greatly attached to him, and he was one of her most sincere friends.

Soon after the death of Mr. Wyegate, the second lieutenant Mr. Kite took her into his service, in which she remained about two months, when having engaged a boy to attend him, he recommended her to Mr. Wallace, third lieu-

tenant of the ship, who treated her with distinguished kindness during the whole voyage.

About this time the sailors began to rally her, because she had no beard, and they soon afterwards jocosely christened her *Miss Molly Gray*. This sneering appellation occasioned her considerable alarm, as she feared lest some of the crew might suspect that she was a female, and avail themselves of some favourable opportunity to ascertain the truth. Instead therefore of resenting this treatment, she resolved to take part in all their scenes of dissipation, and endeavour to pass for as good a man as any on board. Accordingly when the ship arrived at Lisbon, she joined the crew in every party of pleasure on shore, and was one of the foremost to promote every species of joviality. In these scenes she acted her part so naturally that her success far exceeded her expectation; the name of *Miss Molly* was buried in oblivion, and *Hearty Jemmy* was substituted in its stead.

While the vessel remained at Lisbon, Hannah, being in company with some of her shipmates, chanced to enter a house of entertainment, where they met with an English sailor who had been at Genoa in a Dutch vessel. She took the opportunity of enquiring after her long-lost husband, and was informed that he had been confined at Genoa, for murdering a native of that place, a gentleman of some distinction, and that, to expiate his crime he had been put into a bag with a

quantity of stones, and thus thrown headlong into the sea. Distressing as this information must have been, Hannah had, however sufficient command over herself to conceal her emotions.

Leaving Lisbon, our adventurer arrived in safety at Spithead, and proceeded to London to the house of her sister, who, notwithstanding her disguise and long absence, immediately recognized her, and gave her a hearty welcome.

Having, when her story became known, acquired a considerable degree of popularity, she was advised, as she had a good voice, to apply for an engagement to the Managers of the Royalty Theatre, Wellclose-square. As they closed with her offer, she appeared before the public in the character of Bill Bobstay, a sailor. She likewise represented Firelock a military character, and in a most masterly and correct manner went through the manual and platoon exercises, &c.

In this capacity, she did not, however continue many months, but quitted the stage, and as she preferred male attire, she resolved to continue to wear it during the remainder of her life. In consideration of the hardships she had endured in the service of her country, government granted her a pension of 20*l.* with the assistance of which she took a public house in the neighbourhood of Wapping. On one side of the sign was painted, the figure of a jolly British tar, and on the other the valiant Marine, underneath was inscribed, *the Widow in Masquerade, or the Female Warrior.*

These attractive signs produced the desired ef-

fect; her house was well frequented, and she lived many years in the enjoyment of prosperity, which compensated, in some measure, for the distresses she had experienced in the early period of her life.

Such is the substance of the account given to the public, either by this extraordinary woman herself, or under her authority. We have weeded it of numerous inaccuracies with respect to names, &c. and cannot forbear observing, that there seems to be some reason to doubt the veracity of various circumstances recorded in it. To mention only one seeming inconsistency, how is it possible that she could have been twice flogged without a discovery of her sex? And though it is pretended that she had the art to keep her secret to the very last, yet it has been stated upon good authority, that her wound led to its exposure. It is added that, on her recovery, an Irish officer took her under his protection, and that by this gentleman she had two sons, one of whom is still living.

WILLIAM GIBSON.

WILLIAM Gibson was born in the year 1720, at the village of Boulton, a few miles from Appleby, in Westmoreland. On the death of his father, he put himself to a farmer to learn his business. When he was about seventeen or eighteen, he was informed that his father had been possessed of a tolerable estate in landed property; and

that he was descended from the same family with Dr. Edmund Gibson, who at the beginning of the preceding century was bishop of London. The estate was, however, mortgaged to its full value. He therefore continued his occupation, and soon afterwards rented and managed a little farm of his own, at a place called Hollins, in Cartmell, where he applied himself assiduously to study.

A short time previous to this, he had admired the operation of figures; but laboured under every disadvantage, for want of education. As he had not been taught either to read or write, he turned his thoughts to reading English, and enabled himself to read and comprehend a plain author. He then purchased a treatise on Arithmetic; and though he could not write, he soon went through common Arithmetic, vulgar and decimal fractions, the extraction of the square and cube roots, &c. by his memory only, and became so expert that he could tell, without setting down a figure, the product of any two numbers multiplied together, although the multiplier and multiplicand, each of them, consisted of nine figures: and it was equally astonishing how he could answer, in the same manner, questions in division, in decimal fractions, or in the extraction of the square or cube roots, were such a multiplicity of figures is often required in the operation. Yet at this time he did not know that any merit was due to himself, conceiving that the capacity of other people was like his own; but

being a sociable companion, and, when in company, taking a particular pride in puzzling his companions with proposing different questions they gave him others in return, which, from the certainty and expeditious manner he had in answering them, caused him to be first noticed as as an arithmetician and a man of most wonderful memory.

Finding himself still labouring under farther difficulties, for want of a knowledge in writing, he taught himself to write a tolerable hand. As he did not know the meaning of the word *mathematics*, he had no idea of any thing beyond what he had learned. He thought himself a masterpiece in figures, and challenged all his companions and the society he attended. Something, however, was proposed to him concerning Euclid; as he did not understand the meaning of the word, he was silent, but afterwards found it meant a *book*, containing the elements of geometry, which he purchased, and applied himself very diligently to the study of it, and against the next meeting, he was prepared with an answer in this new science.

He now found himself launching out into a field, of which, before he had no conception. He continued his geometrical studies; and as the demonstration of the different propositions in Euclid depend entirely upon a recollection of some of those preceding, his memory was of the utmost service to him: and as it did not require much knowledge in classical education, but prin-

cipally the management of straight lines, it was a study exactly adapted to his mind: for while he was attending the business of his farm, and humming over some tune or other, his attention was solely engaged upon some of his geometrical propositions, and, with the assistance of a piece of chalk, upon his breeches knee, or any other convenient spot, he would clear up the most difficult parts of the science in a most masterly manner.

He now began to be struck with the works of nature, and paid particular attention to the theory of the earth, the moon, and the rest of the planets belonging to this system, of which the sun is the centre; and, considering the distance and magnitude of the different bodies belonging to it, and the distance of the fixed stars, he soon conceived each to be the centre of a different system. He well considered the law of gravity, and that of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, and the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the tides; also, the projection of the sphere, stereographic, orthographic, and gnomical; also trigonometry and astronomy. He was never more highly delighted than when he found that his calculations agreed with observation: and being well acquainted with the projection of the sphere, he was fond of describing all astronomical questions geometrically, and of projecting the eclipses of the sun and moon that way. By this time he was possessed of a small library.

He next turned his thoughts to algebra, and took up Emerson's treatise on that subject, and went through it with great success; the management of surd quantities, and the clearing equations of high powers were amusements to him while at work in the fields, as he generally could perform them by his memory; and if he met with any thing very intricate, he had recourse to a piece of chalk, as in his geometrical propositions. The arithmetic of infinites, and the differential method, he made himself master of, and found out that algebra and geometry were the very soul of the mathematics. He therefore paid a particular attention to them, and used to apply the former to almost every branch of the different sciences. He grounded himself in the art of navigation, the principles of mechanics, also, the doctrine of motion, of falling bodies, and the elements of optics, and, as a preliminary to fluxions, which had only been lately discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, as the boundary of the mathematics, he went through conic sections, &c. to make a trial of this last and finishing branch. Though he expressed some difficulty at his first entrance, yet he did not rest till he made himself master of both a fluxion and a flowing quantity. As he had paid a similar attention to all the intermediate parts, he was become so conversant in every branch of the mathematics, that no question was ever proposed to him which he could not answer.

He used to answer all the questions in the

Gentleman and Lady's Diaries, the Palladium, and annual publications, for several years; but his answers were seldom inserted except by, or in the name of some other person, for he had no ambition to make his abilities known, farther than satisfying himself that nothing passed him which he did not understand. He frequently has had questions from his pupils and other gentlemen in London, the universities, and different parts of the country, as well as from the university of Gottingen, in Germany, sent him to solve, which he never failed to answer; and, from the minute enquiry he made into natural philosophy, there was scarcely a phenomenon in nature, that ever came to his knowledge or observation, but he could, in some measure or other, reasonably account for it.

He went by the name of Willy o'th'Hollins for many years after he left the place. He removed to Tatn-green, where he lived about fifteen years, and from thence into the neighborhood of Cartmell, and was best known by the name of Willy Gibson, still continuing his former occupation. For the last forty years of his life he kept a school of about eight or ten gentlemen, who boarded and lodged at his own farm house; and having a happy turn of explaining his ideas, he formed a great number of very able mathematicians, and many more gentlemen he has instructed in accompts, for the counting house, as well as for the sea, and for land surveying, which profession he likewise followed himself. He used to

study incessantly during the greatest part of the night, and in the day time, when in the fields, his pupils frequently went to him to have their various difficulties removed.

This extraordinary self-taught philosopher died on the 4th of October, 1792, at Blaith, near Cartmell, in consequence of a fall, a few days before, leaving behind him a widow and ten children.

SAMUEL THORLEY.

AMONG the passions that take possession of the human mind, many, we know, if not checked, become so powerful as entirely to subdue reason, and to lead man to the commission of the most atrocious crimes. How often does not avarice, hatred, revenge, instigate deluded individuals to take away the lives of their fellow-creatures! These events are so frequent, that, unless they are attended with some very extraordinary circumstances, they scarcely attract the least attention, except among the immediate connections of the unhappy sufferers, or the still more unhappy perpetrators of the bloody deed. A circumstance, perhaps unparalleled in a civilized country, renders the history of the wretch of whom some particulars are here given, a subject of public interest; and it holds out an awful warn-

ing against the excessive indulgence of any propensity or desire, however innocent in appearance.

Samuel Thorley was assistant to a butcher at Congleton, in Cheshire. The victim of his cruelty was Ann Smith, a ballad-singer, aged twenty-two. She was met on a foot-way near Congleton, by Thorley, who prevailed on her to accompany him to a place at some distance from the road, where he cut off her head, tore off her arms, legs, thighs, and breasts, took out her bowels and tongue, and having cut off the calves of her legs, and other fleshy parts, threw what remained of the carcase into a brook. The former he carried to the house of an old woman and told her he had got some pork, which he desired her to put up for him. Calling again the next morning, he requested permission to boil some of it, which being granted, he ate part of it for breakfast, but finding it disagree with him, he desired the rest of it to be thrown away. Soon afterwards some men who were passing the brook, observed a petticoat in the water, and their suspicions being aroused, they searched attentively, and found several dismembered parts of a human body. The head and face being seen by an aged woman, she exclaimed, "It is poor Ann Smith, the ballad-singer."

The manner in which the deceased was cut to pieces, occasioned a countryman to observe, that the act was probably perpetrated by a but-

cher; and the ferocious disposition of Thorley excited a suspicion that he was the person, though he had assisted in the search for the body, and expressed a strong detestation at the conduct of the unknown murderer. His general character was bad, and his practice of eating raw meat, induced the countryman to imagine that Thorley might have concealed the flesh in some barn for food. Under the influence of this idea, he searched the cottage of the old woman in whose custody the flesh had been left, and who was, perhaps, known as an acquaintance of the murderer, and was then, as far as she was concerned, informed of the foregoing particulars. The scattered pieces of the body were produced: and the man seeing they were not bristly, as a scraped pig would have been, conveyed them to a surgeon, who immediately pronounced them to belong to some human body.

Thorley being soon afterwards apprehended, acknowledged the fact; and being questioned as to the motive that influenced him to commit such a horrible murder, answered, that, "having frequently heard that human flesh resembled young pig in taste, curiosity prompted him to try if it was true." During his imprisonment and trial he behaved with the greatest indifference, and at the gallows only enquired if the executioner intended to strip him; when receiving an answer in the negative, he displayed a slight degree of satisfaction. His body was hung in chains on a heath near Congleton.

The witnesses on his trial deposed, that he had never shewn any marks of insanity, and seemed convinced that extreme avarice was the principal inducement to the commission of this singularly savage act of diabolical cruelty. He was executed on the 10th of April, 1777.

MARGARET LAMBURN.

THIS heroic woman, was with her husband in the retinue of Mary queen of Scots, on whose untimely death, he died of grief. Margaret resolved to avenge the death of her queen and husband upon Elizabeth, and to accomplish her purpose, she assumed a man's habit, and repaired to the English court, assuming the name of Anthony Sparke. She carried with her a brace of pistols; one to kill Elizabeth, and the other to shoot herself, to avoid the disgrace of a public execution. But her design happened to miscarry, by an accident which preserved Elizabeth's life. One day as she was pushing through the crowd to come up to her Majesty who was then walking in her garden, she dropped one of her pistols. This being observed, she was seized and brought before the queen, who asked her name, country, and quality? Margaret undauntedly replied, "Madam though I appear in this habit, I am a woman; my name is Margaret Lamburn: I was several years in the service of queen.

Mary, my mistress, whom you have unjustly put to death; and by her death you have caused that of my husband, who died of grief to see so innocent a queen perish so iniquitously. Now, as I had the greatest love and affection for these victims of your cruelty and injustice, I was resolved to avenge their deaths by killing you. I acknowledge I have suffered many struggles within my own breast, and have endeavored to divert my resolution from this design; but all in vain: I found myself compelled to prove, by experience, the truth of that maxim, that neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is compelled thereto by love."

After calmly listening to Margaret's discourse, Elizabeth replied, "You are then persuaded that in this action you have done your duty, and satisfied the demands which your love for your mistress and for your husband required of you; but what think you now it is my duty to do to you?" "Madam," said Margaret, with a steady unembarrassed countenance, "I will tell you plainly my opinion, provided you will please to let me know whether you put this question in the quality of a queen, or that of a judge." Her majesty declared that, "it was in that of a queen." "Then," said Margaret, "your majesty ought to grant me a pardon." "But what assurance or security can you give me," said Elizabeth, "that you will not make another at-

tempt upon my life?" "Madam," replied the spirited Lamburn, "a favor given under such restraints is no more a favor; and in so doing your majesty would act against me as a judge." The queen, turning to some of her council, said, I have been thirty years a queen, but do not remember ever to have had such a lecture read to me before." She then pronounced a free and unqualified pardon, and granted Margaret safe conduct till she got out of the kingdom.

JOAN D'ARC,

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THIS heroine, whose exploits we are about to recite, was the daughter of James d'Arc, a peasant in the village of Dompre, or Damremy, near the borders of Lorrain. In her younger years she assisted in attending her father's little farm; but her disposition even then appeared of such a military turn, that the old man was under perpetual apprehension lest Joan should follow the camp. When she attained the age of eighteen, she was no despicable figure. Her mien was graceful, her figure comely, and her agility and vigour very uncommon in her sex. Soon after she eloped from her father, and hired herself to a female inn-keeper, who let out horses at Neufchastel in Lorrain. Here she followed, in the quality of a servant, the business she thought most suitable to her disposition, as it gave her an opportunity of taking journies, riding the horses to water, and knowing how to manage them. In this station she continued five years, and then returned to her father. The old man being fond of his daughter, did not perhaps chuse to hazard a second elopement, and therefore indulged her in a more quiet life than she had hitherto known

As Joan was remarkable both for wit and genius, this new life of inactivity, caused her to indulge reflection; and though distant from the scenes of the misery of her country, she heard of its distress, and was deeply impressed with its calamities.

Great part of France had been subdued by the victorious arms of our fifth Henry who had been crowned at Paris, from which the French monarch was now an exile. Though Henry, the terror of France was by this time dead, yet his armies, under the conduct of his brother and other experienced officers, was still proceeding in the career of victory, and had laid siege to Orleans. These things which would scarcely have excited emotion in any ordinary mind, particularly of a female, filled the heart of Joan with deep regret. She figured to herself the unfortunate king Charles as the most deserving prince ever formed by the hand of nature; his followers as so many heroes, undeservedly miserable for preserving their loyalty. She thought there was no toil too painful for her to endure, no danger too great for her to undertake, to serve men so highly revered; and she had doubtless already within the walls of a cottage, triumphed over the English battalions, and humbled the pride of the ambitious regent.

Filled with sentiments like these, her impatience for action so inflamed her mind, that she mistook the impulses of her passion for heavenly inspirations. She fancied she saw visions, and

heard voices, exhorting her to establish her favourite prince on the throne of his ancestors, and repel the foreign invaders of her country. Thinking herself therefore destined by heaven to perform this service, she threw off that bashfulness and timidity which would otherwise have naturally adhered to her sex, her years, and her mean station. She repaired to Vaucouleurs, procured admission to Baudricourt the governor, informed him of her inspirations, her visions, and her intentions, and conjured him not to neglect the voice of heaven, who spoke by her mouth, but to second those celestial revelations which irresistibly impelled her to undertake this glorious work. Baudricourt, who considered her as a mere visionary, treated her application at first with some neglect, but on her frequent and importunate solicitations, he began to remark something extraordinary in the maid, and was inclined at all hazards, to try so easy an experiment.

It is uncertain, whether this general had discernment sufficient to perceive that great use might be made of so uncommon an instrument; or whether, as is still more likely in that credulous age, he became himself a convert to this enthusiast. Be this as it may, he at length adopted the scheme of Joan, and gave her a few attendants, who conducted her to the French court then residing at Chinon.

Every historian should endeavour to distinguish between the miraculous and the marvellous, to reject the former in all transactions merely

human, to scruple the latter, and when obliged by the concurrent testimony of all cotemporary writers, as in the present case, to admit of something extraordinary, but at the same time to receive as little of it as is consistent with known facts and circumstances. It is pretended by some visionary writers of these times, that she immediately knew the king, though she had never seen his face before, and though he purposely mingled in the crowd of courtiers, and had even laid aside every thing in his dress and apparel that might distinguish him. It is added, that she offered that prince, in the name of the supreme creator, to raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct him to Rheims to be there crowned and anointed; and on his expressing some doubts of her mission, revealed to him, before some sworn confidants, a secret unknown to all the world except himself, and which it was impossible for her to know but by a heavenly inspiration; demanding, at the same time, as the instrument of her future victories, a particular sword carefully kept in the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, and which, though she had never seen, she described with all its marks, mentioning the place in which it had long laid neglected and forgotten. It is very certain that all these miraculous stories were circulated in order to engage the attention of the vulgar.

The more the king and his ministers were determined to make use of this religious visionary, the more scruples they pretended to raise against

her mission. An assembly of grave doctors and divines cautiously examined Joan's pretensions, and pronounced them undoubted and supernatural. She was therefore sent to the parliament, then assembled at Poictiers, where she was closely interrogated. The president and counsellors who came thither, fully persuaded of her imposture, returned convinced of her inspiration. A ray of hope now began to break through the clouds of despair, which had for some time surrounded the court of Charles. Heaven, they said, had now declared in favour of France, and had laid bare its almighty arm to take vengeance on her invaders. Few were able to distinguish between the impulse of inclination, and the force of conviction; and still fewer were willing to undertake the trouble of making a scrutiny so disagreeable to their wishes.

In the mean time the siege of Orleans was pushed by the English with the utmost vigour, and the besieged still continued to make a noble resistance; but the want of provisions increasing every day, it became absolutely necessary to send the garrison a supply, and Charles determined that this service should be Joan's first essay in war, and a proof of the truth or falsity of her mission. He accordingly ordered her to be dressed in a complete suit of armour, and conducted into the council. She was well acquainted with the situation of the English camp, and all the passes leading to the city of Orleans, so that she spoke with great perspicuity on the

measures necessary to be adopted for introducing the convoy. Having satisfied the council, she was carried to Blois, the place intended for the general rendezvous of the troops designed for the convoy. She immediately, on her arrival, ordered a white standard, in the centre of which was embroidered a picture of the Divine Being, surrounded by fleur-de-lis, to be consecrated, and displayed upon the ramparts.

The English officers meanwhile looked upon Charles's affairs as truly desperate, since he was obliged to have recourse to a visionary for relief. But the expedient had already, in some measure, answered that prince's intentions: instead of a convoy, an army of twelve thousand men assembled at Blois, and Joan marched immediately at the head of these forces, for the relief of Orleans. Her first design was to enter the city on the side of the Beausse, but she was met by a messenger from Dunois, who commanded in Orleans during the absence of the governor, advising the attempt to be made on the Salogne side, the English having strongly fortified that of the Beausse; adding, that he had already made the necessary dispositions for a sally on the English, on the side of the latter.

In the mean time Florentine d'Illiers had been detached by Joan's particular directions, at the head of four hundred horse. This gallant officer passed the river in boats, and threw himself with his detachment into the city. The garrison and inhabitants were greatly rejoiced at the disposi-

tions made for their relief, and expressed the highest confidence in the supernatural abilities of the intrepid leader.

As soon as the convoy reached the bank of the river below the first intrenchment of the English, they found boats ready to receive the ammunition and provisions. While these were embarking, Joan drew up her troops with such a shew of resolution, that the English did not think it prudent to attack her. They even abandoned one of their towers, called St. John le Blanc; of which she immediately took possession, and the convoy got safe into Orleans.

This success fully answered all the ideas the French had conceived of their heroine's mission and virtues. The next morning the Count de Dunois himself passed over to the tower of St. John, where Joan still continued. He was attended by some of the principal inhabitants, and all joined to invite her to cross the river, and take upon herself the defence of the city. Joan received their offers with as much state and dignity as if she had been always used to command the most powerful armies. She, however, yielded to their intreaties, though her first resolution was to have attacked the English quarters, and brought on a general engagement. When she entered Orleans, the people gazed at her as a divinity, and from that moment considered themselves invincible. She lodged in the house of one Bouchier, the treasurer to the Duke of Orleans, whose wife and daughter she kept con-

stantly about her person, to prevent any suspicion of her chastity.

The garrison and citizens of Orleans thinking they had an army in the person of their female commander, suffered the troops who had guarded the convoy to return to Blois, under the conduct of St. Severe, who engaged in two or three days to introduce another convoy on the side of Beausse, by which they would be free from the inconveniency of embarking the provisions in boats. As they expected a very strong opposition in this quarter, the detachment that guarded the convoy was strengthened by forces from all the neighbouring garrisons belonging to Charles. When the French first presented themselves before the English lines, which happened early in the morning, Joan, assisted by the Count de Dunois, made so vigorous a sally from the city, that the English turned their whole force to oppose them, and suffered the convoy to pass unmolested into Orleans.

This success astonished the English; they appeared like men disconcerted and infatuated; the common soldiers began to believe all the stories propagated by the French, concerning the supernatural power of Joan; while their officers were struck with the masterly manner in which every thing was disposed and executed on the side of the besieged. The latter had now even the boldness to think of investing the works of the besiegers. Accordingly, a body of volunteers, more hardy than wise, agreed to sally out

of the city, the same day the convoy entered, and attack the tower of St. Loupe, on the side of the Beausse.

Joan, fatigued with the service of the morning, had retired to rest; but when she awoke she received the disagreeable news that the volunteers had been repulsed, and were then making a precipitate retreat back into the city. Alarmed at this defeat, she instantly sallied out to stop their shameful flight, while the Count de Dunois posted himself at the head of another party, to cut off all communication between the fort that had been attacked, and Lord Talbot's quarters. Joan no sooner appeared than the fugitives recovered their strength, their spirits, and their courage. The fortune of the day was changed; the English were driven back to their tower, which Joan, with her party, entered almost at the same time. Scarcely a man of them escaped being put to the sword, and the tower was immediately razed to the foundation, while Lord Talbot was obliged to remain an idle spectator.

This amazing success rouzed Joan's enthusiastic partizans to the highest point of fury. Nothing was now considered as impossible. She even urged the generals to attack the main body of the English in their intrenchments; but Dunois, unwilling to hazard the fate of France by too great temerity, and sensible that the least reverse of fortune would be sufficient to dispel all the mists of enthusiasm, and restore every thing to its former condition, checked her vehemence,

and proposed an attempt to expel the enemy from their forts on the other side of the river, and open a communication with the country, before she attempted the more dangerous enterprize. It was with some difficulty that Joan could be persuaded to agree with this disposition; and the next day Sir William Gladdesdale, who commanded an important post of the besiegers, drew all his men into the tower of St. Augustine, strengthened the garrison which had been left in the tower of Tourelles, and the bulwark erected at the head of the bridge. By these means the besieged had a free communication with the river, and great part of the garrison immediately passed over in boats to the other side, in order to attack the bulwark erected upon the Portereau.

Joan, who commanded the attack in person, advanced with her consecrated standard before her at the head of her men. But the English being supplied with fresh troops from the next tower, made so brave a defence, that Joan soon found herself abandoned by her soldiers, and almost surrounded by the enemy. Brave as she was, she had no other resource than that of a retreat; but it was only to re-animate her troops, whom she instantly rallied, and led back with so much fury to the assault, that the bulwark was carried by storm, and all the English that defended it were put to the sword. On this occasion Joan shewed at once her prudence and her bravery. The place

she had just taken was filled with provisions, and the baggage of the English officers. She was afraid lest her soldiers, by employing themselves in securing the booty, should give the enemy an opportunity of retaking the bulwark; she therefore ordered the whole to be set on fire, and commanded all her men to take their several posts, as if she expected every moment to be attacked by the English. She had herself been wounded in the foot, and was therefore obliged to return that night to Orleans.

She, however, continued no longer in the city than was absolutely necessary. She rose early in the morning and crossed the river to her troops. On her arrival she found that the English had not only declined all attempts to regain what they had lost, but had also abandoned several other considerable posts, and drawn all their troops on that side of the city within the Tourelles, and the bulwark that defended it. Joan, after reconnoitring the works, proposed immediately to attack both places, but was opposed by the joint voice of all the French generals. They remembered at how dear a rate the English had purchased these works; they represented that the English could never have carried these fortresses, had not their attempts been favored by the lowness of the river when they made the attack; that there were but two ways of approaching it, one by the bridge, the arches of which were broken down; the other by the river,

which was now too high to be forded. Joan, however, slighted all these reasons and remonstrances with an air of authority, and the soldiers, who thought themselves invincible under her standard, calling aloud to be led on by their brave deliverer, the council was obliged to submit, and it was accordingly agreed to make the attack immediately.

On a nearer and more accurate survey, Joan thought the attempt both difficult and dangerous, though far from being impracticable, and ordered the cannon to be placed on that part of the bridge which had not been broken down. Some of the archers were so desirous of beginning the attack that they swam across the river, and climbed to the top of the ruined arch, in order to discharge their arrows with greater effect. These precautions being taken, Joan ordered a violent cannonade to be made on both sides of the river, under which she attacked the bulwark at the head of her troops. The English made a noble defence. Joan was wounded in the neck with an arrow at the beginning of the action; she retreated for a moment behind the assailants; pulled out the arrow with her own hands, exclaiming, "It is *glory*, not blood, that flows from the wound!" and returned in a few moments to the attack. The English still made a gallant defence, and the Count de Dunois proposed to give over the assault. But Joan was determined to carry the place; she flew again

to the attack, mounted the bulwark sword in hand, and planted her victorious banner on the ramparts of the enemy.

The walls of Tourelle were by this time totally ruined by the artillery on the bridge, so that the place was immediately stormed, and the greatest part of the garrison put to the sword. The English had now lost above six thousand men in these different actions; and, what was of still greater importance to the enemy, their wonted courage and confidence had forsaken them, and been succeeded by astonishment and despair.

Joan returned triumphant over the bridge, and was again received as the guardian angel of the city. She had now convinced the most obdurate incredulity of her divine mission: persons felt themselves animated as by a superior energy, and thought nothing impossible to that divine hand which so visibly conducted all their undertakings. It was in vain even for the English generals to oppose the prevailing opinion of supernatural influence; they themselves were probably infected with the same superstitious sentiments. The utmost they dared to advance was, that Joan was not an instrument of God, but a tool of the devil. The English, however, having felt by sad experience that the devil had sometimes power to prevail, derived very little consolation from this opinion.

The Earl of Suffolk saw the danger that must attend his army if he suffered his intimidated

troops to remain any longer before Orleans, in the presence of such a courageous and victorious enemy, and therefore raised the siege, and retreated with all the precaution necessary in so critical a conjuncture. In the mean time the French wisely determined to push their advantages, without giving the English time to recover from their consternation. A body of six thousand men were detached to attack Jergeau, whither the earl of Suffolk had retired with a great part of his army. But the spiritless condition of his soldiers rendered all attempts to defend it vain and useless. Joan, who served as a volunteer in this detachment, displayed her usual intrepidity. She descended into the ditch in leading the attack, and there received a blow with a stone upon the head, by which she was felled to the ground. She soon recovered herself, and success crowned the enterprize. Suffolk was obliged to surrender to a Frenchman, named Renaud; but before he submitted he asked his adversary whether he was a gentleman. On receiving a satisfactory answer, he demanded whether he was a knight. Renaud replied, he had not yet obtained that honor. "Then I make you one," replied Suffolk, and immediately gave him the blow with his sword, and surrendered himself his prisoner. John Pole, the earl's brother, was also taken prisoner, together with five hundred of the garrison.

Lord Talbot now succeeded to the command of the army. He retired on raising the siege of

Orleans to Meun, which he fortified, took possession of the town of Laval, and threw a reinforcement into Beaugenci. The French, who now considered the over-taking of the English equivalent to a victory, immediately determined to fall down the Loire in boats, and attack those places, particularly Meun and Beaugenci. This resolution was no sooner adopted, than every loyal Frenchman seemed to be in arms; even the constable of France, who had long continued at Parthenay, came to the camp, attended with a great train of noblemen, and twelve hundred soldiers, in express disobedience to the orders of Charles, who had dismissed him from his service. The maid of Orleans was for arresting him as a traitor; but the other officers soon made her sensible that the present conjuncture was improper for taking any step of that nature; they even engaged to procure Charles's consent that the constable should serve. Orleans was appointed for the general rendezvous, and the constable, who still retained great authority in the army, promised Joan, that he would merit his master's forgiveness by his future conduct.

Every thing being now ready for the intended expedition, the army fell down the Loire, and after taking Meun by assault, invested the important town of Beaugenci. The English, who had foreseen this, were extremely solicitous to defend the place, and had therefore strengthened it with the garrison of Ferré Hubert. But the siege was no sooner formed, than they aban-

doned the town, and prepared to defend the castle, together with the bridge. The French soon assaulted both with great fury, and the bailiff Devereux, who commanded in the castle, hung out a flag of truce, and demanded a capitulation. The French readily agreed to the offer, having learned that the lords Talbot and Scales, with Sir John Fastolf, had taken the field, with a view of raising the siege of Beaugenci; but finding that to be impracticable, they marched to surprize the French troops left at Meun. The capitulation of Beaugenci was therefore no sooner signed, than the French troops marched back towards Meun, the bridge of which the English had already attempted, but being repulsed, were again returning to the assault, when the van of the French appeared in sight. Upon this the English drew off towards Jenville, where they joined a body of five or six thousand of their countrymen, sent by the duke of Bedford to reinforce them. The French, desirous of improving the panic of the English, sent out a detachment to observe their motions, and to harass them in their retreat, while the main body of the army followed by forced marches, and at last overtook them at the village of Patay.

The French army greatly exceeded that of the English in number: but this was a consideration of so very little moment that it had never before affected the success of the latter. On this occasion however, their native courage yielded to their fears. The prepossession of the maid's in-

fernal alliance now damped their spirits, unbraced their nerves, and gave wings to their terror. Even the brave Sir John Fastolf himself was affected with the epidemical panic; for being placed in the first division, he fled as soon as attacked; and the order of the garter was afterwards taken from him for this instance of cowardice. The flight of Sir John, left the lords Talbot, Scales, and Hungerford, together with Sir Thomas Rampston, to sustain the whole fury of the French attack. These indeed made a noble defence, because they were above the weaknesses of their countrymen; but all their efforts could only suspend for a few minutes, the total rout of their army which was soon completed with great slaughter. Nearly two thousand of the English were killed upon the spot; and among the prisoners were the lords Talbot, Scales, and Hungerford, with all the general officers who behaved like Englishmen. The French immediately after the battle, made themselves masters of the strong fortress of Jenville, where the English magazines both of provisions and ammunition were deposited.

The loss of the battle of Patay struck the English with such consternation that they abandoned all the strong places and passes they possessed near Orleans, and retired towards Paris; and Charles took the field in person, after ordering a general rendezvous of his troops at Giac.

The maid had now performed one part of her promise to Charles; the siege of Orleans was

raised; but the other, which related to his coronation at Rheims, was not yet accomplished. She appeared very uneasy at this, and urgently requested, that he would immediately set out on that enterprize. A few months before, a proposal of this kind would have appeared the height of madness. The city where the ceremony was to be performed, lay in a very distant quarter of the kingdom, and was then in the hands of a powerful, and, till very lately, a victorious enemy. Besides, the roads leading to Rheims were occupied by the English troops, so that no imagination, not filled with the extravagant notions of supernatural assistance, could think of such an attempt in the present conjuncture. It was however the interest of Charles to maintain the belief, so happily propagated, of something extraordinary and divine in those events, and to avail himself of the present consternation of the English. He therefore resolved to follow the dictates of this enthusiast, and to lead his army on this romantic adventure. He accordingly set out at the head of twelve thousand of his best troops towards Auxerre, in his way to Rheims. He proceeded to Troyes, where there was a garrison of six hundred English and Burgundian soldiers. The place was strongly fortified, the garrison resolute, and Charles's army but ill furnished with provisions, and still worse with artillery. These circumstances had such weight in the council of war, that the greater part were for abandoning the enterprize. They represented

that the distance to Rheims was yet thirty leagues, through a country in possession of the enemy; that Giac was the only place whence they could draw any support, and that it would be plunging into inevitable destruction to pursue their march any farther. But the maid with invincible spirit maintained the contrary, requesting they would leave the whole management to her, adding, that if she did not reduce Troyes in three or four days, she would very readily abandon the undertaking This being agreed to, detachments were sent out to all the neighboring places to procure provisions for the army. These necessary precautions being taken, Joan flew from corps to corps, to animate the troops: and at the same time ordered a large quantity of faseines to be immediately procured for filling up the ditches. The soldiers, animated by her presence, flew to the charge, filled up the ditches, and, mounted the walls, under the discharge of a few field pieces. The garrison and inhabitants were amazed at this alacrity; some considered the maid as divinely commissioned; others as aided by infernal spirits; both equally contributing to increase the first panic which had seized them when the French first mounted the walls. Reduced to this extremity, the governor demanded a capitulation, which was readily granted on his own terms. The inhabitants were pardoned for the defection from their lawful prince, and they willingly returned to their obedience.

This decisive advantage removed every diffi-

culty that attended the march of the French army. Chalons, the next place of importance, made no resistance; and the city of Rheims sent a deputation to the king with the keys of the town, before the French approached the walls: so that Charles scarcely perceived, as he passed along, that he was marching through an enemy's country.

Soon after his arrival in this city, the ceremony of his coronation was performed with the holy oil, which a pigeon had brought to king Clovis from heaven, on the first establishment of the French monarchy. The maid of Orleans stood by the king's side dressed in complete armour, and displaying her sacred banner which had so often confounded and dispersed her fiercest enemies: while the people shouted with unfeigned joy on beholding such a complication of wonders. As soon as the ceremony was completed, the maid threw herself at the king's feet, embraced his knees, and with a flood of tears, extorted by tenderness and pleasure, congratulated him on the singular and wonderful event, which she had foretold. This ceremony had such a prodigious effect on the common people, that they joined his standard in crouds: while Loon, Soissons, Chateau Thierri, Provins, and several other towns and fortresses in that neighbourhood, opened their gates, and received him as their king.

The war was carried on with various success. Many places were taken, and several skirmishes happened between the detachments of the two

armies. About this time the maid of Orleans declared to the count de Dunois, that having relieved Orleans, and seen the coronation of Charles at Rheims, her wishes were satisfied; and she was now desirous of returning to her former domestic tranquillity, and spending the remainder of her days with her aged father, in employments more suited to her sex and condition. But the count sensible of the great advantages that might yet be derived from her presence in the army, exhorted her still to persevere, and not abandon the cause she had undertaken, till the English were entirely driven out of the kingdom.

These expostulations had the desired effect. The maid of Orleans agreed to continue in the army; and immediately threw herself into the town of Compeigne, then invested by the duke of Burgundy, assisted by the earls of Arundel and Suffolk. At her appearance the garrison thought themselves invincible, and determined to make a desperate sally on the enemy, in order to open a communication with the adjacent country. Accordingly Joan put herself at the head of five or six hundred men, and made so furious a sally on the quarters of Luxemburg, the Burgundian general, that she drove him from his post; but pursuing her advantage too far, a large party of the enemy advanced, and cut off her retreat. Reduced to this extremity, she did every thing in her power to favour the escape of her men, many of whom retreated to the city. Had the officers of the garrison made a brisk sally, this

imprudent step might perhaps have been rectified. But the French commanders, finding every advantage they gained over the enemy ascribed wholly to her, remained within the walls, and suffered her to be taken prisoner by Lionel de Vendosme, a Burgundian officer.

This acquisition was considered by the English as a decisive advantage. Te Deum was sung publicly at Paris. The duke of Bedford was persuaded, that by the captivity of this extraordinary person, who had blasted all his hopes, and laid his conquests in the dust, he should again recover his former ascendancy over France. He therefore purchased the prisoner from Lionel, in order to carry on a prosecution against her. In the mean time the duke of Burgundy, being obliged to repel an invasion in Brabant, left the siege of Compeigne, with the greater part of his forces, and the English not being sufficiently numerous to invest the place, were forced to raise the siege with considerable loss.

While Joan continued a prisoner under Luxemburg, she considered herself as in a place of safety, and might be either ransomed or exchanged: but she no sooner heard of his having treated with the English for the delivery of her person, than she gave herself over for lost, and therefore endeavoured to make her escape from the tower where she was confined, by jumping from the very top to the ground. But the effect of the fall was so great, that she was unable to walk, and therefore easily retaken. Soon after

this attempt she was delivered up to the English who sent her to Rouen, where she was loaded with chains, and confined in the castle.

The English council thought it absolutely necessary that the very idea of her virtue and divine commission should, as much as possible, be erazed from the minds of the people, and that the most proper method of doing this was to have recourse to some religious prosecution. Accordingly the bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese she was taken, presented a petition against Joan, desiring she might be tried before an ecclesiastical tribunal for sorcery, impiety, idolatry, and magic. The university of Paris were also mean enough to join in the same request. Joan was accordingly brought in her military habit before the ecclesiastical court at Rouen; but though the trial lasted two months, and she was examined twice every week, they were not able to fix upon her any crime that merited either imprisonment or death.

Historians have stated with great inaccuracy the proceedings of this extraordinary trial; we shall therefore give a circumstantial account of the result of Joan's various examinations. It is extracted from a manuscript in the French national library and is as follows:—

"At the age of thirteen," said she, "I heard a voice in my father's garden at Domremy, proceeding from the right on the side of the church, accompanied with a great light. At first I was afraid, but presently found that it was the voice

of an angel, who has protected me ever since, who has taught me to conduct myself properly, and to frequent the church. It was Saint Michael. I have also seen Saint Gabriel, but never Saint Denys. I have also seen Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret, who spoke to me, exhorted me to go frequently to confession, and directed me in almost all my actions. These two Saints appeared to me almost daily, and often more than once in the same day. I have seen them as distinctly as I see my Judges. I wept when they left me, because I wished that my spirit might accompany them. I spoke of these occurrences to no one, except to the Captain de Baudricourt, and the king: not because I was forbidden to do so; but I feared if it were known, that my father, or the Burgundians of the neighbourhood, would create obstacles to my departure.

"The angels were sometimes accompanied by many other angels, for they come often among Christians. I have seen them many times amongst them, although the others did not see them. They have never written me any letters. I can easily distinguish whether it is the voice of an Angel or a Saint that speaks to me. They are generally accompanied by a light, but not always. Their voices are soft and kind. They spoke to me in French and not in English, because they are on the side of the former. I have never failed to see the two Saints, even during my trial. The angels appeared to me with heads

in their natural shape. I see them and have seen them with my own eyes. I am convinced of it as strongly as I believe that God exists. Both the saints were always richly crowned.

"It is God who hath given them the form under which they shewed themselves to me. I bent the knee to them, and made reverences, joining my hands together; but I never made offerings of flowers or of my hair, or burnt wax-tapers to their honor, but in the church and before the images of the Holy Saints who are in Heaven, and never before the tree of the fairies.

"Saint Michael hath appeared to me under the form of a true and honest man. He certified to me that it was God who sent the two Saints to me, and that they only spoke to me by his orders. I am sure that it was Saint Michael from the expressions he used, for it was the language of Angels. I cannot explain myself more particularly as to their appearances. They had hair, and their faces were perfect. I have often embraced the two female saints by the middle of the body; and when they left me, I kissed the earth where they passed. I have been asked how I could prevent being deceived, if a demon had presented itself to me under the resemblance of St. Michael. I answer, that after the proofs I had, I could easily distinguish that Saint from any other. He hath never said any thing to me but what was good: he hath instructed me rightly, and I believe in his words and deeds as

firmly as I believe that Jesus Christ suffered for our redemption.

" It is true that there is at Domremy, as has been said, a beech tree, which they call *le beau Mai ou l'arbre des fées*, and a spring in the neighbourhood where sick persons come to drink to be cured of a fever, but I do not know whether they are relieved by it. Old people in the neighbourhood say, that fairies formerly came to this tree. A woman said that she had seen them. For myself I do not know whether it be true or not, for I have never seen them. They also say at Domremy that a mandrake is concealed in the earth near to this tree who could discover hidden treasures, but I know nothing more about it. The young girls are wont to amuse themselves near this tree; I have been there with others, but I have neither sung nor danced, but have made nosegays for the holy virgin of Domremy. However, since the age of discretion, and since I have seen the angels and the holy saints, I no more amused myself with these childish games. I have neither had visions nor revelations near this tree; but the two saints have appeared to me near the fountain, but I do not recollect what they said to me at that time. There is in the neighbourhood a wood, called the oak wood, which may be seen from my father's house; and when I went to find the king, they asked me if that were true, because they told me that the prophetesses had foretold that there would come

from near the oak-wood a girl who would perform wonders; but I have no other knowledge in this respect.

" Saint Michael informed me long ago of the calamities which France would experience. He told me that I was a good young girl, and that I should go to the king's assistance. The two Saints have also told me that I must go into France and cause the siege of Orleans to be raised, and render great services to the king. I asked them how that could be, as I was but a poor girl, and could neither ride nor fight. They told me to go and find out the captain *de Baudricourt*, who commanded for the king at Vaucouleurs. I had only quitted once my father's and mother's house, excepting as I am going to inform you. My mother instructed me in religion. She taught me the *Pater Noster*, which I repeat freely, and which I never refused to do but once, in order to prevail upon the Bishop de Beauvais to confess me. She also taught me the salutation of the angels and the creed, which I repeated to my confessor. I was only employed in my father's house in domestic affairs, and not out of doors, and but seldom to take care of the flocks.

" I was obliged to go to Toul, on account of a man's having cited me before the magistrates, in order to oblige me to marry him; but I gained my trial, on affirming, as the truth was, that I never promised him; on the contrary, from the first day that I had seen the two Saints, I made a vow of virginity both as to body and soul between

their hands, although they did not demand it; and they assured me that, if I kept my vow, they would conduct me into Paradise, for which cause I do not believe myself to be in deadly sin, because if I had that misfortune they would not have come and shewn themselves to me. Therefore, if I observe my vow, I believe as confidently in my salvation as if I were now in Heaven. Why do you ask me for what reason I confess having this belief; I answer that I believe no person can purify his conscience too much. In short if I had committed a deadly sin, it would be to my confessor that I would reveal it.

"About two years before I went to seek the king, my father dreamt that I should one day join the army, which made him watch me with extreme care, and keep me in the greatest subjection during my youth. My father was so much afraid of this, that he said he would hurt me sooner than permit it, and he desired my brothers to do it, if he failed. I have always obeyed my father and mother in every thing. I have only disobeyed them in this instance, and they have never forgiven me since, notwithstanding the grief which they felt on my departure with which they were extremely affected.

"It was one of my uncles who carried me to Vaucouleurs to see the Captain *de Baudricourt*, for I was so resolved to obey what was commanded to me on the subject from God, that I would have preferred being torn in pieces by horses sooner than not have obeyed; and although I had had

a hundred kings for my father, I should nevertheless have gone, seeing that the voices of the Saints came from God, and as they assured me that the king would receive and employ me in his service, and because I was also as sure that they spoke to me by the order of God himself, as I am of the truth of the Christian religion, and that God has redeemed us from the torments of hell. I was yet more resolved to act in this manner, because the two Saints had assured me that the king would recover his kingdom entirely, either by will or force.

"On entering the house of the Captain *de Baudricourt*, I recognized him immediately from among those who were with him, although I had never seen him before; for the two Saints pointed him out to me. Notwithstanding what I told him of the revelation which had been made to me, he twice refused, at different times, to pay any regard to it; but at length, on the third visit, he made me set out, dressed in the habit of a man, as the voices of the Saints had commanded me, with a sword which he gave me, and caused me to be carried to the King, attended by a knight, a squire, and four servants; saying, as we parted, *Farewell: go, come on it what may.*

"I add that I have never wished to quit the dress of a man, and I have refused many times to do it, before, as well as since, my confinement; because I did right in obeying my sovereign master. If I have been confessed, or received the communion in this dress in many large towns, I

was never in armour at the time. I have always had a woman to sleep with me, and when I could not have one, I always lay down entirely cloathed and armed. On my arrival before the king, I was examined and interrogated for three weeks at Chinon and at Poitiers. They wrote down all that I said. I wish that my judges had it now before them.

" It was revealed to me that I should cause the siege of Orleans to be raised. I assured the King of it, whom I recognised at first, among those who surrounded him, although I had never seen him before, by means of a vision which I had at that moment, accompanied with a great light. They found at St. Catherine de Fierbois, in the place which I had described after a revelation which the Saints had made to me, a sword concealed in the earth. It was entirely rusty, but this disappeared all at once, without any superstitious ceremony being employed. This I wore a long time and left it at Lagni.

" I wished to prevail upon the Duke of Burgundy to make peace with the King; and I told the King that he would one day compel him to do it, if the duke would not then consent; but it is true that I said at the same time that no peace was to be made with the English, but that they must be compelled to return to their own country.

" From this time I have done nothing, but under the guidance of the revelations which were made to me, and even now upon my trial, I only speak, after it has been revealed to me, what I may be permitted to say. You reproach me with

having commanded in battle, at the head of 6000 men, of princes, of barons, and of nobles, as if I were their captain; but if I have been a leader in the war, it was in obedience to the saints and angels, and for that my reliance is in God, as it is for all that I have done. For the rest, I have never practised any sorcery, or enchantment, or any thing which has the least relation to either.

" If my standard, or the particular banners of my troops, represented two angels supporting God, who held the world in his hands, with the words *Jesus Maria*, the voices of the saints pointed it out to me, and many persons advised me to it. Nothing particular was done with respect to these colours, and the angels were painted upon them in the same manner as they are painted in churches. If I have often said that these colours and banners were fortunate, it was not because I pretended to attribute to them any particular virtue, but because I wished that they might be so, and to encourage the soldiers: but without that, the two saints had assured me of success. If I had been wounded in the neck at the siege of Orleans, the two saints would have previously informed me of it, and I should have told it to the King; but I was not quite sure of being able to raise the siege, because they had told me so.

" If I have always borne my own standard myself, I have never had any other object in doing so but to avoid shedding human blood. I have never, in fact, killed one man in battle. If I have hung up my arms in the church of Saint

Denys, it was that I might thank God for not having been killed at the attack of the city of Paris, where I was wounded, and without having any other motive, much less that of exposing them for public veneration. If many persons have kissed my hands and my rings, they have done it in spite of me. I did all that was in my power to prevent them, and I only received with pleasure poor persons who came to me, and whom I consoled in the best manner that I could. As to my rings, I never had but two, one given me by my father, and the other by my brother, and I have never attributed any charm or power to them.

"If there were any who did not approach me until they had made the sign of the cross with holy water. I have said to them, *Approach without fear, I shall not fly away.* If one Friar Richard has pressed me to adopt the revelations of a woman whom he caused me to see, I have not believed in them after having made the examination which I judged necessary. If they have painted portraits of me, I have only seen one, which represented me kneeling and presenting a letter to the king. If they have made images or other representations of me on paper, in lead, or any other metal; if they have been worn suspended at the neck, if they have called me a saint, if they have taken me for the first saint in Paradise after the Holy Virgin, if they have taken me for an angel rather than a woman, if they named me in church in their prayers, or if

they have raised statues to my honour, as you pretend, I know nothing at all about it. I am even ignorant whether those who are on the king's side believe me sent by God for the purpose of doing what I have; but whether they believe it or not, it is not the less true, since I have only acted by virtue of the revelations which have been made to me.

"You ask me if I think that he, whom I call my king, hath done right in putting the Duke of Burgundy to death. I will tell you upon that point that his death hath been a great misfortune to France; but, whatever might exist between those two princes, God hath not the less sent me to the assistance of the king of France. If my letters bear the words *Jesus † Maria*, with a cross between them, it is what the ecclesiastics advised me to; and I will own to you, that when I added another cross it was to indicate, for some secret reason, that the contents of the letter should not be obeyed.

"If it be alleged, as the truth is, that the Count d'Armagnac wrote to me, desiring to know which of the three pretenders to the papal chair he should obey, I made no other answer to him than what is contained in the letter produced to me, and which says, that I would inform him on my arrival in Paris to which of the three he should give credit, and that by the counsel of my rightful and sovereign Lord, the King of all the Universe. I was on the point of mounting my horse. I had only time to

write that I could not answer him then but would do it at Paris, which made it important, because his messenger ran the risk, if he did not immediately return, of being thrown into the river. But I never wrote to him on the subject of the three popes, other than that I always had been, and was now, subject to the Pope who was at Rome.

"If it be alleged that I brought to life an infant at Lagni, I will tell you how that happened. It gave no signs of life for three days after it was born, and had not been baptized: the girls at Lagni prayed for it before the image of the Holy Virgin. The voices of the two saints said to me that, if I went, life would be restored to it. I accordingly repaired to the church and saw the infant, black as my tunic, and without any motion. I joined the girls of the village, and prayed with them. The infant revived—it appeared at first less black, cried three times, was baptized immediately, and, dying presently afterwards, was buried in holy ground; but I have no other information on the subject, nor do I know whether they attribute its being brought to life to me.

"If I called upon the people of Paris to surrender the city, it was not to me that I called upon them to do so, as you allege, but to the king. If I gave out that God loved the French, but did not love the English, I never intended to speak of the salvation of the latter, for I am totally ignorant on the subject; but I said that

God loved the King, the Duke of Orleans, and some others; that is, I meant that he would protect them, and I have said no more than what I knew. I said, what I know well, that the will of God is that the English should be driven out of France, and that God would give victory over them to the French, because if the English had success at the first, God only permitted it in order to punish the sins of the French. It is certain that a day hath not yet elapsed since the two saints told me that, before the expiration of seven years, the English would be in a still worse situation than they were at the siege of Orleans, and that they would lose more than they have yet lost, for they would lose all that they have in France. I neither know the day nor the hour, nor do they know any more than I, but I am afflicted that it is so distant, yet, before the next feast of St. Martin, the English will see many things. I know, from the two saints, that before that time many of them will be prostrate on the ground—I mean either wounded or killed." (It is worth while to observe here, that Paris submitted to Charles the VIIth in 1436, before six years had elapsed after this prediction, and that the affairs of the English continued more and more to fall into disorder after the death of Joan.)

"I also apprized M. the Bishop of Beauvais, that in undertaking my affair he put himself in great danger, and as you wish to know what the danger is, I will inform you. You say that you

are my judges. I do not know by what right you are so ; but take care that you judge not wrong ; for by doing so, you will put yourselves in great danger, and I warn you of it to the end, that if God will punish you for it, I have done my duty in cautioning you. The saints never called me the daughter of God but before the raising of the siege of Orleans, and I never asked of them but three things: the first was, to go into France; the second, that God might aid the French ; and the third, the salvation of my soul. They promised me a fourth, which you cannot know for three months yet." (Joan never told what this fourth was.) "I have not been influenced by any motive of interest. What my brother may have received from the liberality of the king, I did not ask from him. As to myself, I had nothing more than the state which he provided for me, and the money necessary to pay the soldiers. If I was engaged in military business on certain holy days, as the nativity of the Holy Virgin, it was because the service of the king required it. I was informed by the two saints in the last Easter week (1430), that I should be taken prisoner before the Feast of Saint John, and not to frighten myself, but to submit, and that God would aid me. This they repeated to me many times. I intreated them to solicit for me death rather than confinement. They ordered me to submit myself in all things, and that it must be as they had said. From that moment I gave no more orders, but obeyed

the officers in all things, and if I had known the day on which I should have been taken, I would not have joined the sortie from Compeigne, where I was made prisoner. Further, I have never prophecied events, nor poured ointment upon infants to foretel their good or bad fortune; and if I have held children at the baptismal font, I have done nothing more than to give to the boys the name of the king, and to the girls sometimes the name of Joan, as the mothers desired.

"It is true that, after remaining for four months a prisoner in the tower of Beaurevoir, I was in despair at learning that I was about to be delivered up to the English, and that they were coming to seize upon me. The fear which I had of them induced me, notwithstanding I was forbidden by the two saints, and in spite of the height of the tower, to leap down from the top in order to save myself, by which I received a severe wound. I was induced to do it, because I preferred death to falling into their hands, but I still hope that I shall not perish. I recommended my soul to God and crossed myself before I took the leap. I did not think I should kill myself in doing it, but I hoped to escape falling into the hands of the English. When my senses returned, after the fall, I did not, as you pretend, blaspheme God and the saints, for I have never been in the habit of swearing. Saint Catherine told me that Compeigne would be relieved," (this was actually the case,) "and

that I ought to put on a good countenance. She added that I had committed a great sin in thus precipitating myself from the tower, after she had forbidden me; but I confessed for it, and she assured me that my sin would be forgiven. I know not what to answer to your question, whether I believe myself capable to commit mortal sin, except that I know nothing about it, and that I refer myself entirely to God.

"There is not a single day that I do not hear the saints speaking to me in my prison, and I follow their advice in every thing, because they come to me from God, and I have never said or done any thing, up to this day, but by their direction. They revealed to me, on the second day of my examination, many things concerning the king, of which I much wish he were informed. I deprived myself of drinking in wine the king's health, according to what was said to me by the two saints. I do not know whether they would, as you suggest to me, charge themselves with informing the king of those things. I am ignorant whether he has any revelations, but if he has not, it is no doubt the will of God, and I have nothing more to do with it.

"I will refuse always to answer upon any thing which regards the king and queen of France. I have sworn to speak the truth, only with respect to what regards this trial, and what relates to them forms no part of it, but I am very certain that the king will recover the whole kingdom of France.

"You ask me if I believe myself in a state of grace in alledging that the just sin seven times a day? I answer, that if I am not, I pray God to put me in it; and if I am, that he will keep me so: for I would chuse death rather than not be in the love of God, but I believe that if I were not, the two saints would not come to visit me, and I would desire that many persons should hear them when they come to visit me. When I have need of them, I pray to God that he will send them, addressing to him a prayer of this nature:—'Most merciful God, in honour of thy holy passion, I intreat, if thou lovest me, that thou wilt reveal to me how I should answer these men of the church. I know well how I came to take the habit I wear, but am ignorant in what manner I should leave it off. In this, please to instruct me.' The saints then presently appear to me. They have always told me to answer you boldly, and that God would aid me. They told me also that I should see the king of England, but I prayed that that might be dispensed with.

"Saint Catherine has told me that I should be succoured. I do not know whether this will be by delivering me from prison now, or whether it will be done in case I should be condemned; but I presume that it will be one or the other. The two saints have assured me, many times, that I shall be delivered by a great victory; they have commanded me to take all that happens with submission, and not to disturb

myself at my martyrdom, for that I should come at last into the kingdom of Paradise; and this they have told me absolutely and plainly. For myself, I understand by my martyrdom, the pains and adversities which I suffer by confinement. I am ignorant whether I shall suffer greater punishments, but I rely on God, and I believe as strongly that I shall be saved, as if it were already done, provided that I retain my vow of virginity.

"Why do you ask me if I have been promised that I should escape from prison? Would you wish me to speak against myself? It has been told me that I should be delivered, and to put on a joyful countenance: but I neither know the day nor the hour.

"To conclude, I have never had any intercourse with evil spirits, I am a good Christian. I love God with all my heart, obey him in every thing, and hate the devil so sincerely, that although the saints have led me to hope for my deliverance, yet, were it to be effected by means of the devil, I would not leave my prison. To this I affirm and swear."

Hence it appears that her breast was still filled with her enthusiastic notions. She persisted in the story of her heavenly visitations, and was even extravagant enough to believe that it was unlawful for her to reassume the habit of her sex, because she had been commanded by her saints to lay it aside. She was therefore condemned as guilty of all the crimes of which she

had been accused, aggravated by that of heresy; her revelations were declared to be the inventions of the devil to deceive the people; and she was accordingly sentenced to be delivered over to the secular power in order to be punished.

This sentence pronounced by men invested with the ensigns of a sacred character, which Joan had been long accustomed to revere, banished all those ideal inspirations which had so long supported her spirits, and her visionary dreams of celestial intercourse gave way to the terrors of that punishment she was sentenced to endure. She therefore declared herself willing to make a public recantation, to acknowledge the illusion of those revelations which the church had rejected, and never more to pretend to be inspired by heaven. This recantation changed her sentence into perpetual imprisonment.

The people were now no longer deceived, they saw that all the pretended revelations and intercourses with the spirits of departed saints were nothing more than the extravagant imaginations of an enthusiastic brain. But the inveterate malice of Joan's enemies was not yet satisfied; nothing less than her death could atone for her faults; but this could not be accomplished, unless she relapsed into some, at least, of her former errors. There was great reason to suspect, that she still thought it a crime to lay aside the habit she had worn pursuant to her revelations. Her enemies therefore artfully conveyed a suit of men's clothes into her room, and she was found dressed in

them the next morning. The court therefore declared her a relapsed heretic, and delivered her over to the secular power, by which she was condemned to the flames. Joan, who had fearlessly braved death in the field, could not support the thought of meeting it at the stake. This idea shook her whole frame, and banished that enthusiam which had hitherto possessed her brain. She sent for her confessor; she prepared herself for death with a becoming piety, and suffered her infamous sentence in the old market-place at Rouen, in the year 1431.

"Blessed be God!" were the last words that she uttered; her ashes were scattered to the winds, and thus ignominiously perished in the thirtieth year of her age, a female to whom statues and altars ought to have been erected.

FORSTER POWELL.

MR. F. Powell was born at Horseforth, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, 1734. He came to London and articled himself to an attorney in the Temple, 1762. After the expiration of his clerkship, he remained with his uncle, Mr. Powell of the New Inn, and when he died, engaged with a Mr. Stokes, and upon Mr. Stokes's decease with a Mr. Bingly both of the same place.

Before his engagement with Stokes, he undertook (it is supposed for no wager), in the year

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It is asserted that he visited several parts of Switzerland and France, and gained much praise there, though his fame, as a pedestrian, was not as yet publicly established; but, in the year 1773, he travelled on foot it being the first time, as it is imagined, for a wager, from London to York and back again (a distance of 402 miles) in five days and eighteen hours.—His fame was now established, and without knowing it, being remarkably modest, he attracted the notice of all.

In November 1778, Mr. Powell attempted to run two miles in ten minutes for a wager; he started from Lea Bridge, and lost it by only half a minute. In 1786 he undertook to walk 100 miles on the Bath road in 24 hours—50 miles out and 50 miles in—he completed this journey three quarters of an hour within the time agreed upon.

In 1787, he undertook to walk from Canterbury to London Bridge and back again in 24 hours—the distance being 12 miles more than his former journey; and he accomplished it to the great astonishment of a thousand anxious spectators.

The following year, 1788, he engaged to go his favourite journey from London to York, and back again, in six days, which he executed in five days and twenty hours. After this he did not

undertake any journey till the year 1790, when he set off to walk from London to York and back again; he was allowed six days to do it, and accomplished it in five days and eighteen hours.

In 1792 he was determined to repeat his journey to York and back again, for the last time of his life, and convince the world that he could do it in a shorter time than ever he had, though now at the advanced age of 58 years. Accordingly he set out from Shoreditch Church to York minster and back again in five days, fifteen hours, and one quarter. On his return he was saluted with the loud huzzas of the astonished and anxious spectators.

In this same year he walked, for a bet of twenty guineas, six miles in fifty-five minutes and a half on the Clapham road. Shortly afterwards he went down to Brighton, and engaged to walk one mile and run another in fifteen minutes—he walked the mile in nine minutes and twenty seconds, and ran the other mile in five minutes and twenty three seconds, by which he was seventeen seconds less than the time allowed him.

Having undertaken a journey to Canterbury, by unfortunately mistaking the road from Blackheath to London, which considerably increased it, he unavoidably lost the wager—yet, he gained more money by this accident, than all the journeys he accomplished; for his friends feeling for the great disappointment he experienced, made a subscription, and collected for him a present.

Powell despised wealth, and, notwithstanding his many opportunities of acquiring money, forty pounds was the largest sum he ever made, which was at the time of the before-mentioned subscription. He was content with a little for himself, and happy in being able to win much for others.

In person he was tall and thin, about five feet nine inches high—very strong downwards, well calculated for walking, and rather of a sallow complexion; in disposition he was mild and gentle, and possessed many valuable qualifications. In diet he was somewhat particular, as he preferred light food—he abstained from liquor, but on his journeys made use of brandy, and when travelling, the delay he met with at the inns, for he had particular hours for taking refreshment, often chagrined him. No wonder indeed, if on this account he had frequently lost his wagers. He allowed himself but five hours rest, which took place from eleven o'clock at night.

In 1793, he was suddenly taken ill, and died April 15th at his apartments in New-Inn, in rather indigent circumstances—for notwithstanding his wonderful feats and the means he had of attaining wealth, poverty was the constant companion of his travels through life, even to the hour of his death.—The faculty attributed the cause of his sudden dissolution to his great exertions in his last journey to York—for being determined to complete it in less time than ever, he probably exceeded, and consequently forced his strength. In the afternoon of the 22d, his remains were

brought for interment, according to his own dying request, to the burying-ground of St. Faith, St. Paul's church-yard. The funeral was characteristically a *walking* one, from New Inn, through Fleet street, and up Ludgate hill. The followers were twenty on foot, in black gowns, and after them came three mourning coaches. The attendants were all men of respectability. The ceremony was conducted with much decency, and a very great concourse of people attended. He was buried nearly under the only tree in the church yard. He was aged fifty nine.

ROGER CRABB.

THIS remarkable man was born in Buckinghamshire, and originally bred up to the business of a hatter. His assiduity in his calling, and his peculiar manner, contributed to increase his trade so rapidly that before he was twenty-six, he purchased an estate, and was one of the richest tradesmen in all Chesham, where he then kept shop. In this manner he lived some years, and with the utmost diligence applied himself to read and understand the Scriptures, and both day and night was seen praying either behind his counter, or in any other place in which he happened to be. He appears to have had much of the enthusiast in his disposition, and his love of seclusion served to increase his gloom.

He now formed the resolution of becoming

the leader of a sect, and working the salvation of his countrymen, whom he imagined to be all far advanced in the road to perdition. Filled with this resolution, he sold his shop, goods, and estate, and distributed the money among the poor in order literally to fulfil the scripture. He was of a very philanthropic disposition, for in his writings he observed that man was born not the tyrant, but the friend, of animated life; and that not a single sparrow falls without the divine permission. He alledged, that we have no right to be either fed or cloathed from the spoils of other creatures and that the very gnat we tread upon feels as strong a pang in the agonies of death as a man.

As he was never married, he reserved scarcely any thing to himself, retiring to Ickenham, near Uxbridge; where, with his own hands, he built himself a hut, and paid fifty shillings a year for a rood of ground. In this manner he lived with a severity of thought and frugality beyond the conception of modern luxury. Every animal he saw in distress he flew to relieve. He frequently gave a halfpenny to release a poor bird from his captivity. But what mostly deserves attention was his diet; he refused every kind of flesh with horror. His food was gathered from the spontaneous produce of the neighbouring fields, and the first spring afforded him drink. His dress was as mortifying as the rest of his manners; a sack-cloth-frock and a coarse pair of breeches open at the knees being all his covering.

He indeed carried œconomy and simplicity to a criminal excess, for he thereby shortened his life. Three farthings a week was his usual allowance, which he seldom exceeded; and when he did, it never was more than one farthing. He lived in this opinion longer than might have been expected, an example of patience, resignation, and piety, but it cannot now be ascertained how many years he passed in this austere manner. Seeing one day a young couple going to be married, he was much pleased. 'I had rather,' cried he give one single being existence than be the king of England; do you increase and multiply.'

It was towards the latter end of his days that he published the account of his life, under the title of The Hermit, in which he attempts to prove, that what he practised was right. This book, though the work of an enthusiast, at least displays some shew of learning. It soon after met with an answer; and while he meditated a reply, death took him off. Some thought he was starved, by being too weak to go in quest of his usual diet, or that a supply of bread which he received from the town weekly had failed. One of his tracts ends in this manner:

Hence would any one know the author,
Or ask, whose words are these?
I answer his, who drinks pure water,
And studies piety, health, and ease.
Who drinks, yet never can be drunk,
Who is not prone to swear;
From lust, from pride, from lewdness sunk,
His bones are kept so bare.

VICTOR,

THE SAVAGE OF AVEYRON.

THE history of Peter, the wild Boy, has already been submitted to our readers. They may not perhaps be apprized that there is at present living in the French metropolis a youth found in a similar situation, who must now be about twenty years of age and with whom we fear that all the pains which have been taken to place him by instruction on a level with civilized society, will be found as unavailing as they were with Peter. Such at least is the conclusion which we seem warranted to draw from the silence of the gentleman to whose care the young savage was committed, since his publication of various interesting particulars relative to his pupil, in the year 1800. The substance of that account shall be given in the following pages.

Towards the end of the year 1798, a child, apparently about eleven or twelve years of age, who had several times before been seen in the woods of Caune in France, seeking acorns and roots, on which he subsisted, was caught by three sportsmen, who seized him at the moment he was climbing a tree to avoid them. They carried him to a neighbouring village, where he

was placed under the care of an old woman, from whom he, however, found means to escape before the end of the week, and fled to the mountains, where he wandered about during the winter, which was uncommonly severe, without any clothing but a ragged shirt. At night he retired to lonely places, but in the day approached nearer to the houses and villages.

He thus passed a roving life, till, at length he voluntarily took refuge in a house in the canton of St. Sernin. After being there kept two or three days, he was sent to the hospital of St. Afrique, whence he was removed to Rhodez, in which town he remained several months. During his abode in these different places, he always seemed to be wild, impatient of restraint, and capricious; and constantly intent on escaping from his confinement.

How this unfortunate child was at first reduced to the state of total abandonment, in which he was discovered, it is imposible to ascertain. One circumstance, however, affords room to conjecture, that he was destined to be a victim of that revolution, which occasioned the shedding of such torrents of innocent blood. On the fore-part of his neck, was a scar of considerable extent, which appeared to have proceeded from a wound, made by some sharp instrument. Some persons more disposed, than accustomed to acts of cruelty, had doubtless attempted the life of the child, who being left for dead in the woods, owed to the timely assistance of nature,

the cure of his wound. Besides this, he had on various parts of his body, twenty-three scars, some of which appeared to have come from the bites of animals, and others from scratches and excoriations; affording incontestible evidence of the long and total abandonmentof the unfortunate youth. From the testimony of the country people who lived near the woods in which he was found, he must have passed in absolute solitude seven years out of the twelve which was supposed to be his age when caught in the woods of Caune.

When he was first brought into society he lived on acorns, potatoes and raw chesnuts, eating husks and all. In spite of the utmost vigilance he was frequently near escaping, and at first shewed great unwillingness to lie in a bed. His eyes were without steadiness and expression, wandering from one object to another, without ever fixing on any. The organ of hearing was equally insensible to the loudest noises and the most harmonious music: that of voice was still more imperfect, for he could utter only a guttural and monotonous sound. He seemed to be alike indifferent to the smell of the most delicious perfumes, and the most fetid exhalations, and his sense of feeling was limited to those mechanical functions occasioned by the dread of objects that might be in his way.

The young savage was by no means destitute of intelligence. During an intercourse of six weeks with society, he had learned to prepare his food with a great degree of care and attention

During his stay at Rhodez, his occupation was shelling kidney-beans, and greater discernment could not have been shewn by the person the most accustomed to the employment. As soon as the pods were brought him he fetched a kettle, and arranged his materials in the middle of the apartment, in the most commodious manner, placing the kettle on his right hand, and the beans on his left. The shells he opened one after the other with admirable dexterity, putting the good grains into the kettle, and throwing away the bad; and if any grain happened to fall, he picked it up and placed it with the rest. He formed a separate heap of the empty shells, and when his work was finished, he filled the kettle with water and placed it on the fire, on which he threw the empty husks to increase the heat.

A divine, distinguished for his love of science, conceiving that this youth might be the means of throwing some new light on the moral philosophy of man, obtained permission for his removal to Paris. He arrived in the metropolis about the end of the year 1799, under the care of a respectable old man, who being soon afterwards obliged to leave him, promised to be a father to him, should he at any time be abandoned by society.

Even before the arrival of the young savage, all Paris was in a ferment, and the most extraordinary expectations were formed concerning him. Some anticipated the pleasure of witnessing his astonishment at the sight of the magnificence of the capital, while others conceiving

that his education would be the business of only a few months, imagined they should soon hear him make the most striking observations on his past life. They flocked from all parts to behold the novelty; they saw a disgusting slovenly boy, affected with spasmodic, and frequently with convulsive motions, continually balancing himself like some of the wild animals in the menagerie, biting and scratching all who displeased him, expressing no affection for any one; indifferent to every body, and taking notice of nothing.

Such an object, as it may naturally be supposed, could excite only a momentary curiosity. The managers of the institution for the deaf and dumb, in which he had been placed, consigned him to the particular care of Madame Guerin, who discharged the arduous task with all the patience of a mother, and the intelligence of an enlightened instructor. At the same time, M. Itard physician to the institution, was charged to commence a course of medical treatment with him, that the two-fold incapacity under which he laboured, might be the more effectually removed by the combination of physical and moral remedies.

The first object of M. Itard was to attach him to social life, by rendering it more pleasing to him than that which he before led, without subjecting him to a change that was too great and sudden. Like some savages in the warmer climates, he was probably acquainted in his wild state with only four circumstances; to

sleep, to eat, to do nothing, and to run about in the fields. To make him happy, it was therefore necessary to put him to bed at the close of day, to provide him abundantly with food suited to his taste, to indulge his indolence, and to accompany him in his walks or rather races in the open air. These excursions appeared more agreeable to him upon any sudden and violent change in the atmosphere. He has for example, been observed in his chamber, directing his eyes towards the window, and fixing them on the external objects. If a boisterous wind arose, if the sun suddenly burst forth from behind a cloud, he expressed his joy by convulsive peals of laughter, during which all his gestures seemed to indicate a wish to leap out of the window into the garden. Sometimes he displayed a kind of madness, wringing his hands, gnashing his teeth, and becoming formidable to those about him. One morning after a heavy fall of snow, he leaped from his bed as soon as he awoke, uttered a cry of joy, ran to the window and then to the door with the utmost impatience, and at length escaped undressed into the garden. There he manifested signs of the highest pleasure; he ran about, rolled in the snow and taking it up in both his hands, he devoured it with excessive avidity.

In some instances, however, the sight of the grand phenomena of nature appeared to produce sorrow and melancholy. When the severity of the season had driven every other person out of the garden, he still delighted to walk there; af-

ter taking many turns he would seat himself beside a bason of water. Here his convulsive motions, and the continual balancing of his whole body diminished, and gave way to a more tranquil attitude; his face gradually assumed the character of sorrow, or melancholy reverie, while his eyes were stedfastly fixed on the surface of the water, and he threw into it from time to time some withered leaves. In a moonlight night, when the rays of that luminary entered his room, he seldom failed to awake and to place himself at the window. Here he would remain for a considerable time motionless, with his neck extended, and his eyes fixed on the moon-light landscape, and wrapped in a kind of contemplative extacy, the silence of which was interrupted only by profound inspirations accompanied with a slight plaintive noise. To oppose these habits would have been equally useless and inhuman: on the contrary M. Itard wished to associate them with his new mode of life, in order to make it the more agreeable. He however endeavoured, and by degrees succeeded in his attempts to render his excursions less frequent, his meals less copious, and repeated at longer intervals, the time he passed in bed much shorter, and his exercise more subservient to his instruction.

The second object of M. Itard was, by means of powerful stimulants, and sometimes by lively affections of the mind to awaken the nervous sensibility, which he seemed at first to possess in a

very slight degree. He has frequently been seen, while amusing himself in the winter, in the garden of the deaf and dumb, to squat down half naked on the wet turf, and remain exposed for hours together to the wind and rain. He was equally insensible to the most violent heat; for it frequently happened, that, when he was near the fire, and live coals fell out of the grate, he snatched them up and threw them back with the utmost indifference; he has even been observed to take potatoes out of boiling water with his hand. Snuff did not produce in him any disposition to sneeze, and notwithstanding the severe measures which it was at first found necessary to adopt, he was never known to shed a tear.

Of all his senses, his ear appeared to be the most insensible. The loudest noises, as the explosion of fire-arms close to his head produced scarcely any emotion, and yet the cracking of a walnut, of which he was remarkably fond, never failed to attract his attention. The same effect was invariably produced, if a person touched the key of the door which held him captive, when he would instantly turn round and run towards the place from which the noise proceeded.

Heat was the medium by which M. Itard endeavoured to develope the dormant sensibility of the young savage. He did not think it sufficient to provide him with comfortable cloathing, a warm bed and lodging, but directed him to be put into the hot bath for two or three hours every day. The effect answered his expecta-

tion. In a short time the young savage appeared evidently sensible to the action of cold; he ascertained with his hand the temperature of the bath, and would not go into it if it was not sufficiently warm. From the same cause he soon learned to appreciate the utility of clothes, to the restraint of which he could before scarcely be induced to submit. When he perceived their advantage, it was easy to oblige him to dress himself. This end was in a few days obtained, by leaving him exposed every morning within the reach of his clothes, till he found out of himself how to put them on.

The only mental affections of which he was at this time susceptible, were joy and anger, and these M. Itard occasionally excited. The latter he provoked only at distant intervals; and he sometimes remarked that at the moment of his most violent indignation, his understanding seemed to acquire a temporary enlargement. Once while the physician and his governess were endeavouring to persuade him to make use of the bath, when it was only moderately warm, their urgent intreaties, at length, threw him into a violent passion. Perceiving that his governess was not convinced of the coldness of the water, notwithstanding the repeated trials he had made with his fingers, he suddenly turned round, seized her hand, and plunged it with his own into the bath.

If his anger was sometimes purposely excited,

no opportunity was omitted to afford him pleasure, and nothing was more easy than to produce this effect. The sun's rays received on a mirror and reflected in his chamber, a glass of water made to fall drop by drop from a certain height, on the ends of his fingers, while bathing, or a little milk in a wooden porringer, placed at the farther end of his bath, and moved about by the oscillations of the water, excited the strongest emotion of joy, which he expressed by shouting and clapping his hands. These simple expedients were sufficient to delight this child of nature almost to intoxication.

The result of this treatment was, in the short space of three months, a general excitement of all his sensitive powers. The touch by that time appeared sensible to the impression of all bodies whether warm or cold, smooth or rough, soft or hard. The sense of smell was improved in a similar manner, and the least irritation now excited sneezing. From the horror with which he was seized, the first time this happened, it was presumed to be a thing altogether new to him. The sense of taste was improved in a still greater degree. The articles of food, on which he subsisted for some time after his arrival at Paris, were excessively disgusting; he dragged them about his room, and ate them out of his hands besmeared with filth. So great was the change which had taken place in this respect, that he now threw away the contents of his plate, if any

particle of dust or dirt had fallen upon it, and after he had broken his walnuts with his foot, he picked them in the most careful manner.

The developement of the understanding of this youth by giving him new wants and multiplying his relations with surrounding objects, was a business of much greater difficulty. Toys of every kind were given him, and the greatest pains were taken to teach him the use of them, but instead of engaging his attention, they only tended to excite fretfulness and impatience, so that whenever a favourable opportunity offered, he always endeavoured to conceal or to destroy them.

M. Itard however, invented some means of attaching him to certain amusements connected with his appetite for food. One of these was to place topsy-turvy several goblets or cups, under one of which he put a chesnut, and to lift them up one after the other, excepting that which inclosed the fruit. He then replaced them, and by signs desired the youth to look for the chesnut, and he never failed to pitch at once on the goblet beneath which the recompence of his attention was concealed. This simple effort of memory his instructor gradually rendered more complicated, and his experiments were attended with results equally satisfactory. His discernment in these cases was, however, merely excited by the instinct of appetite. To render his attention less interested and less animal, he afterwards put under the goblets things which were not eatable. He found them with the same facility as the

chesnuts, and these trials excited the exercise of his judgment, and produced a habit of fixed attention.

Convinced of the powerful influence of the sports of infancy, and the various little pleasures of the palate, on the first developements of the mind, M. Itard neglected no method of awakening those inclinations. He offered him such dainties as are most coveted by children, hoping to derive from them new means of reward, encouragement and instruction. But the aversion he expressed for sweet-meats and delicacies of every kind, was insurmountable. He then tried liquors and highly-stimulating food, but with no better success; so that despairing of being able to inspire his pupil with any new taste, he was obliged to make the most of the small number of those, to which his appetite was confined, by endeavouring as much as possible, to increase the pleasure he received from their indulgence. With this view he frequently took him to dine with him, having previously directed a complete collection of his favourite dishes to be provided. The first time he was at a feast of this kind, his joy rose almost to frenzy, and on leaving the house, he even carried away with him a plate of lentiles which he had stolen from the kitchen. By repeating this pleasure, it was soon converted into a want, the gratification of which produced uncommon satisfaction and delight.

When M. Itard took the youth out with him, he found it impossible to keep him in proper or-

der in the streets; he was either obliged to go on the full trot with him, or to employ the utmost violence to make him walk at a moderate pace. He was therefore under the necessity of taking a coach when he went out, and this was another new pleasure which attached the young savage still more to his frequent excursions, so that in a short time they became real wants, and if he was deprived of the gratification rather longer than usual, he became fretful, restless, and low-spirited.

If his excursions in town afforded him delight, he received ten-fold pleasure from country visits. It was a spectacle equally curious and interesting, to observe the joy that was expressed in his eyes and in every attitude, at the view of the hills and woods. He appeared more restless and savage than ever; and in spite of the most assiduous attention that was paid to his wishes, and the most affectionate regard expressed for him, he seemed to be ever intent only on the means of effecting his escape. For this reason M. Itard judged it prudent not to expose him to such trials, but to confine his walks to the gardens in the vicinity of Paris whose formal regularity bears no resemblance to the scenes of wild, uncultivated nature. Madame Guerin took him sometimes to the Luxembourg, and almost every day to the garden of the Observatory, where M. Lemeri, the inspector, allowed him to take a daily repast of milk.

His new habits and the tenderness with which he was treated at length began to inspire the

youth with a fondness for his new situation. He likewise conceived a strong attachment for his governess, which he would sometimes testify in the most affectionate manner. He could never leave her without evident uneasiness, nor meet her again without expressing his satisfaction. Once after he had slipped from her in the streets, on again seeing her, he burst into tears. For several hours he appeared much dejected, and Madame Guerin, having then gently reproached him, his eyes again overflowed.

The endeavours of M. Itard to lead his pupil to the use of speech, were not attended with much success. During the first four or five months of his residence at Paris, the young savage appeared sensible only to those particular sounds, which have already been alluded to. He soon afterwards seemed to understand the human voice, and if two persons were conversing in a high tone in the passage that led to his chamber, he would go repeatedly to the door to see whether it was properly secured, and even take the precaution to put his finger on the latch to be still farther satisfied. He likewise distinguished the guttural sound continually uttered by the deaf and dumb, and seemed able to ascertain the place whence it came; for if he heard it while going down stairs, he never failed to turn back, or to descend more hastily, according as the noise came from below or above.

A still more interesting remark was soon afterwards made by his instructor. One day, while

he was in the kitchen boiling potatoes, two persons were standing behind him, disputing with great warmth, but he appeared to pay no attention to them. A third came in, and joining in the conversation, began all his replies with the exclamation *O!* As often as it escaped him, the savage suddenly turned his head; which induced M. Itard afterwards, to make some farther experiments with that particular sound, from which he obtained similar results. He likewise tried all the other vowels, but without success; and in consequence of this preference for *o*, he gave the youth a name, in which, according to the French pronunciation, that letter is very strongly expressed. This name was *Victor*, which he still retains.

At the time when M. Itard gave these particulars to the world, Victor had made no great progress in speaking; the only words he had learned to utter being *Lait*, (milk) and the exclamation, *O Dieu!* (O God!) which he has learned of Madame Guerin. Among the other impediments, that contribute to retard his improvement in articulate utterance, is the facility he shews in expressing in other ways, the small number of his wants. When for instance the hour for walking arrives, he runs repeatedly to and fro between the window and the door of his room, and if he perceives that his governess is not ready, he fetches and lays in order all the articles of her dress necessary for the purpose, and even begins to put them on for her. He

then goes down stairs before her and opens the door. The first thing he does on his arrival at the Observatory is to ask for some milk, by presenting a wooden bowl, which on going away he never forgets to take with him. He provided himself with this bowl the day he had broken a china cup, which used to be employed for the same purpose. If he wants his dinner he lays the cloth himself, and puts the plates into the hands of Madame Guerin, that she may go and fill them. When he dines in town with his instructor, he expresses all his wishes to the lady who does the honors of the table. If she appears not to understand him, he puts his plate by the side of the dish from which he wishes to be helped, fixing his eyes stedfastly upon it. If this fails to produce the desired effect, he strikes with a fork twice or three times on the edge of the dish, and if she still neglects him, he loses all patience; plunges a spoon or even his hand into the dish, and in an instant empties the whole into his own plate.

His manner of expressing the affections of the mind, particularly impatience and *ennui*, is equally strong. When fatigued with the length of the visits of inquisitive strangers, he dismisses them with more frankness than politeness, presenting to each, but without an air of contempt, their cane, gloves, and hat, then pushing them gently towards the door, which he shuts after them with great violence. This kind of language Victor understands, when employed by others,

with the same facility as he uses it himself; and his readiness in this respect is truly astonishing, for it requires no previous instruction to make him comprehend the meaning of signs which he has never seen before.

We shall not enter into a minute detail of the means, employed to exercise Victor's intellectual faculties, with regard to the objects of his appetites; these consisted only in placing between him and his wants, such obstacles as he could not surmount, without perpetually exercising his attention, memory, judgment, and all the functions of his senses. Thus all the faculties subservient to his instruction were developed, and nothing more was necessary, than to find out the easiest method of turning them to account.

Little progress had been made with regard to the sense of hearing, so that in this respect Victor was only on a level with one of the deaf and dumb, and this consideration induced M. Itard to try the method adopted in that institution. He drew upon a black board the figures of various objects, as a key, scissars, a hammer, &c, and suspending beneath each of them the object represented, he left them for some time. They were then taken away and given to Victor. After a few unsuccessful experiments, Victor learning to replace them in proper order, not by memory but by a comparison between the figure and the object gained, M. Itard proceeded to the second degree of comparison, which is far more difficult than the former. The instructors of the deaf,

and dumb, having taught the relation which the thing bears to the figure, place above the latter the letters which form the name of the object represented by it. They then erase the figure, and leave only the alphabetical signs. This change, the object of which soon becomes familiar to the deaf and the dumb, proved, however, an insurmountable obstacle to the farther progress of young Victor, who, notwithstanding all the pains bestowed by his instructor, could never learn the connection between the thing and the word, so that it was absolutely necessary to seek some method more suited to his faculties.

It was with this view, that M. Itard formed his new plan of proceeding. He pasted on board three pieces of paper of very different forms and colours, and fastened three pieces of pasteboard of the same colour and figure, on the board by the side of their respective models. These Victor learned to replace without any difficulty by comparison, as was found by inverting the board, and consequently reversing the order of the figures. A second board was then substituted, on which the same figures were represented, but all of a uniform color; and afterwards a third on which the figures were alike, but the colors different and those experiments were attended with the most satisfactory results. Additions and variations were now made; new figures were added, the forms of which were much less distinct, and new colors which had but a slight shade of difference. These alterations occasioned some errors

and perplexities, but a few days practice soon rendered them familiar.

This success induced M. Itard to try new changes, gradually increasing in difficulty. He daily added, retrenched and altered, till at length the complication of these exercises quite exhausted his pupil's attention and docility. Those emotions of rage and impatience which burst forth with such violence during the first weeks of his residence at Paris, whenever he was unexpectedly confined to his chamber, now again overpowered him. His instructor conceived that he ought no longer to appease these emotions by complaisance, but that it was his duty to endeavour to overcome them by decision. His perseverance, however, lasted only a few days, being completely overcome by the unconquerable independence of Victor's spirit. His paroxysms of rage became more frequent and more violent, but his passion was directed less against persons than things: when in this humour he would gnaw not only his bed-clothes, but even the mantle-piece; throw the fire-irons, the cinders and the hot coals about the room, and conclude the scene by falling into convulsions, with symptoms resembling those of epilepsy. M. Itard was now obliged to yield, and this conduct had no other effect than to increase the evil. Finding that he had no reason to expect advantage from gentleness, he resolved to adopt a different mode of treatment, and to try what terror would effect. An opportunity soon presented itself. During a most violent fit

of passion, caused by the repetition of the usual exercises, he took advantage of the moment, before the functions of Victor's senses were suspended, and suddenly opening the window of the chamber, which was on the fourth story, and looked down on a rough pavement, he approached the youth with every appearance of anger, forcibly seized and held him out of the window, with his face turned towards the ground. When he withdrew him after a few seconds, from this situation, Victor appeared pale and covered with a cold sweat; his eyes were moistened with tears, and he was agitated with a slight trembling, which must doubtless be attributed to fear. M. Itard then insisted on his resuming the employment he had left, and which he completed, without venturing to betray any impatience. He then threw himself on his bed and burst into a flood of tears.

This act of severity was attended with the most salutary effects. His disgust of labor, was greatly diminished, and this favourable change encouraged his preceptor to make some new alterations, that appeared still better calculated to fix his attention and to improve his judgment. He printed the letters of the alphabet in large characters on pieces of pasteboard, and then placed them in the same number of squares, cut in a board. An alphabet of metal characters was then procured, which the pupil was to compare with the printed letters, and to class to the corresponding squares. The first trial of the efficacy

of this method, proved that Victor distinguished all the characters and classed them in a proper manner. He was again put to the trial, and performed his task without committing the least error.

Curiosity now suggested to M. Itard the following experiment. One morning, while Victor was impatiently waiting for his milk, his instructor arranged on a board the letters of the word *Lait* (milk). Madame Guerin, whom he had acquainted with his design, approached, looked at the characters, and gave him a bowl of milk, as if for himself. He then advanced to Victor, gave him the four letters he had taken from the board, pointing to it with one hand, while with the other he presented him with the bowl of milk. Five or six attempts, not only taught him how to arrange the letters methodically, but likewise gave him an idea of the connection that existed between the word and the thing. This was proved a few days afterwards, when, just before his evening excursion to the observatory, he provided himself of his own accord with the four letters, put them in his pocket, and immediately on his arrival he produced the letters on a table in such a manner as to form the word *lait*.

From the preceding observations, it appears that the Savage of Aveyron, is endowed with the perfect exercise of his senses; and that he is able to apply all the faculties of his understanding to the objects which are connected with his instruction. This change was produced

by the efforts of nine months; what farther progress he has made, we are yet to learn.

THOMAS GUY.

THIS gentleman, who afforded such an extraordinary instance of parsimony and generosity combined in one and the same individual, was the son of a lighterman and coal-dealer, in Horsleydown, Southwark. He was bred a bookseller, and began trade in the city of London, with no more than two hundred pounds. By his industry and uncommon frugality, but more particularly by purchasing seamen's tickets, during Queen Anne's wars, and by speculations in the South Sea Stock in the memorable year 1720, he amassed an immense fortune.

In proof of his penurious disposition it is recorded of him that he invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof-sheet, or an old newspaper, was his constant substitute for a table cloth. One winter evening as he was sitting in his room, meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick stove, and without any candle, a person, who came to enquire for him, was introduced, and after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle which lay on the table by him, and desired to know the purport of the gentle-

man's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, characterized by Pope, in his satires. "I have been told," said Hopkins, that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving, than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art in which I used to think I excelled, but I am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior." "And is that all you are come about?" said Guy, "why then we can talk this matter over in the dark:" So saying, he with great deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins acknowledged himself convinced of Guy's superior thrift, and took his leave.

This failing, however, if in him it could be called by that appellation, seemed to have for its object the indulgence of a systematic benevolence.

Mr. Guy was the founder of that excellent institution in the borough of Southwark, called after his name, Guy's hospital. The expence of erecting and furnishing it, which he defrayed during his life-time amounted to 18,793l. 16s.; and the sum he left at his death to endow it was 219,499l. making a total of 238,292l. 10s. a much larger sum than was ever left in this kingdom by any individual for charitable purposes.

Nor were the benefactions of Mr. Guy confined to this single institution. In 1701 he built and furnished at his own expence, three wards on the north side of the outer court of St. Thomas's hos-

pital, in Southwark, and gave to them one hundred pounds per annum for eleven years, preceding the foundation of his hospital. He likewise founded a fine hospital at Tamworth in the county of Stafford.

To many of his relations he gave while living a settled allowance of ten or twenty pounds a year, and to others money to advance them in the world. At his death he left to his poor aged relations, the sum of 870l. a year, during their lives, and to his younger relations and executors he bequeathed 75,589l. He left the governors of Christ's Hospital, a perpetual annuity of four hundred pounds, for taking in four children annually at the nomination of the governors, and bequeathed 1000l. for discharging four prisoners in the city of London, and in the counties of Middlesex and Surry.

Mr. Guy, whose application of his wealth, will embalm his memory with blessings to the remotest posterity, died in 1724, at the advanced age of eighty one years.

END OF VOL. I.

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